THE

# HISTORY

OF THE RENOWNED

# DON QUIXOTE

## DE LA MANCHA.

Written in SPANISH by

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

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BY MR. OZELL:

Who has likewiſe added EXPLANATORY NOTES from *Jervas*, *Oudin*, *Sobrino*, *Pineda*, *Gregorio*, and the *Royal Academy Dictionary* of *Madrid*.

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# THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

BLESS me! reader, gentle or ſimple, or whatever you be, how impatiently by this time muſt you expect this Preface, ſuppoſing it to be nothing but revengeful invectives againſt the author of the * ſecond Don Quixote. But I muſt beg your pardon: for I ſhall ſay no more of him than every body ſays, that Tordeſillas is the place where he was begotten, and Tarragona the place where he was born; and though it be univerſally ſaid, that even a worm when trod upon, will turn again, yet I am reſolv'd for once to croſs the proverb. You perhaps now would have me call him coxcomb, fool and madman; but I am of another mind; and ſo let his folly be its own puniſhment. But there is ſomething which I cannot ſo ſilently paſs over: he is pleas'd to upbraid me with my age: indeed, had it been in the power of man to ſtop the career of time, I would not have ſuffer'd the old gentleman to have laid his fingers on me. Then he reflectingly tells me of the loſs of one of my hands: as if that maim

* A perſon, who wrote himſelf a native of Tordeſillas, publiſhed an impertinent book by that name, printed at Tarragona, while our author was preparing his ſecond part for the preſs.

had been got in a ſcandalous or drunken quarrel in ſome tavern, and not upon the moſt memorable † occaſion that either paſt or preſent ages have beheld, and which perhaps futurity will never parallel. If my wounds do not redound to my honour in the thoughts of ſome of thoſe that look upon them, they will at leaſt ſecure me the eſteem of thoſe that know how they were gotten. A ſoldier makes a nobler figure as he lies bleeding in the bed of honour, than ſafe in an inglorious flight; and I am ſo far from being aſham'd of the loſs of my hand, that were it poſſible to recall the ſame opportunity, I ſhould think my wounds but a ſmall price for the glory of ſharing in that prodigious action. The ſcars in a ſoldier's face and breaſt, are the ſtars that by a laudable imitation guide others to the port of honour and glory. Beſides, it is not the hand, but the underſtanding of a man, that may be ſaid to write; and thoſe years that he is pleas'd to quarrel with, always improve the latter.

I am not wholly inſenſible of his epithets of ignorant and envious; but I take heaven to witneſs, I never was acquainted with any branch of envy beyond a ſacred, generous and ingenuous emulation, which could never engage me to abuſe a clergyman, eſpecially if made the more reverend by a poſt in the inquiſition: and if any ſuch perſon thinks himſelf affronted, as that author ſeems to hint, he is mightily miſtaken; for I have a veneration for his parts ‡, admire his works, and

† The battle of Lepanto. ‡ He means Lopez de Vega.

have an awful regard for the efficacious virtue of his office.

I muſt return this fine dogmatical gentleman my hearty thanks for his criticiſm upon my novels: he is pleas'd very judiciouſly to ſay, that they have more of ſatyr than of morality; and yet owns, that the novels are good. Now I thought that if a thing was good, it muſt be ſo in every reſpect.

Methinks, reader, I hear you blame me for ſhewing ſo little reſentment, and uſing him ſo gently; but pray conſider, it is not good to bear too hard upon a man that is ſo over-modeſt and ſo much in affliction: for certainly this muſt needs be a miſerable ſoul; he has not the face, poor man! to appear in public, but, conſcious of his wretched circumſtances, conceals his name, and counterfeits his country, as if he had committed treaſon, or ſome other puniſhable crime. Well then, if ever you ſhould happen to fall into his company, pray in pity tell him from me, that I have not the leaſt quarrel in the world with him: for I am not ignorant of the temptations of Satan; and of all his imps, the ſcribbling devil is the moſt irreſiſtible. When that demon is got into a man's head, he takes the poſſeſſion for inſpiration, and, full of his falſe ability, falls flap-daſh to writing and publiſhing, which gets him as much fame from the world as he has money from the book-ſellers, and as little money from the bookſellers as he has fame from the world. But if he will not believe what you ſay, and you be diſpos'd to be merry, pray tell him this ſtory.

Once upon a time, there was a madman in Sevil that hit upon one of the prettieſt out-of-the-way whims that ever madman in this world was poſſeſs'd withal. He gets him a hollow cane, ſmall at one end, and catching hold of a dog in the ſtreet, or any where elſe, he clapp'd his foot on one of the cur's legs, and holding up his hind-legs in his hand, he fitted his cane to the dog's back-ſide, and blew him up as round as a ball: then giving him a thump or two on the guts, and turning to the by-ſtanders, who are always a great many upon ſuch occaſions: Well, gentlemen, ſaid he, what do you think, is it ſuch an eaſy matter to blow up a dog? And what think you, ſir, is it ſuch an eaſy matter to write a book? But if this picture be not like him, pray, honeſt reader, tell him this other ſtory of a dog and a madman.

There was a madman at Cordova, who made it his buſineſs to carry about the ſtreets, upon his head, a huge ſtone of a pretty conſcionable weight; and whenever he met with a dog without a maſter, eſpecially ſuch a ſurly cur as would ſtalk up to his noſe, he very fairly dropp'd his load all at once, ſouſe upon him: the poor beaſt would howl, and growl, and clapping his tail between his legs, limp'd away without ſo much as looking behind him, for two or three ſtreets length at leaſt. The madman, mightily pleas'd with his new device, ſerv'd every dog, that had courage to look him in the face, with the ſame ſauce; till one day it was his fortune to meet with a ſportſman's dog, a capmaker by trade, though that's neither here nor there. The

dog was mightily valu'd by his maſter, but that was more than the madman knew; ſo ſlap went the ſtone upon the poor dog. The animal being almoſt cruſh'd to death, ſet up his throat, and yelp'd moſt piteouſly; inſomuch that his maſter knowing it was his dog by the howl, runs out, and, touch'd with the injury, whips up a ſtick that was at hand, lets drive at the madman, and belabours him to ſome purpoſe, crying out at every blow, You ſon of a bitch, abuſe my ſpaniel! You inhumane raſcal, did not you know that my dog was a ſpaniel; and ſo thwack'd the poor lunatic, till he had not a whole bone in his ſkin. At laſt he crawl'd from under his clutches, and it was a whole month before he could lick himſelf whole again. Nevertheleſs out he came once more with his invention, and heavier than the former; but coming by the ſame dog again, though he had a month's mind to give him the other dab; yet recollecting himſelf, and ſhrugging up his ſhoulders: No, quoth he, I muſt have a care, this dog is a ſpaniel. In ſhort, all dogs he met, whether maſtiffs or hounds, were downright ſpaniels to him ever after. Now the moral of the fable is this: This author's wit is the madman's ſtone, and it is likely he will be cautious how he lets it fall for the future.

One word more, and I have done with him. Pray tell the mighty man, that as to his menaces of taking the bread out of my mouth, I ſhall only anſwer him with a piece of an old ſong, "God proſper long our "noble king, Our lives and ſafeties all,"—and ſo peace be with him. Long live the great Conde de Le-

mos, whoſe humanity and celebrated liberality ſuſtain me under the moſt ſevere blows of fortune! And may the eminent charity of the cardinal of Toledo, make an eternal monument of his fame! Had I never publiſh'd a word, and were as many books publiſh'd againſt me, as there are letters in Mingo Revulgo's poems; yet the bounty of theſe two princes, that have taken charge of me, without any ſoliciting, or adulation, were ſufficient in my favour: and I think myſelf richer and greater in their eſteem, than I would in any profitable honour that can be purchas'd at the ordinary rate of advancement. The indigent men may attain their favour, but the vicious cannot. Poverty may partly eclipſe a gentleman, but cannot totally obſcure him; and thoſe glimmerings of ingenuity that peep through the chinks of a narrow fortune, have always gain'd the eſteem of the truly noble and generous ſpirits.

Now, reader, I have done with him and you, only give me leave to tell you, that this ſecond part of Don Quixote, which I now preſent you, is cut by the ſame hand, and of the ſame piece with the firſt. Here you have the knight once more fitted out, and at laſt brought to his death, and fairly laid in his grave; that no body may preſume to raiſe any more ſtories of him. He has committed extravagancies enow already, he is ſorry for it, and that is ſufficient. Too much of one thing clogs the appetite, but ſcarcity makes every thing go down.

I forgot to tell you, that my Perſiles is almoſt finiſh'd, and expects to kiſs your hands in a little time; and the ſecond part of the Galatea will ſhortly put in for the ſame honour.

# THE LIFE AND ATCHIEVEMENTS OF THE RENOWN'D DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

## PART II. VOL. III.

### CHAP. I.

*What paſs'd between the curate, the barber and Don Quixote, concerning his indiſpoſition.*

CID Hamet Benengeli relates in the ſecond part of this hiſtory, and Don Quixote's third ſally, that the curate and the barber were almoſt a whole month without giving him a viſit; leſt, calling to mind his former extravagancies, he might take occaſion to renew them. However, they fail'd not every day to ſee his niece and his houſe-keeper, whom they charged to treat and cheriſh him with great care, and to give him ſuch diet as might be moſt proper to chear his heart, and comfort his brain, whence in all likelihood his diſorder wholly proceeded. They anſwer'd, that

they did ſo, and would continue it to their utmoſt power; the rather becauſe they obſerved, that ſometimes he ſeemed to be in his right ſenſes. This news was very welcome to the curate and the barber, who looked on this amendment as an effect of their contrivance in bringing him home in the inchanted waggon, as it is recorded in the laſt chapter of the firſt part of this moſt important, and no leſs punctual, hiſtory. Thereupon they reſolv'd to give him a viſit, and make trial themſelves of the progreſs of a cure, which they thought almoſt impoſſible. They alſo agreed not to ſpeak a word of knight-errantry, leſt they ſhould endanger a wound ſo lately cloſed and ſo tender. In ſhort, they went to ſee him, and found him ſitting up in his bed in a waſtecoat of green bays, and a red Toledo cap on his head: but the poor gentleman was ſo wither'd and waſted, that he look'd like a meer mummy. He received them very civilly, and when they enquired of his health, gave them an account of his condition, expreſſing himſelf very handſomly, and with a great deal of judgment. After they had diſcours'd a while of ſeveral matters, they fell at laſt on ſtate-affairs and forms of government, correcting this grievance, and condemning that, reforming one cuſtom, rejecting another, and eſtabliſhing new laws, as if they had been the Lycurgus's or Solons of the age; till they had refined and new-modelled the commonwealth at ſuch a rate, that they ſeemed to have clapped it into a forge, and drawn it out wholly different from what it was before. Don Quixote reaſoned with ſo much diſcretion on eve-

ry ſubject, that his two viſitors now undoubtedly believed him in his right ſenſes.

His niece and houſe-keeper were preſent at theſe diſcourſes; and hearing him give ſo many marks of ſound underſtanding, thought they could never return heaven ſufficient thanks for ſo extraordinary a bleſſing. But the curate, who wondered at this ſtrange amendment, being reſolved to try whether Don Quixote was perfectly recovered, thought fit to alter the reſolution he had taken to avoid entring into any diſcourſe of knight-errantry; and therefore began to talk to him of news, and among the reſt that it was credibly reported at court, that the Grand Signior was advancing with a vaſt army, and no body knew where the tempeſt would fall; that all Chriſtendom was alarmed, as it uſed to be almoſt every year; and that the king was providing for the ſecurity of the coaſts of Sicily and Naples, and the iſland of Malta. His majeſty, ſaid Don Quixote, acts the part of a moſt prudent warrior, in putting his dominions betimes in a poſture of defence; for by that precaution he prevents the ſurprizes of the enemy: but yet if my counſel were to be taken in this matter, I would adviſe another ſort of preparation, which I fancy his majeſty little thinks of at preſent. Now heaven aſſiſt thee, poor Don Quixote, (ſaid the curate to himſelf, hearing this,) I am afraid thou art now tumbling from the top of thy madneſs to the very bottom of ſimplicity. Thereupon the barber, who had preſently made the ſame reflection, deſired Don Quixote to communicate to them this mighty project

of his; for, ſaid he, who knows but, after all, it may be one of thoſe that ought only to find a place in the liſt of impertinent admonitions uſually given to princes. No, good Mr. Trimmer, anſwer'd Don Quixote, my project is not impertinent, but highly adviſeable. I meant no harm in what I ſaid, ſir, replied the barber, only we generally find, moſt of theſe projects that are offered to the king, are either impracticable or whimſical, or tend to the detriment of the king or kingdom. But mine, ſaid Don Quixote, is neither impoſſible nor ridiculous; far from that, it is the moſt eaſy, the moſt thoroughly weighed, and the moſt conciſe, that ever can be devis'd by man. Methinks you are too long before you let us know it, ſir, ſaid the curate. To deal freely with you, reply'd Don Quixote, I ſhould be loth to tell it you here now, and have it reach the ear of ſome privy-counſellor to-morrow, and ſo afterwards ſee the fruit of my invention reap'd by ſomebody elſe. As for me, ſaid the barber, I give you my word here, and in the face of heaven, never to tell it, either to king, queen, rook, * pawn, or knight, or any earthly man: an oath I learn'd out of the romance of the Curate, in the preface to which he tells the king, who it was that robb'd him of his hundred doublons, and his ambling mule. I know nothing of the ſtory, ſaid Don Quixote; but I have reaſon to be ſatisfy'd with the oath, becauſe I'm confident maſter barber is an honeſt man. Though he were not, ſaid

* In alluſion to the game of Cheſs, ſo common then in Spain.

the curate, I'll be his ſurety in this matter, and will engage for him, that he ſhall no more ſpeak of it, than if he were dumb, under what penalty you pleaſe. And who ſhall anſwer for you, Mr. Curate, anſwer'd Don Quixote? My profeſſion, reply'd the curate, which binds me to ſecrecy. Body of me then! cry'd Don Quixote, what has the king to do more, but to cauſe public proclamation to be made, enjoining all the knights-errant that are diſpers'd in this kingdom, to make their perſonal appearance at court, upon a certain day. For though but half a dozen ſhould meet, there may be ſome one among them, who even alone might be able to deſtroy the whole united force of Turky. For pray obſerve well what I ſay, gentlemen, and take me along with ye. Do you look upon it as a new thing for one knight-errant alone to rout an army of two hundred thouſand men, with as much eaſe as if all of them join'd together had but one throat, or were made of ſugar-paſte? You know how many hiſtories are full of theſe wonders. Were but the renown'd Don Belianis living now with a vengeance on me (for I'll curſe no body elſe) or ſome knight of the innumerable race of Amadis de Gaul, and he met with theſe Turks, what a woful condition would they be in! However, I hope Providence will in pity look down upon his people, and raiſe up, if not ſo prevalent a champion as thoſe of former ages, at leaſt, ſome one who may perhaps rival them in courage: Heaven knows my meaning; I ſay no more. Alas! ſaid the niece, hearing this, I'll lay my life my uncle has ſtill a hankring af-

ter knight-errantry. I will die a knight-errant, cry'd Don Quixote, and ſo let the Turks land where they pleaſe, how they pleaſe, and when they pleaſe, and with all the forces they can muſter; once more I ſay, Heaven knows my meaning. Gentlemen, ſaid the barber, I beg leave to tell you a ſhort ſtory of ſomewhat that happen'd at Sevil. Indeed it falls out as pat as if it had been made for our preſent purpoſe, and ſo I have a great mind to tell it. Don Quixote gave conſent, the curate and the reſt of the company were willing to hear; and thus the barber begun.

A certain perſon being diſtracted, was put into the mad-houſe at Sevil by his relations. He had ſtudied the civil law, and taken his degrees at Oſſuna; tho', had he taken them at Salamanca, many are of opinion he would have been mad too. After he had lived ſome years in this confinement, he was pleas'd to fancy himſelf in his right ſenſes, and upon this conceit wrote to the archbiſhop, beſeeching him with great earneſtneſs, and all the colour of reaſon imaginable, to releaſe him out of his miſery by his authority, ſince by the mercy of Heaven he was wholly freed from any diſorder in his mind; only his relations, he ſaid, kept him in ſtill to enjoy his eſtate, and deſigned, in ſpite of truth, to have him mad to his dying day. The archbiſhop, perſuaded by many letters which he wrote to him on that ſubject, all penn'd with ſenſe and judgment, order'd one of his chaplains to enquire of the governor of the houſe, into the truth of the matter, and alſo to diſcourſe with the party, that he might ſet him at large, in caſe he

found him free from diſtraction. Thereupon the chaplain went, and having ask'd the governor what condition the graduate was in? was anſwer'd, that he was ſtill mad; that ſometimes indeed he would talk like a man of excellent ſenſe, but preſently after he would relapſe into his former extravagancies, which at leaſt balanced all his rational talk, as he himſelf might find, if he pleas'd to diſcourſe him. The chaplain, being reſolv'd to make the experiment, went to the mad-man, and convers'd with him above an hour, and in all that time could not perceive the leaſt diſorder in his brain; far from that, he deliver'd himſelf with ſo much ſedateneſs, and gave ſuch direct and pertinent anſwers to every queſtion, that the chaplain was oblig'd to believe him ſound in his underſtanding: nay, he went ſo far, as to make a plauſible complaint againſt his keeper, alledging that, for the lucre of thoſe preſents which his relations ſent him, he repreſented him to thoſe who came to ſee him, as one who was ſtill diſtracted, and had only now and then lucid intervals; but that after all, his greateſt enemy was his eſtate, the poſſeſſion of which his relations being unwilling to reſign, they would not acknowledge the mercy of heaven, that had once more made him a rational creature. In ſhort, he pleaded in ſuch a manner, that the keeper was ſuſpected, his relations were cenſured as covetous and unnatural, and he himſelf was thought maſter of ſo much ſenſe, that the chaplain reſolv'd to take him along with him, that the archbiſhop might be able to ſatisfy himſelf of the truth of the whole buſineſs. In order to this, the credulous

chaplain deſir'd the governor to give the graduate the habit which he had brought with him at his firſt coming. The governor us'd all the arguments which he thought might diſſuade the chaplain from his deſign, aſſuring him, that the man was ſtill frantic and diſorder'd in his brain. But he could not prevail with him to leave the mad-man there any longer, and therefore was forced to comply with the archbiſhop's order, and returned the man his habit, which was neat and decent.

Having now put off his madman's weeds, and finding himſelf in the garb of rational creatures, he begg'd of the chaplain, for charity's ſake, to permit him to take leave of his late companions in affliction. The chaplain told him he would bear him company, having a mind to ſee the mad folks in the houſe. So they went up ſtairs, and with them ſome other people that ſtood by. Preſently the graduate came to a kind of a cage, where lay a man that was outrageouſly mad, though at that inſtant ſtill and quiet; and addreſſing himſelf to him, Brother, ſaid he, have you any ſervice to command me? I am juſt going to my own houſe, thanks be to Heaven, which, of its infinite goodneſs and mercy, has reſtored me to my ſenſes. Be of good comfort, and put your truſt in the Father of wiſdom, who will, I hope, be as merciful to you as he has been to me. I'll be ſure to ſend you ſome choice victuals, which I would have you eat by all means; for I muſt needs tell you, that I have reaſon to imagine, from my own experience, that all our madneſs proceeds from

keeping our ſtomachs empty of food, and our brains full of wind. Take heart then, my friend, and be chearful: for, this deſponding in misfortunes impairs our health, and hurries us to the grave. Juſt over-againſt that room lay another madman, who having liſten'd with an envious attention to all this diſcourſe, ſtarts up from an old mat on which he lay ſtark naked; who's that, cry'd he aloud, that's going away ſo well-recover'd and ſo wiſe? 'Tis I, brother, that am going, reply'd the graduate; I have now no need to ſtay here any longer; for which bleſſing I can never ceaſe to return my humble and hearty thanks to the infinite goodneſs of Heaven. Doctor, quoth the madman, have a care what you ſay, and let not the devil delude you. Stir not a foot, but keep ſnug in your old lodging, and ſave yourſelf the curſed vexation of being brought back to your kennel. Nay, anſwer'd the other, I'll warrant you there will be no occaſion for my coming hither again *, I know I am perfectly well. You well! cry'd the madman, we ſhall ſoon ſee that.—Farewel, but by the ſovereign Jupiter, whoſe majeſty I repreſent on earth, for this very crime alone that Sevil has committed in ſetting thee at large, affirming that thou art ſound in thy intellects, I will take ſuch a ſevere revenge on the whole city, that it ſhall be remembred with ter-

* In the original, *tornar a andar eſtationes:* i. e. to viſit the ſtation-churches again: certain churches, with indulgences, appointed to be viſited, either for pardon of ſins, or for procuring bleſſings. Madmen, probably in their lucid intervals, were obliged to this exerciſe.

ror from age to age, for ever and aye; Amen. Doſt thou not know, my poor brainleſs thing in a gown, that this is in my power? I that am the thundering Jove, that graſp in my hands the red-hot bolts of heaven, with which I keep the threatened world in awe, and might reduce it all to aſhes. But ſtay, I will commute the fiery puniſhment, which this ignorant town deſerves, into another: I will only ſhut up the flood-gates of the skies, ſo that there ſhall not fall a drop of rain upon this city, nor on all the neighbouring country round about it, for three years together, to begin from the very moment that gives date to this my inviolable execration. Thou free! thou well, and in thy ſenſes! and I here mad, diſtemper'd, and confined! By my thunder, I will no more indulge the town with rain, than I would hang myſelf. As every one there was attentive to theſe loud and frantic threats, the graduate turn'd to the chaplain, and taking him by the hand; Sir, ſaid he, let not that madman's threats trouble you. Never mind him; for, if he be Jupiter, and will not let it rain, I am Neptune, the parent and god of the waters, and it ſhall rain as often as I pleaſe, wherever neceſſity ſhall require it. However, anſwer'd the chaplain, good Mr. Neptune, 'tis not convenient to provoke Mr. Jupiter: therefore be pleas'd to ſtay here a little longer, and ſome other time, at convenient leiſure, I may chance to find a better opportunity to wait on you, and bring you away. The keeper and the reſt of the company could not forbear laughing, which put the chaplain almoſt out of countenance. In ſhort, Mr. Nep-

une was diſrob'd again, ſtay'd where he was, and here's an end of the ſtory.

Well, Mr. Barber, ſaid Don Quixote, and this is your tale which you ſaid came ſo pat to the preſent purpoſe, that you could not forbear telling it! Ah, Good-man Cut-beard, Good-man Cut-beard! how blind muſt he be that cannot ſee thro' a ſieve! Is it poſſible your pragmatical worſhip ſhould not know that the compariſons made between wit and wit, courage and courage, beauty and beauty, birth and birth, are always odious and ill-taken? I am not Neptune, the god of the waters, good Mr. Barber: neither do I pretend to ſet up for a wiſe man when I am not ſo. All I aim at, is only to make the world ſenſible how much they are to blame, in not labouring to revive thoſe moſt happy times, in which the order of knight-errantry was in its full glory. But indeed, this degenerate age of ours is unworthy the enjoyment of ſo great a happineſs, which former ages could boaſt, when knights-errant took upon themſelves the defence of kingdoms, the protection of damſels, the relief of orphans, the puniſhment of pride and oppreſſion, and the reward of humility. Moſt of your knights, now-a-days, keep a greater ruſtling with their ſumptuous garments of damask, gold brocade, and other coſtly ſtuffs, than with the coats of mail, which they ſhould glory to wear. No knight now will lie on the hard ground in the open field, expos'd to the injurious air, from head to foot inclos'd in ponderous armour. Where are thoſe now, who, without taking their feet out of the ſtirrups, and

only leaning on their lances, like the knights-errant of old, ſtrive to diſappoint invading ſleep, rather than indulge it? Where is that knight, who, having firſt traverſ'd a ſpacious foreſt, climb'd up a ſteep mountain, and journey'd over a diſmal barren ſhore, waſh'd by a turbulent, tempeſtuous ſea, and finding on the brink a little skiff, deſtitute of ſails, oars, maſt, or any kind of tackling, is yet ſo bold as to throw himſelf into the boat with an undaunted reſolution, and reſign himſelf to the implacable billows of the main, that now mount him to the skies, and then hurry him down to the moſt profound receſſes of the waters; till, with his inſuperable courage, ſurmounting at laſt the hurricane, even in its greateſt fury, he finds himſelf above three thouſand leagues from the place where he firſt imbark'd, and, leaping aſhore in a remote and unknown region, meets with adventures that deſerve to be recorded, not only on parchment, but on Corinthian braſs. But now, alas! ſloth and effeminacy triumph over vigilance and labour; idleneſs over induſtry; vice over virtue; arrogance over valour, and the theory of arms over the practice, that true practice, which only liv'd and flouriſh'd in thoſe golden days, and among thoſe profeſſors of chivalry. For, where ſhall we hear of a knight more valiant and more honourable than the renowned Amadis de Gaul? Who more diſcreet than Palmerin of England? Who more affable and complaiſant than Tirante the White? Who more gallant than Liſuarte of Greece? Who more cut and hack'd, or a greater cutter and hacker than Don Belianis? Who more intrepid than

Perion of Gaul? Who more daring than Felixmarte of Hyrcania? Who more ſincere than Eſplandian? Who more courteous than Ciriongilio of Thrace? Who more brave than Rodomont? Who more prudent than king Sobrino? Who more deſperate than Rinaldo? Who more invincible than Orlando? And who more agreeable or more affable than Rogero, from whom, (according to Turpin in his coſmography) the dukes of Ferrara are deſcended? All theſe champions, maſter curate, and a great many more that I could mention, were knights-errant, and the very light and glory of chivalry; now, ſuch as theſe are the men I would adviſe the king to employ; by which means his majeſty would be effectually ſerv'd, and freed from a vaſt expence, and the Turk would tear his very beard for madneſs. For my part, I don't deſign to ſtay where I am, becauſe the chaplain will not fetch me out; though, if Jupiter, as maſter barber ſaid, will ſend no rain, here ſtands one that will, and can rain, when he pleaſes. This I ſay, that Goodman Baſon here may know I underſtand his meaning. Truly, good ſir, ſaid the barber, I meant no ill, heaven is my witneſs, my intent was good: and therefore I hope your worſhip will take nothing amiſs. Whether I ought to take it amiſs or no, reply'd Don Quixote, is beſt known to myſelf. Well, ſaid the curate, I have hardly ſpoken a word yet; and before I go, I would gladly be eas'd of a ſcruple, which Don Quixote's words have ſtarted within me, and which grates and gnaws my conſcience. Maſter curate may be free with me in great matters, ſaid Don Quixote, and ſo may

well tell his ſcruple; for it is no pleaſure to have a burden upon one's conſcience. With your leave then, ſir, ſaid the curate, I muſt tell you, that I can by no means prevail with myſelf to believe, that all this multitude of knights-errant, which your worſhip has mention'd, were ever real men of this world, and true ſubſtantial fleſh and blood; but rather, that whatever is ſaid of them, is all fable and fiction, lies and dreams, related by men rather half aſleep than awake. This is indeed another miſtake, ſaid Don Quixote, into which many have been led, who do not believe there ever were any of thoſe knights in the world. And in ſeveral companies, I have many times had occaſion to vindicate that manifeſt truth from the almoſt univerſal error, that is entertained to its prejudice. Sometimes my ſucceſs has not been anſwerable to the goodneſs of my cauſe, tho' at others it has; being ſupported on the ſhoulders of truth, which is ſo apparent, that I dare almoſt ſay, I have ſeen Amadis de Gaul with theſe very eyes. He was a tall comely perſonage, of a good and lively complexion, his beard well ordered though black, his aſpect at once awful and affable: a man of few words, ſlowly provoked, and quickly pacify'd. And, as I have given you the picture of Amadis, I fancy I could readily delineate all the knights-errant that are to be met with in hiſtory: for once apprehending, as I do, that they were juſt ſuch as their hiſtories report them, it is an eaſy matter to gueſs their features, ſtatures and complexions, by the rules of ordinary philoſophy, and the account we have of their atchievements, and various humours.

Pray, good ſir, quoth the barber, how tall then might the giant Morgante be? Whether there ever were giants or no, anſwer'd Don Quixote, is a point much controverted among the learned. However, the holy writ, that cannot deviate an atom from truth, informs us there were ſome, of which we have an inſtance in the account it gives us of that huge Philiſtine, Goliah, who was ſeven cubits and a half high; which is a prodigious ſtature. Beſides, in Sicily thigh-bones and ſhoulder-bones have been found of ſo immenſe a ſize, that from thence of neceſſity we muſt conclude by the certain rules of geometry, that the men to whom they belong'd were giants, as big as huge ſteeples. But, for all this, I cannot poſitively tell you how big Morgante was; though I am apt to believe he was not very tall, and that which makes me inclinable to believe ſo, is, that in the hiſtory which gives us a particular account of his exploits, we read, that he often us'd to lie under a roof. Now if there were any houſe that could hold him, it is evident he could not be of an immenſe bigneſs. That muſt be granted, ſaid the curate, who took ſome pleaſure in hearing him talk at that ſtrange rate, and therefore ask'd him what his ſentiments were of the faces of Rinaldo of Montalban, Orlando, and the reſt of the twelve peers of France, who had all of them been knights-errant. As for Rinaldo, anſwer'd Don Quixote, I dare venture to ſay, he was broad-fac'd, of a ruddy complexion, his eyes ſparkling and large, very captious, extremely choleric, and a favourer of robbers and profligate fellows. As for Rolando, Rotolando, or Orlan-

do, (for all theſe ſeveral names are given him in hiſtory) I am of opinion and aſſure myſelf, that he was of the middling ſtature, broad-ſhoulder'd, ſomewhat bandy-legg'd, brown-viſag'd, red-bearded, very hairy on his body, ſurly-look'd, no talker, but yet very civil and good-humour'd. If Orlando was no handſomer than you tell us, ſaid the curate, no wonder the fair Angelica ſlighted him, and preferr'd the briſk, pretty, charming, downy-chinn'd young Moor before him; neither was ſhe to blame to neglect the roughneſs of the one for the ſoft embraces of the other. That Angelica, maſter curate, ſaid Don Quixote, was a diſſolute damſel, a wild flirting wanton creature, and ſomewhat capricious to boot. She left the world as full of her impertinencies as of the fame of her beauty. She deſpis'd a thouſand princes, a thouſand of the moſt valiant and diſcreet knights in the whole world, and took up with a paltry beardleſs page, that had neither eſtate nor honour, and who could lay claim to no other reputation, but that of being grateful, when he gave a proof of his affection to his friend Dardinel. And indeed, even that great extoller of her beauty, the celebrated Arioſto, either not daring, or rather not deſiring to rehearſe what happen'd to Angelica, after ſhe had ſo baſely proſtituted herſelf (which paſſages doubtleſs could not be very much to her reputation) that very Arioſto, I ſay, dropp'd her character quite, and left her with theſe verſes,

'Perhaps ſome better lyre ſhall ſing,
'How love and ſhe made him Cataya's king:

And without doubt that was a kind of prophecy; for the denomination of Vates, which ſignifies a prophet, is common to thoſe whom we otherwiſe call poets. Accordingly indeed this truth has been made evident; for in proceſs of time, a famous Andaluſian poet * wept for her, and celebrated her tears in verſe; and another eminent and choice poet of Caſtile † made her beauty his theme. But, pray ſir, ſaid the barber, among ſo many poets that have written in that lady Angelica's praiſe, did none of them ever write a ſatire upon her? Had Sacripante, or Orlando been poets, anſwer'd Don Quixote, I make no queſtion but they would have handled her to ſome purpoſe; for there's nothing more common than for caſt poets, when diſdain'd by their feign'd or falſe miſtreſſes, to revenge themſelves with ſatires and lampoons; a proceeding certainly unworthy a generous ſpirit. However, I never yet did hear of any defamatory verſes on the lady Angelica, though ſhe made ſo much miſchief in the world. That's a miracle indeed, cry'd the curate. But here they were interrupted by a noiſe below in the yard, where the niece and the houſe-keeper, who had left them ſometime before, were very obſtreperous, which made them all haſten to know what was the matter.

* Luis Barahona de Solo. † Lopez de Vega.

## CHAP. II.

*Of the memorable quarrel between Sancho Pança, and Don Quixote's niece and houſe-keeper; with other pleaſant paſſages.*

THE hiſtory informs us, that the occaſion of the noiſe which the niece and houſe-keeper made, was Sancho Pança's endeavouring to force his way into the houſe, while they at the ſame time held the door againſt him to keep him out. What have you to do in this houſe, ye paunch-gutted ſquob, cry'd one of them? Go, go, keep to your own home, friend. It is all along of you, and no body elſe, that my poor maſter is diſtracted, debauch'd, and carry'd a rambling all the country over. The houſe-keeper for the devil, reply'd Sancho, it is I that am diſtracted, debauch'd, and carry'd a rambling, and not your maſter. It was he led me the jaunt; ſo you are wide of the matter. It was he that inveigled me from my houſe and home, with his colloguing, and ſaying he would give me an iſland; which is not come yet, and I ſtill wait for. May'ſt thou be choak'd with thy plaguy iſlands, cry'd the niece, thou curſed paunch! And what are your iſlands? any thing to eat, good-man greedy-gut, ha? Hold you there! anſwer'd Sancho, they are not to eat, but to govern; and better governments than any four cities, or as many heads of the king's beſt corporations. For all that, quoth the houſe-keeper, thou com'ſt not within theſe doors, thou bundle of wickedneſs, and ſackful of

roguery! Go, govern you own houſe! Work, you lazy rogue! To the plough, and never trouble your jolter-head about iſlands or oylets. The curate and the barber took a great deal of pleaſure to hear this dialogue. But Don Quixote fearing leſt Sancho ſhould not keep within bounds, but blunder out ſome diſcoveries prejudicial to his reputation, while he ripped up a pack of little fooliſh ſlander, call'd him in, and enjoined the women to be ſilent. Sancho enter'd, and the curate and the barber took leave of Don Quixote, deſpairing of his cure, conſidering how deep his folly was rooted in his brain, and how bewitch'd he was with his ſilly knight-errantry. Well, neighbour, ſaid the curate to the barber, now do I expect nothing better of our gentleman, than to hear ſhortly he is gone upon another ramble. Nor I neither, anſwer'd the barber; but I don't wonder ſo much at the knight's madneſs, as at the ſillineſs of the ſquire, who thinks himſelf ſo ſure of the iſland, that I fancy all the art of man can never beat it out of his ſkull. Heaven mend them! ſaid the curate. In the mean time let us obſerve them; we ſhall find what will be the event of the extravagance of the knight, and the fooliſhneſs of the ſquire: One would think they had been caſt in one mould; and indeed the maſter's madneſs without the man's impertinence, were not worth a ruſh. Right, ſaid the barber, and now they are together, methinks I long to know what paſſes between them. I don't doubt but the two women will be able to give an account of that, for they are not of a temper to withſtand the temptation of liſt'ning.

Mean while Don Quixote having lock'd himſelf up with his ſquire, they had the following colloquy. I take it very ill, ſaid he, Sancho, that you ſhould report, as you do, that I enticed you out of your paultry hut, when you know, that I myſelf left my own manſion-houſe. We ſet out together, continu'd together, and travell'd together. We ran the ſame fortune, and the ſame hazards together. If thou haſt been toſs'd in a blanket once, I have been batter'd and bruis'd a hundred times; and that's all the advantage I have had above thee. And reaſon good, anſwer'd Sancho; for you yourſelf uſe to ſay, that ill-luck and croſs bitings are oftener to light on the knights than on their ſquires. Thou art miſtaken, Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote; for the proverb will tell thee, that *Quando caput dolet*, &c. Nay, quoth Sancho, I underſtand no language but my own. I mean, ſaid Don Quixote, that when the head akes, all the members partake of the pain: ſo then, as I am thy maſter, I am alſo thy head; and as thou art my ſervant, thou art one of my members; it follows therefore, that I cannot be ſenſible of pain, but thou too ought'ſt to be affected with it; and likewiſe, that nothing of ill can befal thee, but I muſt bear a ſhare. Right, quoth Sancho; but when I, as limb of you, was toſs'd in a blanket, my head was pleas'd to ſtay at the other ſide of the wall, and ſaw me friſking in the air, without going ſnacks in my bodily trouble. Thou art greatly miſtaken, Sancho, anſwer'd Don Quixote, if thou think'ſt I was not ſenſible of thy ſufferings: for I was then more tortur'd in mind, than thou waſt tor-

mented in body; but let us adjourn this diſcourſe till ſome other time, which doubtleſs will afford us an opportunity to redreſs paſt grievances. I pray thee tell me now what does the town ſay of me? What do the neighbours, what do the people think of me? What ſay the gentry, and the better ſort? How do the knights diſcourſe of my valour, my high feats of arms, and my courteous behaviour? What thoughts do they entertain of my deſign, to raiſe from the grave of oblivion the order of knight-errantry, and reſtore it to the world? In ſhort, tell me freely and ſincerely whatever thou haſt heard; neither enlarg'd with flattering commendations, nor leſſen'd by any omiſſion of my diſpraiſe; for it is the duty of faithful ſervants to lay truth before their maſters in its honourable nakedneſs. And I would have thee know, Sancho, that if it were to appear before princes, in its native ſimplicity, and diſrobed of the odious diſguiſe of flattery, we ſhould ſee happier days; this age would be chang'd into an age of gold, and former times compared to this, would be call'd the iron age. Remember this, and be advis'd, that I may hear thee impart a faithful account of theſe matters. That I will, with all my heart, anſwer'd Sancho, ſo your worſhip will not take it amiſs, if I tell what I have heard, juſt as I heard it, neither better nor worſe. Nothing ſhall provoke me to anger, anſwer'd Don Quixote; ſpeak freely, and without any circumlocution. Why then, quoth Sancho, firſt and foremoſt you are to know, that the common people take you for a downright madman, and me for one that has not much guts

in his brains The gentry ſay, that not being content to keep within the bounds of gentility, you have taken upon you to be a Don, and ſet up for a knight, and a right worſhipful, with a ſmall vineyard, and two acres of land, a tatter before, and another behind. The knights forſooth, take pepper i'th' noſe, and ſay, they don't like to have your ſmall gentry think themſelves as good as they, eſpecially your old-faſhion'd country ſquires that mend and lamp-black their own ſhoes, and darn ye their old black ſtockings themſelves with a needleful of green ſilk All this does not affect me, ſaid Don Quixote, for I always wear good clothes, and never have them patch d It is true, they may be a little torn ſometimes, but that's more with my armour than my long wearing. As for what relates to your proweſs, (ſaid Sancho proceeding) together with your feats of arms, your courteous behaviour, and your undertaking, there are ſeveral opinions about it. Some ſay he's mad, but a pleaſant ſort of a mad-man; others ſay, he's valiant, but his luck is naught; others he's courteous, but damn'd impertinent. And thus they ſpend ſo many verdicts upon you, and take us both ſo to pieces, that they leave neither you nor me a ſound bone in our ſkins. Conſider, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, that the more eminently virtue ſhines, the more it is expos'd to the perſecution of envy. Few or none of thoſe famous heroes of antiquity, could eſcape the venomous arrows of calumny. Julius Caeſar, that moſt courageous prudent, and valiant captain, was mark'd, as being ambitious, and neither ſo clean in his apparel, nor in his

manners, as he ought to have been. Alexander, whoſe mighty deeds gain'd him the title of the Great, was charg'd with being addicted to drunkenneſs. Hercules, after his many heroic labours, was accus'd of voluptuouſneſs and effeminacy. Don Galaor, the brother of Amadis de Gaul, was taxed with being quarrelſome, and his brother himſelf with being a whining, blubbering lover. And therefore my Sancho, ſince ſo many worthies have not been free from the aſſaults of detraction, well may I be content to bear my ſhare of that epidemical calamity, if it be no more than thou haſt told me now. Body of my father! quoth Sancho, there's the buſineſs; you ſay well, if this were all: but they don't ſtop here. Why, ſaid Don Quixote, what can they ſay more? More, cry'd Sancho, oddſnigs! we are ſtill to flea the cat's tail. You have had nothing yet but apple-pies and ſugar-plums. But if you have a mind to hear all thoſe ſlanders and backbitings that are about town concerning your worſhip, I'll bring you one anon that ſhall tell you every kind of thing that's ſaid of you, without bating you an ace on't! Bartholomew Carraſco's ſon I mean, who has been a ſcholard at the verſity of Salamanca, and is got to be a batchelor of arts. He came laſt night, you muſt know, and as I went to bid him welcome home, he told me, that your worſhip's hiſtory is already in books, by the name of the moſt renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha. He ſays I am in too, by my own name of Sancho Pança, and eke alſo my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo; nay, and many things which paſs'd betwixt no body but us two, which I was

amaz'd to hear, and could not for my ſoul imagine, how the devil he that ſet them down could come by the knowledge of them. I dare aſſure thee, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, that the author of our hiſtory muſt be ſome ſage inchanter, and one of thoſe from whoſe univerſal knowledge, none of the things which they have a mind to record can be conceal'd. How ſhould he be a ſage and an inchanter? quoth Sancho. The batchelor Samſon Carraſco, for that's the name of my tale's maſter, tells me, he that wrote the hiſtory is call'd Cid Hamet * Berengenas. That's a Mooriſh name, ſaid Don Quixote. Like enough, quoth Sancho; your Moors are main lovers of Berengenas. Certainly, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, thou art miſtaken in the ſirname of that Cid, that lord, I mean; for Cid in Arabic ſignifies lord. That may very well be, anſwer'd Sancho. But if you'll have me fetch you the young ſcholard, I'll fly to bring him hither. Truly, friend, ſaid Don Quixote, thou wilt do me a particular kindneſs; for what thou haſt already told me, has ſo fill'd me with doubts and expectations, that I ſhall not eat a bit that will do me good till I am inform'd of the whole matter. I'll go and fetch him, ſaid Sancho. With that, leaving his maſter, he went to look for the batchelor, and having brought him along with him a-while after, they all had a very pleaſant dialogue.

* A ſort of fruit in Spain, which they boil with or without fleſh, it was brought over by the Moors. Sancho makes this blunder, being more us'd to this fruit than hard names. He meant Benengeli.

## CHAP. III.

*The pleaſant diſcourſe between Don Quixote, Sancho Pança, and the batchelor Samſon Carraſco.*

DON Quixote remain'd ſtrangely penſive, expecting the batchelor Carraſco, from whom he hop'd to hear news of himſelf, recorded and printed in a book, as Sancho had inform'd him: he could not be perſuaded that there was ſuch a hiſtory extant, while yet the blood of thoſe enemies he had cut off, had ſcarce done reeking on the blade of his ſword; ſo that they could not have already finiſh'd and printed the hiſtory of his mighty feats of arms. However, at laſt he concluded, that ſome learned ſage had, by the way of inchantment, been able to commit them to the preſs, either as a friend, to extol his heroic atchievements above the nobleſt performances of the moſt famous knights-errant; or as an enemy, to ſully and annihilate the luſtre of his great exploits, and debaſe them below the moſt inferior actions that ever were mention'd of any of the meaneſt ſquires. Though (thought he to himſelf) the actions of ſquires were never yet recorded; and after all, if there were ſuch a book printed, ſince it was the hiſtory of a knight-errant, it could not chooſe but be pompous, lofty, magnificent and authentic. This thought yielded him awhile ſome ſmall conſolation; but then he relaps'd into melancholic doubts and anxieties, when he conſider'd that the author had giv'n himſelf the title of Cid, and conſequently muſt be a Moor. A nation from whom

no truth could be expected, they all being given to impoſe on others with lies and fabulous ſtories, to falſify and counterfeit, and very fond of their own chimeras. He was not leſs uneaſy, leſt that writer ſhould have been too laviſh in treating of his amours, to the prejudice of his lady Dulcinea del Toboſo's honour. He earneſtly wiſh'd, that he might find his own inviolable fidelity celebrated in the hiſtory, and the reſervedneſs and decency which he had always ſo religiouſly obſerved in his paſſion for her; ſlighting queens, empreſſes, and damſels of every degree for her ſake, and ſuppreſſing the dangerous impulſes of natural deſire. Sancho and Carraſco found him thus agitated and perplex'd with a thouſand melancholic fancies, which yet did not hinder him from receiving the ſtranger with a great deal of civility.

This batchelor, though his name was Samſon, was none of the biggeſt in body, but a very great man at all manner of drollery; he had a pale and bad complexion, but good ſenſe. He was about four and twenty years of age, round viſag'd, flat nos'd, and wide mouth'd, all ſigns of a malicious diſpoſition, and of one that would delight in nothing more than in making ſport for himſelf, by ridiculing others; as he plainly diſcover'd when he ſaw Don Quixote. For, falling on his knees before him, admit me to kiſs your honour's hand, cry'd he, moſt noble Don Quixote; for by the habit of St. Peter, which I wear, (though indeed I have as yet taken but the four firſt of the holy orders) you are certainly one of the moſt renown'd knights errant that ever was, or

ever will be, through the whole extent of the habitable globe. Bleſt may the ſage Cid Hamet Benengeli be, for enriching the world with the hiſtory of your mighty deeds; and more than bleſt, that curious virtuoſo, who took care to have it tranſlated out of the Arabic into our vulgar tongue, for the univerſal entertainment of mankind! Sir, ſaid Don Quixote, making him riſe, is it then poſſible that my hiſtory is extant, and that it was a Moor, and one of the ſages that penn'd it? It is ſo notorious a truth, ſaid the batchelor, that I do not in the leaſt doubt but at this day there have already been publiſhed above twelve thouſand copies of it. Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia, where they have been printed, can witneſs that, if there were occaſion. It is ſaid, that it is alſo now in the preſs at Antwerp. And I verily believe there's ſcarce a language into which it is not to be tranſlated. Truly, ſir, ſaid Don Quixote, one of the things that ought to yield the greateſt ſatisfaction to a perſon of eminent virtue, is to live to ſee himſelf in good reputation in the world, and his actions publiſhed in print. I ſay, in good reputation, for otherwiſe there is no death but would be preferable to ſuch a life. As for a good name and reputation, reply'd Carraſco, your worſhip has gain'd the palm from all the knights errant that ever liv'd: for, both the Arabian in his hiſtory, and the Chriſtian in his verſion, have been very induſtrious to do juſtice to your character; your peculiar gallantry; your intrepidity and greatneſs of ſpirit in confronting danger; your conſtancy in adverſities, your patience in ſuffering wounds and afflic-

tions, your modeſty and continence in that amour, ſo very Platonic, between your worſhip and my lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboſo. Odſbobs! cry'd Sancho, I never heard her call'd ſo before; that Donna is a new kick; for ſhe us'd to be call'd only my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo; in that, the hiſtory is out already. That's no material objection, ſaid Carraſco. No, certainly, added Don Quixote: but pray, good maſter batchelor, on which of all my adventures does the hiſtory ſeem to lay the greateſt ſtreſs of remark? As to that, anſwer'd Carraſco, the opinions of men are divided according to their taſtes: ſome cry up the adventure of the windmills, which appeared to your worſhip ſo many Briareus's and giants. Some are for that of the fulling-mills: others ſtand up for the deſcription of the two armies, that afterwards prov'd two flocks of ſheep. Others prize moſt the adventure of the dead corps that was carrying to Segovia. One ſays, that none of them can compare with that of the galley-ſlaves; another, that none can ſtand in competition with the adventure of the Benedictine giants, and the valorous Biſcayner. Pray, maſter batchelor, quoth Sancho, is there nothing ſaid of that of the Yangueſians, an't pleaſe you, when our precious Rozinante was ſo maul'd for offering to take a little carnal recreation with the mares? There's not the leaſt thing omitted, anſwer'd Carraſco; the ſage has inſerted all with the niceſt punctuality imaginable; ſo much as the capers which honeſt Sancho fetch'd in the blanket. I fetch'd none in the blanket, quoth Sancho, but in the air; and that too, oftener than I cou'd ha'

wiſh'd, the more my ſorrow. In my opinion, ſaid Don Quixote, there is no manner of hiſtory in the world, where you ſhall not find variety of fortune, much leſs any ſtory of knight-errantry, where a man cannot always be ſure of good ſucceſs However, ſaid Carraſco, ſome who have read your hiſtory, wiſh that the author had ſpar'd himſelf the pains of regiſtering ſome of that infinite number of drubs which the noble Don Quixote receiv'd. There lies the truth of the hiſtory, quoth Sancho. Thoſe things in human equity, ſaid Don Quixote, might very well have been omitted; for actions that neither impair nor alter the hiſtory, ought rather to be bury'd in ſilence than related, if they redound to the diſcredit of the hero of the hiſtory. Certainly Aeneas was never ſo pious as Virgil repreſents him, nor Ulyſſes ſo prudent as he is made by Homer. I am of your opinion, ſaid Carraſco; but it is one thing to write like a poet, and another thing to write like an hiſtorian. It is ſufficient for the firſt to deliver matters as they ought to have been, whereas the laſt muſt relate them as they were really tranſacted, without adding or omitting any thing, upon any pretence whatever. Well, quoth Sancho, if this ſame Mooriſh lord be once got into the road of truth, a hundred to one but among my maſter's rib-roaſtings he has not forgot mine: for they never took meaſure of his worſhip's ſhoulders, but they were pleas'd to do as much for my whole body: but 'twas no wonder; for 'tis his own rule, that if once his head akes, every limb muſt ſuffer too. Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, you are an arch un-

lucky knave; upon my honour you can find memory when you have a mind to have it. Nay, quoth Sancho, though I were minded to forget the rubs and drubs I ha' ſuffer'd, the bumps and tokens that are yet freſh on my ribs would not let me.

Hold your tongue, ſaid Don Quixote, and let the learned batchelor proceed, that I may know what the hiſtory ſays of me. And of me too, quoth Sancho, for they tell me I am one of the top parſons in't. Perſons, you ſhould ſay, Sancho, ſaid Carraſco, and not parſons. Hey-day! quoth Sancho, have we got another corrector of hard words? if this be the trade, we ſhall never ha' done. May I be curs'd, ſaid Carraſco, if you be not the ſecond perſon in the hiſtory, honeſt Sancho; nay, and ſome there are who had rather hear you talk than the beſt there; though ſome there are again that will ſay, you were horribly credulous, to flatter yourſelf with having the government of that iſland, which your maſter here preſent promis'd you. While there's life there's hope, ſaid Don Quixote: when Sancho is grown mature with time and experience, he may be better qualify'd for a government than he is yet. Odsbodikins! Sir, quoth Sancho, if I ben't fit to govern an iſland at theſe years, I ſhall never be a governor, thongh I live to the years of Methuſalem; but there the miſchief lies, we have brains enough, but we want the iſland. Come, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, hope for the beſt; truſt in Providence; all will be well, and perhaps better than you imagine: but know, there's not a leaf on any tree that can be moved with-

but the permiſſion of heaven. That's very true, ſaid Carraſco; and I dare ſay, Sancho ſhall not want a thouſand iſlands to govern, much leſs one; that is, if it be heaven's will. Why not? quoth Sancho, I ha' ſeen governors in my time, who, to my thinking, could not come up to me paſſing the ſole of my ſhoes, and yet forſooth, they call'd them your honour, and they eat their victuals all in ſilver. Ay, ſaid Carraſco, but theſe were none of your governors of iſlands, but of other eaſy governments: why, man, theſe ought, at leaſt, to know their grammar. Gramercy, for that, quoth Sancho, give me but a gray mare * once, and I ſhall know her well enough, I'll warrant ye. But leaving the government in the hands of him that will beſt provide for me, I muſt tell you, maſter batchelor Sampſon Carraſco, I am huge glad, that as your author has not forgot me, ſo he has not given an ill character of me; for by the faith of a truſty ſquire, had he ſaid any thing that did not become an old Chriſtian ‡ as I am, I had rung him ſuch a peal, that the deaf ſhould have heard me. That were a miracle, ſaid Carraſco. Miracle me no miracles, cry'd Sancho; let every man take care how he talks, or how he writes of other men, and not ſet down at random, higgle-de-piggledy, whatever comes into his noddle. One of the faults found with

* This gingle of the words, *grammar*, *gramercy*, and *gray mare*, is done in conformity to the original, which would not admit of a literal tranſlation.

‡ A name by which the Spaniards deſire to be diſtinguiſh'd from the Jews and Moors.

this hiſtory, ſaid Carraſco, is that the author has thruſt into it a novel, which he calls, the Curious Impertinent; not that 'tis ill writ, or the deſign of it to be miſlik'd; but becauſe it is not in its right place, and has no coherence with the ſtory of Don Quixote. I'll lay my life, quoth Sancho, the ſon of a mungrel has made a gallimawfry of it all. Now, ſaid Don Quixote, I perceive that he who attempted to write my hiſtory, is not one of the ſages, but ſome ignorant prating fool, who would needs be meddling and ſet up for a ſcribbler, without the leaſt grain of judgment to help him out; and ſo he has done like Orbaneja, the painter of Ubeda; who being ask'd what he painted, anſwer'd, as it may hit; and when he had ſcrawl'd out a miſhapen cock, was forc'd to write underneath in Gothic letters, This is a Cock. At this rate, I believe he has perform'd in my hiſtory, ſo that it will require a commentary to explain it. Not at all, anſwer'd Carraſco; for he has made every thing ſo plain, that there's not the leaſt thing in't but what any one may underſtand. Children handle it, youngſters read it, grown men underſtand it, and old people applaud it. In ſhort, it is univerſally ſo thumb'd, ſo glean'd, ſo ſtudied, and ſo known, that if the people do but ſee a lean horſe, they preſently cry, there goes Rozinante. But none apply themſelves to the reading of it more than your pages: there's ne'er a nobleman's anti-chamber where you ſhan't find a Don Quixote. No ſooner has one laid it down, but another takes it up. One aſks for it here, and there 'tis ſnatch'd up by another. In a word, it is eſteem'd the moſt pleaſant and leaſt dange-

rous diverſion that ever was ſeen, as being a book that does not betray the leaſt indecent expreſſion, nor ſo much as a profane thought. To write after another manner, ſaid Don Quixote, were not to write truth but falſhood; and thoſe hiſtorians who are guilty of that, ſhould be puniſh'd like thoſe who counterfeit the lawful coin ‖. But I cannot conceive what could move the author to ſtuff his hiſtory with foreign novels and adventures, not at all to the purpoſe; while there was a ſufficient number of my own to have exercis'd his pen. But without doubt we may apply the proverb, 'With 'hay or with ſtraw *,' &c. for, verily, had he altogether confin'd himſelf to my thoughts, my ſighs, my tears, my laudable deſigns, my adventures, he might yet have ſwell'd his book to as great a bulk, at leaſt, as all Toſtatus's works §. I have alſo reaſon to believe, Mr. Batchelor, that to compile a hiſtory, or write any book whatſoever, is a more difficult task than men imagine. There's need of a vaſt judgment, and a ripe underſtanding. It belongs to none but great genius's to expreſs themſelves with grace and elegance, and draw the manners and actions of others to the life. The moſt artful part in a play is the fool's, and therefore a fool muſt not pretend to write it. On the other ſide, hiſtory is in a manner a ſacred thing, ſo far as it contains

‖ Clippers and coiners in Spain are burnt.

* The proverb entire is, 'De paja o de heno el jergon ileno, *i. e.* 'The bed or tick full of hay or ſtraw,' ſo it be fill'd, no matter with what.

§ A famous Spaniard who wrote many volumes of divinity.

truth; for where truth is, the ſupreme father of it may alſo be ſaid to be, at leaſt, in as much as concerns truth. However, there are men that will make you books, and turn them looſe into the world, with as much diſpatch as they would do a diſh of fritters. There's no book ſo bad, ſaid the batchelor, but ſomething good may be found in it. That's true, ſaid Don Quixote; yet it is a common thing for men, who have gain'd a very great reputation by their writings, before they printed them, to loſe it afterwards quite, or, at leaſt, the greateſt part. The reaſon's plain, ſaid Carraſco; their faults are more eaſily diſcover'd, after their books are printed, as being then more read, and more narrowly examin'd, eſpecially if the author had been much cry'd up before, for then the ſeverity of the ſcrutiny is ſo much the greater. All thoſe that have rais'd themſelves a name by their ingenuity, great poets and celebrated hiſtorians, are moſt commonly, if not always, envy'd by a ſort of men, who delight in cenſuring the writings of others, though they never publiſh any of their own. That's no wonder, ſaid Don Quixote, for there are many divines, that could make but very dull preachers, and yet are very quick at finding faults and ſuperfluities in other mens ſermons. All this is truth, reply'd Carraſco; and therefore I could wiſh theſe cenſurers would be more merciful and leſs ſcrupulous, and not dwell ungenerouſly upon ſmall ſpots, that are in a manner but ſo many atoms on the face of the clear ſun which they murmur at. And if 'aliquando bonus 'dormitat Homerus,' let them conſider how many

nights he kept himſelf awake to bring his noble works to light, as little darken'd with defects as might be. Nay, many times it may happen that what is cenſur'd for a fault, is rather an ornament, like moles that ſometimes add to the beauty of the face. And when all is ſaid, he that publiſhes a book runs a very great hazard, ſince nothing can be more impoſſible than to compoſe one that may ſecure the approbation of every reader. Sure, ſaid Don Quixote, that which treats of me can have pleas'd but few. Quite contrary, ſaid Carraſco; for as 'Stultorum infinitus eſt numerus,' ſo an infinite number has admir'd your hiſtory. Only ſome there are who have tax'd the author with want of memory or ſincerity; becauſe he has forgot to give an account who it was that ſtole Sancho's Dapple; for that particular is not mention'd there; only we find by the ſtory that it was ſtolen; and yet, by and by, we find him riding the ſame aſs again, without any previous light given us into the matter. Then they ſay, that the author forgot to tell the reader, what Sancho did with thoſe hundred pieces of gold he found in the portmanteau in Sierra Morena; for there's not a word ſaid of them more; and many people have a great mind to know what he did with them, and how he ſpent them; which is one of the moſt material points in which the work is defective. Maſter Samſon, quoth Sancho, I an't now in a condition to caſt up the accompts, for I'm taken ill of a ſudden with ſuch a wambling in the ſtomach, and find myſelf ſo maukiſh, that if I don't ſee and fetch it up with a ſup or two of good old bub, I ſhall waſte like

the ſnuff of a farthing candle ‡. I have that cordial at home, and my chuck ſtays for me. When I have had my dinner, I am for you, and will ſatisfy you, or any man that wears a head, about any thing in the world, either as to the loſs of the aſs, or the laying out of thoſe ſame pieces of gold. This ſaid, without a word more, or waiting for a reply, away he went. Don Quixote deſir'd and intreated the batchelor to ſtay and do penance with him. The batchelor accepted his invitation, and ſtay'd. A couple of pidgeons were got ready to mend their commons. All dinner-time they diſcours'd about knight-errantry, Carraſco humouring him all the while. After they had ſlept out the heat of the day, Sancho came back, and they renew'd their former diſcourſe.

## CHAP. IV.

*Sancho Pança ſatisfies the batchelor Samſon Carraſco in his doubts and queries: with other paſſages fit to be known and related.*

SANCHO return'd to Don Quixote's houſe, and beginning again where he left off; Now, quoth he, as to what Mr. Samſon wanted to know; that is, when, where, and by whom my aſs was ſtolen: I anſwer, that the very night that we march'd off to the Sierra Morena, to avoid the hue and cry of the holy brother-

‡ 'I ſhall be ſtuck upon St. Lucia's thorn,' ſuppos'd to be a cant phraſe for the *rack*; for which the royal Spaniſh dictionary produces no other voucher but this paſſage.

hood, after the rueful adventure of the galley ſlaves, and that of the dead body that was carrying to Segovia, my maſter and I ſlunk into a wood; where he leaning on his lance, and I, without alighting from Dapple, both ſadly bruis'd and tir'd with our late skirmiſhes, fell faſt aſleep, and ſlept as ſoundly as if we had four feather-beds under us; but I eſpecially was as ſerious at it as any dormouſe; ſo that the thief, whoever he was, had leiſure enough to clap four ſtakes under the four corners of the pack-ſaddle, and then leading away the aſs from between my legs, without being perceived by me in the leaſt, there he fairly left me mounted. This is no new thing, ſaid Don Quixote, nor is it difficult to be done. With the ſame ſtratagem Sacripante had his ſteed ſtolen from under him by that notorious thief Brunelo at the ſiege of Albraca. It was broad day, ſaid Sancho, going on, when I, half awake and half aſleep, began to ſtretch myſelf in my pack-ſaddle; but, with my ſtirring, down came the ſtakes, and down came I ſouſe, with a confounded ſquelch on the ground. Preſently I look'd for my aſs, but no aſs was to be found. O how thick the tears trickl'd from my eyes, and what a piteous moan I made! If he that made our hiſtory has forgot to ſet it down word for word, I would not give a ruſh for his book, I'll tell him that. Some time after, I can't juſt tell you how long it was, as we were going with my lady the princeſs Micomicona, I knew my aſs again, and he that rid him, though he went like a gipſy; and who ſhould it be, d'ye think, but Gines de Paſſamonte, that ſon of miſ-

chief, that crack-rope, whom my maſter and I ſav'd from the galleys. The miſtake does not lie there, ſaid Carraſco; but only that the author ſets you upon the ſame aſs that was loſt, before he gives an account of his being found. As to that, reply'd Sancho, I don't know very well what to ſay. If the man made a blunder, who can help it? But mayhaps 'twas a fault of the Printer. I make no queſtion of that, ſaid Carraſco; but pray, what became of the hundred pieces? Were they ſunk? I fairly ſpent them on myſelf, quoth Sancho, and on my wife and children; they help'd me to lay my ſpouſe's clack, and made her take ſo patiently my rambling and trotting after my maſter Don Quixote; for had I come back with my pockets empty, and without my aſs, I muſt have look'd for a rueful greeting. And now if you have any more to ſay to me, here am I, ready to anſwer the king himſelf; for what has any body to meddle or make whether I found or found not, or ſpent or ſpent not? If the knocks and ſwadlings that have been beſtow'd on my carcaſe in our jaunts, were to be rated but at three maravedis a-piece, and I to be ſatisfy'd ready caſh for every one, a hundred pieces of gold more would not pay for half of them; and therefore let every man lay his finger on his mouth, and not run hand over head, and miſtake black for white, and white for black; for every man is as heaven made him, and ſometimes a great deal worſe. Well, ſaid the batchelor, if the author print another edition of the hiſtory, I'll take ſpecial care he ſhan't forget to inſert what honeſt Sancho has ſaid, which will make

the book as good again. Pray, good Mr. Batchelor, ask'd Don Quixote, are there any other emendations requiſite to be made in this hiſtory? Some there are, anſwer'd Carraſco, but none of ſo much importance as thoſe already mention'd. Perhaps the author promiſes a ſecond part, ſaid Don Quixote? He does, ſaid Carraſco; but he ſays he cannot find it, neither can he diſcover who has it: ſo that we doubt whether it will come out or no, as well for this reaſon, as becauſe ſome people ſay that ſecond parts are never worth any thing; others cry, there's enough of Don Quixote already: however, many of thoſe that love mirth better than melancholy, cry out, give us more Quixotery; let but Don Quixote appear, and Sancho talk, be it what it will, we are ſatisfy'd. And how ſtands the author affected? ſaid the knight. Truly, anſwer'd Carraſco, as ſoon as ever he can find out the hiſtory, which he is now looking for with all imaginable induſtry, he is reſolved to ſend it immediately to the preſs, though more for his own profit than through any ambition of applauſe. What, quoth Sancho, does he deſign to do it to get a penny by it? nay, then we are like to have a rare hiſtory indeed; we ſhall have him botch and whip it up, like your taylors on Eaſter-Eve, and give us a huddle of flim-flams that will never hang together; for your haſty work can never be done as it ſhould be. Let Mr. Moor take care how he goes to work; for, my life for his, I and my maſter will ſtock him with ſuch a heap of ſtuff in matter of adventures and odd chances, that he'll have enough not only to write a ſecond part, but

an hundred. The poor fellow, belike, thinks we do nothing but ſleep on a hay-mow; but let us once put foot into the ſtirrup, and he'll ſee what we are about: this at leaſt I'll be bold to ſay, that if my maſter would be rul'd by me, we had been in the field by this time, undoing of miſdeeds and righting of wrongs, as good knights-errant uſe to do. Scarce had Sancho made an end of his diſcourſe, when Rozinante's neighing reach'd their ears. Don Quixote took it for a lucky omen, and reſolv'd to take another turn within three or four days. He diſcover'd his reſolutions to the batchelor, and conſulted him to know which way he ſhould ſteer his courſe. The batchelor advis'd him to take the road of Saragoſa in the kingdom of Arragon, a ſolemn tournament being ſhortly to be perform'd at that city on St. George's feſtival; where by worſting all the Arragonian champions he might win immortal honour, ſince to out-tilt them would be to out-rival all the knights in the univerſe. He applauded his noble reſolution, but withal admoniſh'd him not to be ſo deſperate in expoſing himſelf to dangers, ſince his life was not his own, but theirs who in diſtreſs ſtood in want of his aſſiſtance and protection. That's it now, quoth Sancho, that makes me ſometimes ready to run mad, Mr. Batchelor, for my maſter makes no more to ſet upon an hundred armed men, than a young hungry taylor to guttle down half a dozen of cucumbers. Body of me! maſter Batchelor, there's a time to retreat as well as a time to advance; 'Saint Jago and Cloſe Spain *, muſt

* 'Santiago cierra Eſpana,' is the cry of the Spaniſh ſoldiers

not always be the cry: for I have heard ſomebody ſay, and, if I an't miſtaken, 'twas my maſter himſelf, That valour lies juſt half way between raſhneſs and cowheartedneſs; and if it be ſo, I would not have him run away without there's a reaſon for't, nor would I have him fall on when there's no good to be got by't. But above all things I would have him to know, if he has a mind I ſhould go with him, that the bargain is, He ſhall fight for us both, and that I am ty'd to nothing but to look after him and his victuals and clothes: So far as this comes to, I will fetch and carry like any water-ſpaniel; but to think I'll lug out my ſword, though it be but againſt poor rogues, and ſorry ſhirks, and hedge-birds, y'troth I muſt beg his diverſion. For my part, Mr. Batchelor, 'tis not the fame of being thought valiant that I aim at, but that of being deem'd the very beſt and truſtieſt ſquire that ever follow'd the heels of a knight-errant: and if, after all my ſervices, my maſter Don Quixote will be ſo kind as to give me one of thoſe many iſlands which his worſhip ſays he ſhall light on, I ſhall be much beholden to him; but if he does not, why then I am born, d'ye ſee, and one man muſt not live to rely on another, but on his Maker. Mayhaps the bread I ſhall eat without government, will go down more ſavourily than if I were a governor: and what do I know but that the devil is provid-

when they fall on in battle, encouraging one another to cloſe with the enemy; 'Cerrar con el enemigo' It is likewiſe an exhortation to the Spaniards to keep themſelves compact and cloſe together.

ing me one of theſe governments for a ſtumbling-block, that I may ſtumble and fall, and ſo break my jaws, and ding out my butter-teeth. I was born Sancho, and Sancho I mean to die; and yet for all that, if fairly and ſquarely, with little trouble and leſs danger, heaven would beſtow on me an iſland, or ſome ſuch like matter, I'm no ſuch fool neither, d'ye ſee, as to refuſe a good thing when 'tis offer'd me. No, I remember the old ſaying, When the aſs is given thee, run and take him by the halter; and when good luck knocks at the door let him in, and keep him there. My friend Sancho, ſaid Carraſco, you have ſpoken like any univerſity-profeſſor: however, truſt in heaven's bounty, and the noble Don Quixote, and he may not only give thee an iſland, but even a kingdom. One as likely as the other, quoth Sancho; and yet let me tell you, Mr. Batchelor, the kingdom which my maſter is to give me, you ſhan't find it thrown into an old ſack; for I have felt my own pulſe, and find myſelf ſound enough to rule kingdoms and govern iſlands; I ha' told my maſter as much before now. Have a care Sancho, ſaid Carraſco, honours change manners; perhaps when you come to be a governor, you will ſcarce know the mother that bore ye. This, ſaid Sancho, may happen to thoſe that were born in a ditch, but not to thoſe whoſe ſouls are cover'd, as mine is, four fingers thick with good old Chriſtian fat ‡. No, do but think how good-condition'd I be, and then you need not fear I ſhould do dirtily by

‡ A Spaniſh way of expreſſing he was not of the Jewiſh or Moorith race.

any one. Grant it, good heaven! ſaid Don Quixote, we ſhall ſee when the government comes, and methinks I have it already before my eyes. After this he deſir'd the batchelor, if he were a poet, to oblige him with ſome verſes on his deſign'd departure from his miſtreſs Dulcinea del Toboſo. Every verſe to begin with one of the letters of her name, ſo that joining every firſt letter of every verſe togethet, they might make Dulcinea del Toboſo. The batchelor told him, that though he were none of the famous poets of Spain, who, they ſay, were but three and a half *, he would endeavour to make that acroſtic; though he was ſenſible this would be no eaſy taſk, there being ſeventeen letters in the name; ſo that if he made four ſtanza's of four verſes apiece, there would be a letter too much; and if he made his ſtanza's of five lines, ſo as to make a double decima or redondilla, there would be two letters too little; however, he would ſtrive to drown a letter, and ſo take in the whole name in ſixteen verſes. Let it be ſo by any means, ſaid Don Quixote; for no woman will believe that thoſe verſes were made for her where her name is not plainly to be diſcern'd. After this, it was agreed they ſhould ſet out within a week. Don Quixote charg'd the batchelor not to ſpeak

‡ The firſt Alonzo de Ercilla, author of the Araucana: (an epic poem, which I have read with a great deal of pleaſure, nor did it coſt me a little money to purchaſe it of the late Mr. Rymer,) the ſecond, Juan Rufo of Cordova, author of the Auſtriada; and the third, Chriſtopher Verves of Valentia, author of the Montſerrate. By the half poet, Don Gregorio thinks Cervantes means himſelf.

a word of all this, eſpecially to the curate, Mr. Nicolas the barber, his niece, and his houſe-keeper, leſt they ſhould obſtruct his honourable and valorous deſign. Carraſco gave him his word, and having deſir'd Don Quixote to ſend an account of his good or bad ſucceſs at his conveniency, took his leave, and left him; and Sancho went to get every thing ready for his journey.

## CHAP. V.

*The wiſe and pleaſant dialogue between Sancho Pança, and Tereſa Pança his wife: together with other paſſages worthy of happy memory.*

THE tranſlator of this hiſtory, being come to this fifth chapter, thinks fit to inform the reader, that he holds it to be apocryphal; becauſe it introduces Sancho ſpeaking in another ſtyle than could be expected from his ſlender capacity, and ſaying things of ſo refin'd a nature, that it ſeems impoſſible he could do it. However, he thought himſelf oblig'd to render it into our tongue, to maintain the character of a faithful tranſlator, and therefore he goes on in this manner.

Sancho came home ſo chearful and ſo merry, that his wife read his joy in his looks as far as ſhe could ſee him. Being impatient to know the cauſe, My dear, cry'd ſhe, what makes you ſo merry? I ſhould be more merry, my chuck, quoth Sancho, would but heaven ſo order it, that I were not ſo well pleas'd as I ſeem to be. You ſpeak riddles, huſband, quoth ſhe; I don't know what you mean by ſaying, You ſhou'd be more merry if you were not ſo well pleaſed; for, though I am ſilly

enough, I can't think a man can take pleaſure in not being pleas'd. Look ye, Tereſa, quoth Sancho, I am merry becauſe I am once more going to ſerve my maſter Don Quixote, who is reſolv'd to have t'other frolic, and go a hunting after adventures, and I muſt go with him; for he needs muſt, whom the devil drives. What ſhould I lie ſtarving at home for? The hopes of finding another parcel of gold like that we ſpent, rejoices the cockles of my heart: but then it grieves me to leave thee, and thoſe ſweet babes of ours; and wou'd heaven but be pleas'd to let me live at home dry-ſhod, in peace and quietneſs, without gadding over hill and dale, through brambles and briars (as heaven might well do with ſmall coſt, if it wou'd, and with no manner of trouble, but only to be willing it ſhou'd be ſo) why then 'tis a clear caſe that my mirth would be more firm and ſound, ſince my preſent gladneſs is mingled with a ſorrow to part with thee. And ſo I think I have made out what I have ſaid, that I ſhould be merrier if I did not ſeem ſo well pleas'd. Look you, Sancho, quoth the wife, ever ſince you have been a member of a knight-errant, you talk ſo round about the buſh, that no body can underſtand you. 'Tis enough, quoth Sancho, that he underſtands me who underſtands all things; and ſo ſcatter no more words about it, ſpouſe. But be ſure you look carefully after Dapple for theſe three days, that he may be in good caſe, and fit to bear arms; double his pittance, look out his pannel and all his harneſs, and let every thing be ſet to rights; for we are not going to a wedding, but to roam about the world, and to make our

party good with giants, and dragons, and hobgoblins, and to hear nothing but hiſſing, and yelling, and roaring, and howling and bellowing; all which wou'd yet be but ſugar-plums, if we were not to meet with the Yangueſian carriers *, and inchanted Moors. Nay, as for that, huſband, quoth Tereſa, I am apt enough to think you ſquires-errant don't eat their maſters bread for nothing; and therefore it ſhall be my daily prayer, that you may quickly be freed from that plaguy trouble. Troth, wife, quoth Sancho, were not I in hopes to ſee myſelf, ere it be long, governor of an iſland, o' my conſcience I ſhould drop down dead on the ſpot. Not ſo, my chicken, quoth the wife. Let the hen live, though it be with pip. Do thou live, and let all the governments in the world go to the devil. Thou cam'ſt out of thy mother's belly without government, thou haſt liv'd hitherto without government, and thou may'ſt be carried to thy long home without government, when it ſhall pleaſe the Lord. How many people in this world live without government, yet do well enough, and are well look'd upon? There's no ſauce in the world like hunger, and as the poor never want that, they always eat with a good ſtomach. But look ye, my precious, if it ſhould be thy good luck to get a government, prithee don't forget your wife and children. Take notice that little Sancho is already full fifteen, and 'tis high time he went to ſchool, if his uncle the abbot mean to

* Who beat the maſter and man before in the preceeding Vol.

leave him ſomething in the church. Then there's Mary Sancho, your daughter; I dare ſay the burden of wedlock will never be the death of her, for I ſhrewdly gueſs, ſhe longs as much for a huſband, as you do for a government; and when all comes to all, better my daughter ill married, than well kept. I'good ſooth! wife, quoth Sancho, if it be heaven's bleſſed will that I get any thing by government, I'll ſee and match Mary Sancho ſo well, that ſhe ſhall, at leaſt, be call'd my lady. By no means, huſband, cry'd the wife, let her match with her match: if from clouted ſhoes you ſet her upon high heels, and from her courſe ruſſet coat you put her into a fardingale, and from plain *Moll* and *thee* and *thou*, go to call her madam, and your ladyſhip, the poor girl won't know how to behave herſelf, but will every foot make a thouſand blunders, and ſhew her homeſpun country breeding. Tuſh! fool, anſwer'd Sancho, 'twill be but two or three years prentiſhip; and then you'll ſee how ſtrangely ſhe'll alter; your ladyſhip and keeping of ſtate will become her, as if they had been made for her; and ſuppoſe they ſhould not, what is it to any body? Let her but be a lady, and let what will happen. Good Sancho, quoth the wife, don't look above yourſelf; I ſay, keep to the proverb, that ſays, birds of a feather flock together *. 'Twould be a fine thing, e'trow! for us to go and throw away our child on one of your lordlings,

* In the original it is, *wipe your neighbour's ſon's noſe, and take him into your houſe*, i. e. *Marry him to your daughter*. You had better take a neighbour you know with his faults, than a ſtranger you don't know. Steven's Dict. under the word Hijo.

or right worſhipfuls, who when the toy ſhou'd take him in the head, wou'd find new names for her, and call her country Joan, plough jobber's bearn, and ſpinner's web. No, no, huſband, I han't bred the girl up as I ha' done, to throw her away at that rate I'll aſſure ye. Do thee but bring home money, and leave me to get her a huſband. Why there's Lope Tocho, old John Tocho's ſon, a hale jolly young fellow, and one whom we all know; I have obſerv'd he caſts a ſheep's eye at the wench, he's one of our inches, and will be a good match for her; then we ſhall always have her under our wings, and be all as one, father and mother, children and grandchildren, and heaven's peace and bleſſing will always be with us. But ne'er talk to me of marrying her at your courts, and great men's houſes, where ſhe'll underſtand no body, and no body will underſtand her. Why, thou beaſt, cry'd Sancho, thou wife for Barabbas, why doſt thou hinder me from marrying my daughter to one that will get me grandchildren that may be call'd your honour and your lordſhip? Han't I always heard my betters ſay, that he who will not when he may, when he will he ſhall have nay: when good luck is knocking at our door, is it fit to ſhut him out? No, no, let us make hay while the ſun ſhines, and ſpread our ſails before this proſperous gale. [This mode of locution, and the following huddle of reflections and apophthegms, ſaid to have been ſpoken by Sancho, made the tranſlator of this hiſtory ſay, he held this chapter apocryphal.] Can'ſt thou not perceive, thou ſenſeleſs animal, ſaid Sancho going on, that I ought to venture over head and ears

to light on ſome good gainful government, that may free our ancles from the clogs of neceſſity, and marry Mary Sancha to whom we pleaſe? Then thou'lt ſee how folks will call thee my Lady Tereſa Panza, and thou'lt ſit in the church with thy carpets and cuſhions, and lean and loll in ſtate, though the beſt gentlewoman in the town burſt with ſpight and envy. No, no, remain as you are, ſtill in the ſame poſture, neither higher nor lower, like a picture in the hangings. Go to, let's have no more of this, little Sancha ſhall be a counteſs in ſpight of thy teeth, I ſay. Well, well, huſband, quoth the wife, have a care what you ſay, for I fear me theſe high kicks will be my Molly's undoing. Yet do what you will, make her a dutcheſs or a princeſs, but I'll never give my conſent. Look ye, yoke-fellow, for my part, I ever love to ſee every thing upon the ſquare, and can't abide to ſee folks take upon them when they ſhould not. I was chriſten'd plain Tereſa without any fiddle-faddle, or addition of madam, or your ladyſhip. My father's name was Caſcajo; and becauſe I married you, they call me Tereſa Pança, though indeed by right I ſhould be call'd Tereſa Caſcajo *. But where the kings are, there are the laws, and I am e'en contented with that name without a flouriſh before it, to make it longer and more tedious than 'tis already: neither will I make myſelf any body's laughing-ſtock. I'll give them no cauſe to cry (when they ſee me go like a counteſs, or a go-

* The cuſtom of Spain is ever to call women, tho' married, by their maiden names, which makes Tereſa ſay what ſhe does.

vernor's madam,) look, look, how madam hog-waſh ſtruts along! 'Twas but t'other day ſhe'd tug ye a diſtaff, capp'd with hemp, from morning 'till night, and would go to maſs with her coat over her head for want of a hood; yet now look how ſhe goes in her fardingale, and her rich trimmings and fallals, no leſs than a whole tradeſman's ſhop about her mangy back, as if every body did not know her. No, huſband, if it pleaſe heaven but to keep me in my ſeven ſenſes, or my five, or as many as I have, I'll take care to tie up people's tongues from ſetting me out at this rate. You may go, and be a governor, or an iſlander, and look as big as bull beef an you will; but by my grandmother's daughter, neither I nor my girl will budge a foot from our thatch'd houſe. For the proverb ſays:

'The wife that expects to have a good name,
'Is always at home as if ſhe were lame:
'And the maid that is honeſt, her chiefeſt delight,
'Is ſtill to be doing from morning to night*.

March you and your Don Quixote together, to your iſlands and adventures, and leave us here to our ſorry fortune: I'll warrant you heaven will better it, if we live as we ought to do. I wonder though who made

* La Muger honrada,
La pierna quebrada,
y en caſa;
La Douzella honeſta
El hazer algo es ſu fieſta.

him a Don; neither his father nor his grandſire ever had that feather in their caps. The Lord help thee, woman! quoth Sancho, what a heap of ſtuff haſt thou twiſted together without head or tail! What have thy Caſcajo's, thy fardingales and fallals, thy old ſaws, and all this tale of a roaſted horſe, to do with what I have ſaid? Hark thee me, Gammar Addlepate, (for I can find no better name for thee, ſince thou'rt ſuch a blind buzzard as to miſs my meaning, and ſtand in thy own light) ſhou'd I ha' told thee that my girl was to throw herſelf head foremoſt from the top of ſome ſteeple, or to trot about the world like a gipſy, or, as the infanta Donna Urraca † did, then thou might'ſt have ſome reaſon not to be out of my mind. But if in the twinkling of an eye, and while one might toſs a pancake, I clap you a Don and a ladyſhip upon the back of her'; if I fetch her out of her ſtraw, to ſit under a ſtately bed's teſter; and ſquat her down on more velvet cuſhions, than all the Almohada's * of Morocco had Moors in their generation, why ſhould'ſt thou be againſt it, and not be pleas'd with what pleaſes me? Shall I tell you why, huſband? anſwer'd Tereſa, 'tis becauſe of the proverb, He that covers thee, diſcovers thee. A poor

† A Spaniſh princeſs.

* Almohada, ſignifies a cuſhion, and was alſo the ſirname of a famous race of the Arabs in Afric, and from thence introduced among the Moors in Spain. So that here's a ſort of pun or alluſion to the name, and the women in Spain ſit all upon cuſhions on the ground, which is the cauſe there is ſo much mention made of them.

man is ſcarce minded, but every one's eyes will ſtare upon the rich; and if that rich man has formerly been poor, this ſets others a grumbling and backbiting; and your evil tongues will ne'er ha' done, but ſwarm about the ſtreets like bees, and buz their ſtories into people's ears. Look you, Tereſa, ſaid Sancho, mind what I ſay to thee, I'll tell thee things that perhaps thou ne'er heard'ſt of in thy life: nor do I ſpeak of my own head, but what I heard from that good father who preach'd in our town all laſt Lent. He told us, if I an't miſtaken, that all thoſe things which we ſee before our eyes, do appear, hold and exiſt in our memories much better, and with a greater ſtreſs than things paſt. [All theſe reaſons which are here offer'd by Sancho, are another argument to perſuade the tranſlator to hold this chapter for apocryphal, as exceeding the capacity of Sancho.] From thence it ariſes, ſaid Sancho, going on, that when we happen to ſee a perſon well dreſs'd, richly equipp'd, and with a great train of ſervants, we find ourſelves mov'd and prompted to pay him reſpect, in a manner, in ſpite of our teeth, though at that very moment our memory makes us call to remembrance ſome low circumſtances, in which we had ſeen that perſon before. Now this ignominy, be it either by reaſon of his poverty, or mean parentage, as 'tis already paſs'd, is no more, and only that which we ſee before our eyes remains. So then, if this perſon, whom fortune has rais'd to that height out of his former obſcurity by his father's means, be well bred, generous and civil to all men, and does not affect to vie with thoſe that are of noble deſcent;

aſſure thyſelf, Tereſa, no body will remember what he was, but look upon him as what he is, unleſs it be your envious ſpirits, from whoſe taunts no proſperous fortune can be free. I don't underſtand you, huſband, quoth Tereſa, even follow your own inventions, and don't puzzle my brains with your harangues and retricks. If y'are ſo devolv'd to do as ye ſay—Reſolv'd you ſhould ſay, wife, quoth Sancho, and not devolv'd. Pr'ythee, huſband, ſaid Tereſa, let's ha' no words about that matter: I ſpeak as heaven's pleas'd I ſhould; and for hard words, I give my ſhare to the curate. All I have to ſay now, is this: if you hold ſtill in the mind of being a governor, pray e'en take your ſon Sancho along with you; and henceforth train him up to your trade of governing; for 'tis but fitting that the ſon ſhould be brought up to the father's calling. When once I am governor, quoth Sancho, I'll ſend for him by the poſt, and I'll ſend thee money withal; for I dare ſay, I ſhall want none; there never wants thoſe that will lend governors money when they have none. But then be ſure you clothe the boy ſo, that he may look, not like what he is, but like what he is to be. Send you but money, quoth Tereſa, and I'll make him as fine as a May-day garland*. So then, wife, quoth Sancho, I ſuppoſe we are agreed that our Moll ſhall be a counteſs. The day I ſee her a counteſs, quoth Tereſa, I reckon I lay her

* *Como un palmito*, in the origiual: i. e. as fine as a palm-branch. In Italy and Spain they carry in proceſſion, on Palm Sunday, a palm-branch, the leaves of which are platted and interwoven with great art and nicety.

in her grave. However, I tell you again, e'en follow your own inventions; you men will be maſters, and we poor women are born to bear the clog of obedience, though our huſbands have no more ſenſe than a cuckoo. Here ſhe fell a weeping as heartily as if ſhe had ſeen her daughter already dead and buried. Sancho comforted her, and promis'd her, that though he was to make her a counteſs, yet he would ſee and put it off as long as he could. Thus ended their dialogue, and he went back to Don Quixote, to diſpoſe every thing for a march.

## CHAP. VI.

*What paſs'd between Don Quixote, his niece, and the houſe-keeper: being one of the moſt important chapters in the whole hiſtory.*

WHILE Sancho Pança, and his wife Tereſa Caſcajo, had the foregoing impertinent † dialogue, Don Quixote's niece and houſe-keeper were not idle, gueſſing by a thouſand ſigns that the knight intended a third ſally. Therefore they endeavour'd by all poſſible means to divert him from his fooliſh deſign; but all to no purpoſe; for this was but preaching to a rock, and hammering cold ſtubborn ſteel. But among other argu-

† So it is in the original, viz. *impertinente platica:* but Mr. Jervas, very juſtly, ſuſpects the irony to be here broke by the tranſcriber or printer, and not by the author himſelf, and that it ſhould be (*importante*) important, which carries on the grave ridicule of the hiſtory.

ments; In ſhort, Sir, quoth the houſe-keeper, if you will not be rul'd, but will needs run wandring over hill and dale, like a ſtray ſoul between heaven and hell, ſeeking for miſchief, for ſo I may well call the hopeful adventures which you go about, I'll never leave complaining to heaven and the king, till there's a ſtop put to't ſome way or other. What anſwer heaven will vouchſafe to give thee, I know not, anſwer'd Don Quixote: neither can I tell what return his majeſty will make to thy petition; this I know, that were I king, I would excuſe myſelf from anſwering the infinite number of impertinent memorials that diſturb the repoſe of princes. I tell thee, woman, among the many other fatigues which royalty ſuſtains, 'tis one of the greateſt to be obliged to hear every one, and to give anſwer to all people. Therefore pray trouble not his majeſty with any thing concerning me. But pray, ſir, tell me, reply'd ſhe, are there not a many knights in the king's court? I muſt confeſs, ſaid Don Quixote, that for the ornament, the grandeur, and the pomp, of royalty, many knights are, and ought to be maintained there. Why then, ſaid the woman, would it not be better for your worſhip to be one of thoſe brave knights, who ſerve the king their maſter on foot in his court? Hear me, ſweet-heart, anſwer'd Don Quixote, all knights cannot be courtiers, nor can all courtiers be knights-errant. There muſt be of all ſorts in the world; and though we were all to agree in the common appellation of knights, yet there would be a great difference between the one and the other. For your courtiers, without ſo much as ſtirring

out of their chambers, or the ſhade and ſhelter of the court, can journey over all the univerſe in a map, without the expence and fatigue of travelling, without ſuffering the inconveniences of heat, cold, hunger, and thirſt; while we who are the true knight errants, expos'd to thoſe extremities and all the inclemencies of heaven, by night and by day on foot as well as on horſeback, meaſure the whole ſurface of the earth with our own feet.

Nor are we only acquainted with the pictures of our enemies, but with their very perſons, ready upon all occaſions and at all times to engage them, without ſtanding upon trifles, or the ceremony of meaſuring weapons, ſtripping, or examining whether our opponents have any holy relics, or other ſecret charms about them, whether the ſun be duly divided, or any other punctilio's and circumſtances obſerv'd among private dueliſts; things which thou underſtandeſt not, but I do. And muſt further let thee know, that the true knight-errant, though he meet ten giants, whoſe tall aſpiring heads not only touch but overtop the clouds, each of them ſtalking with prodigious legs like huge towers, their ſweeping arms like maſts of mighty ſhips, each eye as large as a mill-wheel, and more fiery than a glaſs-furnace; yet he is ſo far from being afraid to meet them, that he muſt encounter them with a gentle countenance, and an undaunted courage, aſſail them, cloſe with them, and if poſſible vanquiſh and deſtroy them all in an inſtant; nay, though they came arm'd with the ſcales of a certain fiſh, which they ſay is harder than adamant, and

inſtead of ſwords had dreadful ſabres of keen Damaſcan ſteel, or mighty maces with points of the ſame metal, as I have ſeen them more than a dozen times. I have condeſcended to tell thee thus much, that thou may'ſt ſee the vaſt difference between knights and knights; and I think 'twere to be wiſh'd that all princes knew ſo far how to make the diſtinction, as to give the pre-eminence to this firſt ſpecies of knights-errant, among whom there have been ſome whoſe fortitude has not only been the defence of our kingdom, but of many more, as we read in their hiſtories. Ah! Sir, ſaid the niece, have a care what you ſay; all the ſtories of knights-errant, are nothing but a pack of lies and fables, and if they are not burnt, they ought at leaſt to wear a Sanbenito*, the badge of hereſy, or ſome other mark of infamy, that the world may know them to be wicked, and perverters of good manners. Now by the powerful ſuſtainer of my being, cry'd Don Quixote, wert thou not ſo nearly related to me, wert thou not my own ſiſter's daughter, I would take ſuch a revenge for the blaſphemy thou haſt uttered, as would reſound through the whole univerſe. Who ever heard of the like impudence? That a young baggage, who ſcarce knows her bobbins from a bodkin, ſhould preſume to put in her oar, and cenſure the hiſtories of knights-errant! What would Sir Amadis have ſaid, had he heard this! But he undoubtedly would have forgiven thee, for he was the moſt cour-

* A coat of black canvaſs, painted over with flames and devils, worn by heretics when going to be burnt, by order of the inquiſition.

teous and complaiſant knight of his time, eſpecially to the fair ſex, being a great protector of damſels; but thy words might have reach'd the ears of ſome, that would have ſacrific'd thee to their indignation; for all knights are not poſſeſs'd of civility or good nature; ſome are rough and revengeful; and neither are all thoſe that aſſume the name, of a diſpoſition ſuitable to the function; ſome indeed were of the right ſtamp, but others are either counterfeit, or of ſuch an allay as cannot bear the touch-ſtone, though they deceive the ſight. Inferior mortals there are, who aim at knight-hood, and ſtrain to reach the height of honour; and high-born knights there are, who ſeem fond of groveling in the duſt, and being loſt in the croud of inferior mortals. The firſt raiſe themſelves by ambition or by virtue; the laſt debaſe themſelves by negligence or by vice; ſo that there is need of a diſtinguiſhing underſtanding to judge between theſe two ſorts of knights, ſo nearly ally'd in name, and ſo different in actions. Bleſs me! dear uncle, cry'd the niece, that you ſhould know ſo much, as to be able, if there was occaſion, to get up into a pulpit, or preach in the ſtreets ‡, and yet be ſo ſtrangely miſtaken, ſo groſly blind of underſtanding, as to fancy a man of your years and infirmity can be ſtrong and valiant; that you can ſet every thing right, and force ſtubborn malice to bend, when you yourſelf ſtoop beneath the burden of age; and what's yet more odd,

‡ A common thing in Spain and Italy, for the friars and young Jeſuits, in an extraordinary fit of zeal, to get upon a bulk, and hold forth in the ſtreets or market-place.

that you are a knight, when 'tis well known you are none? For tho' ſome gentlemen may be knights, a poor gentleman can hardly be ſo, becauſe he can't buy it. You ſay well, niece, anſwer'd Don Quixote; and as to this laſt obſervation, I could tell you things that you would admire at, concerning families; but becauſe I will not mix ſacred things with profane, I wave the diſcourſe. However, liſten both of you, and for your farther inſtruction know, that all the lineages and deſcents of mankind, are reducible to theſe four heads; Firſt, of thoſe, who from a very ſmall and obſcure beginning, have rais'd themſelves to a ſpreading and prodigious magnitude. Secondly, of thoſe who deriving their greatneſs from a noble ſpring, ſtill preſerve the dignity and character of their original ſplendor. A third, are thoſe who, though they had large foundations, have ended in a point like a pyramid, which by little and little dwindles as it were into nothing, or next to nothing, in compariſon of its baſis. Others there are (and thoſe are the bulk of mankind) who have neither had a good beginning, nor a rational continuance, and whoſe ending ſhall therefore be obſcure; ſuch are the common people, the plebeian race. The Ottoman family is an inſtance of the firſt ſort, having deriv'd their preſent greatneſs from the poor beginning of a baſe-born ſhepherd. Of the ſecond ſort, there are many princes who being born ſuch, enjoy their dominions by inheritance, and leave them to their ſucceſſors without addition or diminution. Of the third ſort, there is an infinite number of examples: for all the Pharaohs and Ptolomies

of Egypt, your Caeſars of Rome, and all the ſwarm (if I may uſe that word) of princes, monarchs, lords, Medes, Aſſyrians, Perſians, Greeks, and Barbarians: all theſe families and empires have ended in a point, as well as thoſe who gave riſe to them: for it were impoſſible at this day to find any of their deſcendants, or if we could find them, it would be in a poor grovelling condition. As for the vulgar, I ſay nothing of them, more than that they are thrown in as cyphers to increaſe the number of mankind, without deſerving any other praiſe. Now, my good-natur'd ſouls, you may at leaſt draw this reaſonable inference from what I have ſaid of this promiſcuous diſpenſation of honours, and this uncertainty and confuſion of deſcent, that virtue and liberality in the preſent poſſeſſor, are the moſt juſt and undiſputable titles to nobility; for the advantages of pedigree, without theſe qualifications, ſerve only to make vice more conſpicuous. The great man that is vicious will be greatly vicious, and the rich miſer is only a covetous beggar; for, not he who poſſeſſes, but that ſpends and enjoys his wealth, is the rich and the happy man; nor he neither who barely ſpends, but who does it with diſcretion. The poor knight indeed cannot ſhew he is one by his magnificence; but yet by his virtue, affability, civility, and courteous behaviour, he may diſplay the chief ingredients that enter into the compoſition of the knighthood; and tho' he can't pretend to liberality, wanting riches to ſupport it, his charity may recompence that defect; for an alms of two maravedis chearfully beſtow'd upon an indigent beggar,

by a man in poor circumſtances, ſpeaks him as liberal as the larger donative of a vain-glorious rich man before a fawning croud. Theſe accompliſhments will always ſhine thro' the clouds of fortune, and at laſt break thro' them with ſplendor and applauſe. There are two paths to dignity and wealth; arts and arms. Arms I have choſen; and the influence of the planet Mars that preſided at my nativity, led me to that adventurous road. So that all your attempts to ſhake my reſolution are in vain: for in ſpite of all mankind, I will purſue what heaven has fated, fortune ordain'd; what reaſon requires, and (which is more) what my inclination demands. I am ſenſible of the many troubles and dangers that attend the proſecution of knight-errantry, but I alſo know what infinite honours and rewards are the conſequences of the performance. The path of virtue is narrow, and the way of vice eaſy and open; but their ends and reſting-places are very different. The latter is a broad road indeed, and down-hill all the way, but death and contempt are always met at the end of the journey: whereas the former leads to glory and life, not a life that ſoon muſt have an end, but an immortal being. For I know, as our great Caſtilian poet † expreſſes it, that

Thro' ſteep aſcents, thro' ſtrait and rugged ways,
Ourſelves to glory's lofty ſeats we raiſe:
In vain he hopes to reach the bleſs'd abode,
Who leaves the narrow path, for the more eaſy road.

† Boſcan, one of the firſt reformers of the Spaniſh poetry.

Alack-a-day! cry'd the niece, my uncle is a poet too! He knows every thing. I'll lay my life he might turn maſon in caſe of neceſſity. If he would but undertake it, he could build a houſe as eaſy as a bird-cage. Why, truly, niece, ſaid Don Quixote, were not my underſtanding wholly involv'd in thoughts relating to the exerciſe of knight-errantry, there is nothing which I durſt not engage to perform, no curioſity ſhould eſcape my hands, eſpecially bird-cages and tooth pickers §. By this ſome body knock'd at the door, and being aſk'd who it was, Sancho anſwer'd, 'twas he. Whereupon the houſe-keeper ſlip'd out of the way, not willing to ſee him, and the niece let him in. Don Quixote receiv'd him with open arms; and locking themſelves both in the cloſet, they had another dialogue as pleaſant as the former.

## CHAP. VII.

*An account of Don Quixote's conference with his ſquire, and other moſt famous paſſages.*

THE houſe-keeper no ſooner ſaw her maſter and Sancho lock'd up together, but ſhe preſently ſurmis'd the drift of that cloſe conference, and concluding that no leſs than villanous knight-errantry and another ſally would prove the reſult of it, ſhe flung her veil over her head, and quite caſt down with ſorrow

§ 'Palillo de dientes,' *i. e.* a little ſtick for the teeth. Tooth-pickers in Spain are made of long ſhavings of boards, ſplit and reduced to a ſtraw's breadth, and wound up like ſmall wax-lights.

and vexation, trudg'd away to ſeek Samſon Carraſco, the batchelor of arts; depending on his wit and eloquence, to diſſuade his friend Don Quixote from his frantic reſolution. She found him walking in the yard of his houſe, and fell preſently on her knees before him in a cold ſweat, and with all the marks of a diſorder'd mind. What's the matter, woman, ſaid he, (ſomewhat ſurpris'd at her poſture and confuſion) what has befallen you, that you look as if you were ready to give up the ghoſt. Nothing, ſaid ſhe, dear ſir, but that my maſter's departing, he's departing, that's moſt certain. How! cry'd Carraſco, what d'ye mean? Is his ſoul departing out of his body? No, anſwer'd the woman, but all his wits are quite and clean departing. He means to be gadding again into the wide world, and is upon the ſpur now the third time to hunt after ventures, as he calls them†, though I don't know why he calls thoſe chances ſo. The firſt time he was brought home, was athwart an aſs, and almoſt cudgel'd to pieces. T'other bout he was forc'd to ride home in a waggon, coup'd up in a cage, where he would make us believe he was inchanted; and the poor ſoul look'd ſo diſmally, that the mother that bore him would not have known the child of her bowels: ſo meagre, wan, and wither'd, and his eyes ſo ſunk and hid in the utmoſt nook and corner of his brain, that I am ſure I ſpent about ſix hundred eggs to cocker him up again; ay, and more too, as heaven and all the world's my witneſs, and the

† *Ventura* ſignifies both *good luck*, and alſo *adventures*.

hens that laid them can't deny it. That I believe, ſaid the batchelor, for your hens are ſo well-bred, ſo fat, and ſo good, that they won't ſay one thing and think another for the world. But is this all? Has no other ill luck befallen you, beſides this of your maſter's intended ramble? No other, ſir, quoth ſhe. Then trouble your head no farther, ſaid he, but get you home, and as you go, ſay me the prayer of St. Apollonia, if you know it: then get me ſome warm bit for breakfaſt, and I'll come to you preſently, and you ſhall ſee wonders. Dear me, quoth ſhe, the prayer of St. Polonia! Why, 'tis only good for the tooth-ach; but his ailing lies in his ſcull. Miſtreſs, ſaid he, don't diſpute with me: I know what I ſay. Have I not commenc'd batchelor of arts at Salamanca, and do you think there's any *batchelorizing* beyond that? With that away ſhe goes, and he went preſently to find the curate, to conſult with him about what ſhall be declar'd in due time.

When Sancho and his maſter were lock'd up together in the room, there paſs'd ſome diſcourſe between them, of which the hiſtory gives a very punctual and impartial account. Sir, quoth Sancho to his maſter, I have at laſt reluc'd my wife, to let me go with your worſhip where-ever you'll have me. *Reduc'd* you would ſay, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, and not *reluc'd* *. Look you, ſir, quoth Sancho, if I an't miſtrken, I have wiſh'd you once or twice not to ſtand correcting my

* But juſt now Sancho corrected his wife for ſaying *devolv'd* inſtead of *reſolv'd*.

words, if you underſtand my meaning: if you don't, why then do but ſay to me, Sancho, devil, or what you pleaſe, I underſtand thee not; and if I don't make out my meaning plainly, then take me up; for I am ſo focible——I underſtand you not, ſaid Don Quixote interrupting him, for I can't gueſs the meaning of your *focible*. Why, ſo focible, quoth Sancho, is as much as to ſay, focible. That is, I am ſo and ſo, as it were. Leſs and leſs do I underſtand thee, ſaid the knight. Why then, quoth Sancho, there's an end of the matter, it muſt e'en ſtick there for me, for I can ſpeak no better. O! now, quoth Don Quixote, I fancy I gueſs your meaning, you mean *docible*, I ſuppoſe, implying that you are ſo ready and apprehenſive, that you will preſently obſerve what I ſhall teach you. I'll lay any even wager now, ſaid the ſquire, you underſtood me well enough at firſt, but you had a mind to put me out, merely to hear me put your fine words out-a-joint. That may be, ſaid Don Quixote, but pr'ythee tell me, what ſays Tereſa? Why, an't pleaſe you, quoth Sancho, Tereſa bids me make ſure work with your worſhip, and that we may have leſs talking and more doing; that a man muſt not be his own carver; that he who cuts does not ſhuffle; that it is good to be certain; that paper ſpeaks when beards never wag; that a bird in hand is worth two in the buſh. One *hold-faſt* is better than two *I'll give thee*. Now, I ſay, a woman's counſel is not worth much, yet he that deſpiſes it, is no wiſer than he ſhould be——I ſay ſo too, ſaid Don Quixote; but pray, good Sancho, proceed; for thou

art in an excellent ſtrain; thou talk'ſt moſt ſententiouſly to-day. I ſay, quoth Sancho, as you know better yourſelf than I do, that we are all mortal men, here to-day and gone to-morrow; as ſoon goes the young lamb to the ſpit, as the old weather; no man can tell the length of his days; for death is deaf, and when he knocks at the door, mercy on the porter. He's in poſthaſte, neither fair words nor foul, crowns nor mitres can ſtay him, as the report goes, and as we are told from the pulpit. All this I grant, ſaid Don Quixote: but what would you infer from hence? Why, ſir, quoth Sancho, all I would be at is, that your worſhip allow me ſo much a-month for my wages ‡, whilſt I ſtay with you, and that the aforeſaid wages be paid me out of your eſtate. For I'll truſt no longer to rewards, that mayhaps may come late, and mayhaps not at all. I'd be glad to know what I get, be't more or leſs. A little in one's own pocket, is better than much in another man's purſe. 'Tis good to keep a neſt egg. Every little makes a mickle; while a man gets he never can loſe. Should it happen indeed, that your worſhip ſhould give me this ſame iſland, which you promis'd me, though 'tis what I dare not ſo much as hope for, why then I an't ſuch an ungrateful, nor ſo unconſcionable a muck-worm. but that I am willing to ſtrike off upon the income, for what wages I receive, cantity for cantity. Would not quantity have been better than

‡ The cuſtom of Spain is to pay their ſervants wages by the month.

cantity? aſk'd Don Quixote. Ho! I underſtand you now, cry'd Sancho: I dare lay a wager I ſhould have ſaid quantity and not cantity: but no matter for that, ſince you knew what I meant. Yes, Sancho, quoth the knight, I have div'd to the very bottom of your thought, and underſtand now the aim of all your numerous ſhot of proverbs. Look you, friend Sancho, I ſhould never ſcruple to pay thee wages, had I any example to warrant ſuch a practice. Nay, could I find the leaſt glimmering of a precedent thro' all the books of chivalry that ever I read, for any yearly or monthly ſtipend, your requeſt ſhould be granted. But I have read all, or the greateſt part of the hiſtories of knights-errant, and find that all their ſquires depended purely on the favour of their maſters for a ſubſiſtence; 'till by ſome ſurpriſing turn in the knight's fortune, the ſervants were advanced to the government of ſome iſland, or ſome equivalent gratuity; at leaſt, they had honour and a title conferred on them as a reward. Now, friend Sancho, if you will depend on theſe hopes of preferment, and return to my ſervice, it is well; if not, get you home, and tell your impertinent wife, that I will not break through all the rules and cuſtoms of chivalry, to ſatisfy her ſordid diffidence and yours; and ſo let there be no more words about the matter, but let us part friends; and remember this, that if there be vetches in my dove-houſe, it will want no pigeons. Good arrears are better than ill pay; and a fee in reverſion is better than a farm in poſſeſſion. Take notice too, there's proverb for proverb, to let you know that I can pour

out a volley of them as well as you. In ſhort, if you will not go along with me upon courteſy, and run the ſame fortune with me, heaven be with you, and make you a ſaint; I do not queſtion but I ſhall get me a ſquire, more obedient, more careful, and leſs ſaucy and talkative than you.

Sancho hearing his maſter's firm reſolution, it was cloudy weather with him in an inſtant; he was ſtruck dumb with diſappointment, and down ſunk at once his heart to his girdle; for he verily thought he could have brought him to any terms, through a vain opinion, that the knight would not for the world go without him. While he was thus dolefully bury'd in thought, in came Samſon Carraſco, and the niece, very eager to hear the batchelor's arguments to diſſuade Don Quixote from his intended ſally. But Samſon, who was a rare comedian, preſently embracing the knight, and beginning in a high ſtrain, ſoon difappointed her. O flower of chivalry, cry'd he, refulgent glory of arms, living honour and mirror of our Spaniſh nation, may all thoſe who prevent the third expedition which thy heroic ſpirit meditates, be loſt in the labyrinth of their perverſe deſires, and find no thread to lead them to their wiſhes. Then turning to the houſe-keeper. You have no need now to ſay the prayer of St. Apollonia, ſaid he, for I find it written in the ſtars, that the illuſtrious champion muſt no longer delay the proſecution of glory; and I ſhould injure my conſcience, ſhould I preſume to diſſuade him from the benefits that ſhall redound to mankind, by exerting the ſtrength of his formidable

arm, and the innate virtues of his heroic ſoul. Alas! his ſtay deprives the oppreſſed orphans of a protector, damſels of a deliverer, champions of their honour, widows of an obliging patron, and married women of a vigorous comforter; nay, alſo delays a thouſand other important exploits and atchievements, which are the duty and neceſſary conſequences of the honourable order of knight-errantry. Go on then, my graceful, my valorous Don Quixote, rather this very day than the next; let your greatneſs be upon the wing, and if any thing be wanting towards the compleating of your equipage, I ſtand forth to ſupply you with my life and fortune, and ready, if it be thought expedient, to attend your excellence as a ſquire, an honour which I am ambitious to attain. Well, Sancho, (ſaid Don Quixote, hearing this, and turning to his ſquire) did not I tell thee I ſhould not want ſquires; behold who offers me his ſervice, the moſt excellent batchelor of arts, Samſon Carraſco, the perpetual darling of the muſes, and glory of the Salamanca ſchools, ſound and active of body, patient of labour, inur'd to abſtinence, ſilent in misfortune; and, in ſhort, endow'd with all the accompliſhments that conſtitute a ſquire But forbid it heaven, that to indulge my private inclinations I ſhould preſume to weaken the whole body of learning, by removing from it ſo ſubſtantial a pillar, ſo vaſt a repoſitory of ſciences, and ſo eminent a branch of the liberal arts. No, my friend, remain thou another Samſon in thy country, be the honour of Spain, and the delight of thy ancient parents; I ſhall content myſelf with any ſquire,

ſince Sancho does not vouchſafe to go with me. I do, I do, (cry'd Sancho, relenting with tears in his eyes) I do vouchſafe; it ſhall never be ſaid of Sancho Pança, no longer pipe no longer dance. Nor have I heart of flint, ſir; for all the world knows, and eſpecially our town, what the whole generation of the Pança's has ever been: beſides, I well know, and have already found by a many good turns, and more good words, that your worſhip has had a good will towards me all along; and if I have done otherwiſe than I ſhould, in ſtanding upon wages, or ſo, it were merely to humour my wife, who, when once ſhe's ſet upon a thing, ſtands digging and hammering at a man like a cooper at a tub, till ſhe clinches the point. But hang it, I am the huſband, and will be her huſband, and ſhe's but a wife, and ſhall be a wife. None can deny but I am a man every inch of me, wherever I am, and I will be a man at home in ſpite of any body; ſo that you've no more to do, but to make your will and teſtament; but be ſure you make the conveyance ſo firm, that it can't be rebuk'd, and then let's be gone as ſoon as you pleaſe, that maſter Samſon's ſoul may be at reſt; for he ſays his conſcience won't let him be quiet, till he has ſet you upon another journey through the world; and I here again offer myſelf to follow your worſhip, and promiſe to be faithful and loyal, as well, nay, and better than all the ſquires that ever waited on knights-errant. The batchelor was amaz'd to hear Sancho Pança expreſs himſelf after that manner; and though he had read much of him in the firſt part of his hiſtory, he could not

believe him to be ſo pleaſant a fellow as he is there repreſented. But hearing him now talk of *rebuking* inſtead of revoking teſtaments and conveyances, he was induc'd to credit all that was ſaid of him, and to conclude him one of the oddeſt compounds of the age; nor could he imagine that the world ever ſaw before ſo extravagant a couple as the maſter and the man.

Don Quixote and Sancho embrac'd, becoming as good friends as ever, and ſo with the approbation of the grand Carraſco, who was then the knight's oracle, it was decreed, that they ſhould ſet out at the expiration of three days; in which time all neceſſaries ſhould be provided, eſpecially a whole helmet, which Don Quixote ſaid he was reſolv'd by all means to purchaſe. Samſon offer'd him one which he knew he could eaſily get of a friend, and which look'd more dull with the mold and ruſt, than bright with the luſtre of the ſteel. The niece and the houſe-keeper made a woful out-cry; they tore their hair, ſcratch'd their faces, and howl'd like common mourners at funerals, lamenting the knight's departure, as it had been his real death; and curſing Carraſco moſt unmercifully, though his behaviour was the reſult of a contrivance plotted between the curate, the barber, and himſelf. In ſhort, Don Quixote and his ſquire having got all things in a readineſs, the one having pacify'd his wife, and the other his niece and houſe-keeper; towards the evening without being ſeen by any body but the batchelor, who would needs accompany them about half a league from the village, they ſet forward for Toboſo. The knight

mounted his Rozinante, and Sancho his truſty Dapple, his wallet well ſtuff'd with proviſions, and his purſe with money, which Don Quixote gave him to defray expences. At laſt Samſon took his leave, deſiring the champion to give him, from time to time, an account of his ſucceſs, that according to the laws of friendſhip, he might ſympathize in his good or evil fortune. Don Quixote made him a promiſe, and then they parted; Samſon went home, and the knight and ſquire continu'd their journey for the great city of Toboſo.

## CHAP. VIII.

*Don Quixote's ſucceſs in his journey to viſit the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo.*

BLESSED be the mighty Alla *, ſays Hamet Benengeli, at the beginning of his eighth chapter; bleſſed be Alla! which ejaculation he thrice repeated, in conſideration of the bleſſing that Don Quixote and Sancho had once more taken the field again; and that from this period the readers of their delightful hiſtory may date the knight's atchievements, and the ſquire's pleaſantries; and he intreats them to forget the former heroical tranſactions of the wonderful knight, and fix their eyes upon his future exploits, which take birth from his ſetting out for Toboſo, as the former began in the fields of Montiel. Nor can ſo ſmall a requeſt be thought unreaſonable, conſidering what he promiſes, which begins in this manner.

* The Moors call God Alla.

Don Quixote and his ſquire were no ſooner parted from the batchelor, but Rozinante began to neigh, and Dapple to bray; which both the knight and the ſquire interpreted as good omens, and moſt fortunate preſages of their ſucceſs; though the truth of the ſtory is, that as Dapple's braying exceeded Rozinante's neighing, Sancho concluded that his fortune ſhould out-rival and eclipſe his maſter's; which inference I will not ſay he drew from ſome principles in judicial aſtrology, in which he was undoubtedly well-grounded, tho' the hiſtory is ſilent in that particular; however, it is recorded of him, that oftentimes upon the falling or ſtumbling of his aſs, he wiſh'd he had not gone abroad that day, and from ſuch accidents prognoſticated nothing but diſlocation of joints, and breaking of ribs; and notwithſtanding his fooliſh character, this was no bad obſervation. Friend Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote to him, I find the approaching night will overtake us, ere we can reach Toboſo, where, before I enter upon any expedition, I am reſolv'd to pay my vows, receive my benediction, and take my leave of the peerleſs Dulcinea; being aſſured after that of happy events, in the moſt dangerous adventures; for nothing in this world inſpires a knight-errant with ſo much valour, as the ſmiles and favourable aſpects of his miſtreſs. I am of your mind, quoth Sancho; but I am afraid, ſir, you will hardly come at her, to ſpeak with her, at leaſt not to meet her in a place where ſhe may give you her bleſſing, unleſs ſhe throw it you over the mud-wall of the yard, where I firſt ſaw her, when I carried her the

news of your mad pranks in the midſt of Sierra Morena. Mud-wall! doſt thou ſay? cry'd Don Quixote: miſtaken fool, that wall could have no exiſtence but in thy muddy underſtanding: it is a mere creature of thy dirty fancy; for that never-duly-celebrated paragon of beauty and gentility, was then undoubtedly in ſome court, in ſome ſtately gallery, or walk, or as it is properly called, in ſome ſumptuous and royal palace. It may be ſo, ſaid Sancho, though ſo far as I can remember, it ſeem'd to me neither better nor worſe than a mud-wall. 'Tis no matter, reply'd the knight, let us go thither; I will viſit my dear Dulcinea; let me but ſee her, though it be over a mud-wall, through a chink of a cottage, or the pales of a garden, at a lattice, or any where; which way ſoever the leaſt beam from her bright eyes reaches mine, it will ſo enlighten my mind, ſo fortify my heart, and invigorate every faculty of my being, that no mortal will be able to rival me in prudence and valour. Troth, ſir, quoth Sancho, when I beheld that ſame ſun of a lady, methought it did not ſhine ſo bright, as to caſt forth any beams at all; but mayhaps the reaſon was, that the duſt of the grain ſhe was winnowing rais'd a cloud about her face, and made her look ſomewhat dull. I tell thee again, fool, ſaid Don Quixote, thy imagination is duſty and foul; will it never be beaten out of thy ſtupid brain, that my lady Dulcinea was winnowing? are ſuch exerciſes us'd by perſons of her quality, whoſe recreations are always noble, and ſuch as diſplay an air of greatneſs ſuitable to their birth and dignity? Can'ſt thou not remember

the verſes of our poet, when he recounts the employments of the four nymphs at their cryſtal manſions, when they advanc'd their heads above the ſtreams of the lovely Tagus, and ſat upon the graſs, working thoſe rich embroideries, where ſilk and gold, and pearl emboſs'd, were ſo curiouſly interwoven, and which that ingenuous bard ſo artfully deſcribes? ſo was my princeſs employ'd when ſhe bleſſed thee with her ſight; but the envious malice of ſome baſe necromancer faſcinated thy ſight, as it repreſents whatever is moſt grateful to me in different and diſpleaſing ſhapes. And this makes me fear, that if the hiſtory of my atchievements, which they tell me is in print, has been written by ſome magician who is no well-wiſher to my glory, he has undoubtedly deliver'd many things with partiality, miſrepreſented my life, inſerting a hundred falſhoods for one truth, and diverting himſelf with the relation of idle ſtories, foreign to the purpoſe, and unſuitable to the continuation of a true hiſtory. O envy! envy! thou gnawing worm of virtue, and ſpring of infinite miſchiefs! there is no other vice, my Sancho, but pleads ſome pleaſure in its excuſe; but envy is always attended by diſguſt, rancour, and diſtracting rage. I am much of your mind, ſaid Sancho, and I think, in the ſame book which neighbour Carraſco told us he had read of our lives, the ſtory makes bold with my credit, and has handled it at a ſtrange rate, and has dragg'd it about the kennels, as a body may ſay. Well, now as I am an honeſt man, I never ſpoke an ill word of a magician in my born days; and I think they need

not envy my condition ſo much. The truth is, I am ſomewhat malicious; I have my roguiſh tricks now and then; but I was ever counted more fool than knave for all that, and ſo indeed I was bred and born; and if there were nothing elſe in me but my religion (for I firmly believe whatever our holy Roman catholic church believes, and I hate the Jews mortally) theſe ſame hiſtorians ſhould take pity o'me, and ſpare me a little in their books. But let them ſay on to the end of the chapter; naked I came into the world, and naked muſt go out. 'Tis all a caſe to Sancho, I can neither win nor loſe by the bargain; and ſo my name be in print, and handed about, I care not a fig for the worſt they can ſay of me. What thou ſay'ſt, Sancho, anſwer'd Don Quixote, puts me in mind of a ſtory. A celebrated poet of our time wrote a very ſcurrilous and abuſive lampoon upon all the intriguing ladies of the court, forbearing to name one, as not being ſure whether ſhe deſerv'd to be put into the catalogue or no; but the lady not finding herſelf there, was not a little affronted at the omiſſion, and made a great complaint to the poet, aſking him what he had ſeen in her, that he ſhould leave her out of his liſt; deſiring him at the ſame time to enlarge his ſatire, and put her in, or expect to hear farther from her. The author obey'd her commands, and gave her a character with a vengeance, and, to her great ſatisfaction, made her as famous for infamy as any woman about the town. Such another ſtory is that of Diana's temple, one of the ſeven wonders of the world, burnt by an obſcure fellow merely

to eternize his name; which, in ſpite of an edict that enjoin'd all people never to mention it, either by word of mouth, or in writing, yet is ſtill known to have been Eroſtratus. The ſtory of the great emperor Charles the fifth, and a Roman knight, upon a certain occaſion, is much the ſame. The emperor had a great deſire to ſee the famous temple once called the Pantheon, but now more happily the church of All Saints. 'Tis the only entire edifice remaining of heathen Rome, and that which beſt gives an idea of the glory and magnificence of its great founders. 'Tis built in the ſhape of a half orange, of a vaſt extent and very lightſome, though it admits no light, but at one window, or to ſpeak more properly, at a round aperture on the top of the roof. The emperor being got up thither, and looking down from the brink upon the fabric, with a Roman knight by him, who ſhew'd all the beauties of that vaſt ediſice: after they were gone from the place, ſays the knight, addreſſing the emperor, it came into my head a thouſand times, ſacred Sir, to embrace your majeſty, and caſt myſelf with you, from the top of the church to the bottom, that I might thus purchaſe an immortal name. I thank you, ſaid the emperor, for not doing it; and for the future, I will give you no opportunity to put your loyalty to ſuch a teſt. Therefore I baniſh you my preſence for ever; which done, he beſtow'd ſome conſiderable favour on him. I tell thee, Sancho, this deſire of honour is a ſtrange bewitching thing What doſt thou think made Horatius, arm'd at all points, plunge headlong from the bridge into the rapid Tiber? What

prompted Curtius to leap into the profound flaming gulph? What made Mutius burn his hand? What forc'd Caeſar over the Rubicon, ſpite of all the omens that diſſuaded his paſſage? And to inſtance a more modern example, what made the undaunted Spaniards ſink their ſhips, when under the moſt courteous Cortez, but that ſcorning the ſtale honour of this ſo often conquered world, they ſought a maiden glory in a new ſcene of victory? Theſe and a multiplicity of other great actions, are owing to the immediate thirſt and deſire of fame, which mortals expect as the proper price and immortal recompence of their great actions. But we that are Chriſtian catholic knights-errant muſt fix our hopes upon a higher reward, plac'd in the eternal and celeſtial regions, where we may expect a permanent honour and compleat happineſs; not like the vanity of fame, which at beſt is but the ſhadow of great actions, and muſt neceſſarily vaniſh, when deſtructive time has eat away the ſubſtance which it follow'd. So, my Sancho, ſince we expect a Chriſtian reward, we muſt ſuit our actions to the rules of Chriſtianity. In giants we muſt kill pride and arrogance: but our greateſt foes, and whom we muſt chiefly combat, are within. Envy we muſt overcome by generoſity and nobleneſs of ſoul; anger, by a repos'd and eaſy mind; riot and drowſineſs, by vigilance and temperance; laſciviouſneſs, by our inviolable fidelity to thoſe who are miſtreſſes of our thoughts; and ſloth, by our indefatigable peregrinations through the univerſe, to ſeek occaſions of military, as well as Chriſtian honours. This, Sancho,

is the road to laſting fame, and a good and honourable renown. I underſtand paſſing well every tittle you have ſaid, anſwer'd Sancho; but pray now, ſir, will you diſſolve me of one doubt, that's juſt come into my head. Reſolve thou would'ſt ſay, Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote: well, ſpeak, and I will endeavour to ſatisfy thee. Why then, quoth Sancho, pray tell me theſe ſame Julys, and theſe Auguſts, and all the reſt of the famous knights that you talk of are dead, where are they now? Without doubt, anſwer'd Don Quixote, the heathens are in hell. The Chriſtians, if their lives were anſwerable to their profeſſion, are either in purgatory, or in heaven. So far ſo good, ſaid Sancho; but pray tell me, the tombs of theſe lordlings, have they any ſilver lamps ſtill burning before them, and are their chapel-walls hung about with crutches, winding-ſheets, old periwigs, legs and wax-eyes, or with what are they hung? The monuments of the dead heathens, ſaid Don Quixote, were for the moſt part ſumptuous pieces of architecture. The aſhes of Julius Caeſar were depoſited on the top of an obeliſk, all of one ſtone of a prodigious bigneſs, which is now called Aguglia di San Pietro, St. Peter's Needle. The emperor Adrian's ſepulchre was a vaſt ſtructure as big as an ordinary village, and called Moles Adriani, and now the caſtle of St. Angelo in Rome. Queen Artemiſia buried her huſband Mauſolus in ſo curious and magnificent a pile, that his monument was reputed one of the ſeven wonders of the world. But none of theſe, nor any other of the heathen ſepulchres, were adorn'd with

any winding-ſheets, or other offering, that might imply the perſons interred were ſaints. Thus far we are right, quoth Sancho; now, ſir, pray tell me, which is the greateſt wonder, to raiſe a dead man, or kill a giant? The anſwer is obvious, ſaid Don Quixote, to raiſe a dead man certainly. Then, maſter, I have nick'd you, ſaith Sancho, for he that raiſes the dead, makes the blind ſee, the lame walk, and the ſick healthy, who has lamps burning night and day before his ſepulchre, and whoſe chapel is full of pilgrims, who adore his relics on their knees; that man, I ſay, has more fame in this world and in the next, than any of your heatheniſh emperors or knights-errant e'er had, or will ever have. I grant it, ſaid Don Quixote. Very good, quoth Sancho, I'll be with you anon. This fame, theſe gifts, theſe rights, privileges, and what d'ye call 'em, the bodies and relics of theſe ſaints have; ſo that by the conſent and good-liking of our holy mother the church, they have their lamps, their lights, their winding-ſheets, their crutches, their pictures, their heads of hair, their legs, their eyes, and the Lord knows what, by which they ſtir up people's devotion, and ſpread their Chriſtian fame. Kings will vouchſafe to carry the bodies of ſaints, or their relics on their ſhoulders, they'll kiſs you the pieces of their bones, and ſpare no coſt to ſet off and deck their ſhrines and chapels. And what of all this? ſaid Don Quixote: what's your inference? Why truly, ſir, quoth Sancho, that we turn ſaints as faſt as we can, and that's the readieſt and cheapeſt way to get this fame honour you talk of. 'Twas but yeſ-

terday, or t'other day, or I can't tell when, I'm ſure it was not long ſince, that two poor bare-footed friars were ſainted; and you can't think what a crowd of people there is to kiſs the iron chains they wore about their waſtes inſtead of girdles, to humble the fleſh. I dare ſay, they are more reverenc'd than Orlando's ſword, that hangs in the armory of our ſovereign lord the king, whom heaven grant long to reign! ſo that for ought I ſee, better it is to be a friar, though but of a beggarly order, than a valiant errant knight; and a dozen or two of ſound laſhes, well meant, and as well laid on, will obtain more of heaven than two thouſand thruſts with a lance; though they be given to giants, dragons or hobgoblins. All this is very true, reply'd Don Quixote, but all men cannot be friars; we have different paths allotted us, to mount to the high ſeat of eternal felicity. Chivalry is a religious order, and there are knights in the fraternity of ſaints in heaven. However, quoth Sancho, I have heard ſay, there are more friars there than knights-errant. That is, ſaid Don Quixote, becauſe there is a greater number of friars than of knights. But are there not a great many knights-errant too? ſaid Sancho. There are many indeed, anſwer'd Don Quixote, but very few that deſerve the name. In ſuch diſcourſes as theſe, the knight and ſquire paſs'd the night, and the whole ſucceeding day, without encountring any occaſion to ſignalize themſelves; at which Don Quixote was very much concern'd. At laſt, towards evening the next day, they diſcover'd the goodly city of Toboſo, which reviv'd the

knight's ſpirits wonderfully, but had a quite contrary effect on his ſquire, becauſe he did not know the houſe where Dulcinea liv'd, no more than his maſter. So that the one was mad till he ſaw her, and the other very melancholic and diſturb'd in mind, becauſe he had never ſeen her; nor did he know what to do, ſhould his maſter ſend him to Toboſo. However, as Don Quixote would not make his entry in the day-time, they ſpent the evening among ſome oaks not far diſtant from the place, till the prefix'd moment came; then they enter'd the city, where they met with adventures indeed.

## CHAP. IX.

*That gives an account of things which you'll know when you read it.*

THE ſable night had ſpun out half her courſe, when Don Quixote and Sancho deſcended from a hill, and enter'd Toboſo. A profound ſilence reigned over all the town, and all the inhabitants were faſt aſleep, and ſtretch'd out at their eaſe. The night was ſomewhat clear, though Sancho wiſh'd it dark, to hide his maſter's folly and his own. Nothing diſturb'd the general tranquillity, but now and then the barking of dogs, that wounded Don Quixote's ears, but more poor Sancho's heart. Sometimes an aſs bray'd, hogs grunted, cats mew'd; which jarring mixture of ſounds was not a little augmented by the ſtillneſs and ſerenity of the night, and fill'd the enamour'd champion's head with a thou-

ſand inauſpicious chimeras. However, turning to's ſquire, my dear Sancho, ſaid he, ſhew me the way to Dulcinea's palace, perhaps we ſhall find her ſtill awake. Body on me, cry'd Sancho, what palace do you mean? When I ſaw her highneſs, ſhe was in a little paltry cot. Perhaps, reply'd the knight, ſhe was then retir'd into ſome corner of the palace, to divert herſelf in private with her damſels, as great ladies and princeſſes ſometimes do. Well, ſir, ſaid Sancho, ſince it muſt be a palace whether I will or no, yet can you think this is a time of night to find the gates open, or a ſeaſonable hour to thunder at the door, till we raiſe the houſe and alarm the whole town? Are we going to a bawdyhouſe, think you, like your wenchers, that can rap at a door any hour of the night, and knock people up when they liſt! Let us once find the palace, ſaid the knight, and then I'll tell thee what we ought to do: but ſtay, either my eyes delude me, or that lofty gloomy ſtructure which I diſcover yonder, is Dulcinea's palace. Well, lead on, ſir, ſaid the ſquire; and yet though I were to ſee it with my eyes, and feel it with my ten fingers, I ſhall believe it e'en as much as I believe 'tis now noon-day. The knight led on, and having rode about two hundred paces, came at laſt to the building which he took for Dulcinea's palace; but found it to be the great church of the town. We are miſtaken, Sancho, ſaid he, I find this is a church. I ſee it is, ſaid the ſquire; and I pray the Lord we have not found our graves; for 'tis a plaguy ill ſign to haunt church-yards at this time of night, eſpecially when I told you, if I an't miſ-

taken, that this lady's houſe ſtands in a little blind alley, without any thorough-fare. A curſe on thy diſtemper'd brain! cry'd Don Quixote; where, blockhead, where didſt thou ever ſee royal edifices and palaces built in a blind alley, without a thorough-fare? Sir, ſaid Sancho, every country has its ſeveral faſhions; and for ought you know, they may build their great houſes and palaces in blind alleys at Toboſo: and therefore, good your worſhip, let me alone to hunt up and down in what by-lanes and alleys I may ſtrike into; mayhap in ſome nook or corner we may light upon this fame palace: would old nick had it for me, for leading us ſuch a jaunt, and plaguing a body at this rate. Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, ſpeak with greater reſpect of my miſtreſs's concerns; be merry and wiſe, and do not throw the helve after the hatchet. Cry mercy, ſir, quoth Sancho, but would it not make any mad, to have you put me upon finding readily our dame's houſe at all times, which I never ſaw but once in my life? nay, and to find it at midnight, when you yourſelf can't find it, that have ſeen it a thouſand times! Thou wilt make me deſperately angry, ſaid the knight: hark you, heretic, have I not repeated it a thouſand times, that I never ſaw the peerleſs Dulcinea, nor ever enter'd the portals of her palace; but that I am in love with her purely by hear-ſay, and upon the great fame of her beauty and rare accompliſhments? I hear you ſay ſo now, quoth Sancho; and ſince you ſay you never ſaw her, I muſt needs tell you I never ſaw her neither. That's impoſſible, ſaid Don Quixote;

at leaſt you told me you ſaw her winnowing wheat, when you brought me an anſwer to the letter which I ſent by you. That's neither here nor there, ſir, reply'd Sancho; for to be plain with you, I ſaw her but by hear-ſay too, and the anſwer I brought you was by hear-ſay as well as the reſt, and I know the lady Dulcinea no more than the man in the moon. Sancho, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, there's a time for all things; unſeaſonable mirth always turns to ſorrow. What, becauſe I declare that I have never ſeen nor ſpoken to the miſtreſs of my ſoul, is it for you to trifle and ſay ſo too, when you're ſo ſenſible of the contrary?

Here their diſcourſe was interrupted, a fellow with two mules happening to paſs by them, and by the noiſe of the plough which they drew along, they gueſs'd it might be ſome country-labourer going out before day to his husbandry; and ſo indeed it was. He went ſinging the doleful ditty of the defeat of the French at Roncevalles ‡; 'Ye Frenchmen all muſt rue the woful 'day.' Let me die (ſaid Don Quixote, hearing what the fellow ſung) if we have any good ſucceſs to-night; do'ſt thou hear what this peaſant ſings, Sancho? Ay marry do I, quoth the ſquire; but what's the rout at Roncevalles to us? it concerns us no more than if he had ſung the ballad of Colly my Cow; we ſhall ſpeed neither the better nor the worſe for it. By this time

‡ The battle of Roncevalles is a doleful melancholy ſong like our Chevy-Chaſe, which is the reaſon why it is look'd upon as ominous, by ſuperſtitious people.

the ploughman being come up to them; Good-morrow, honeſt friend, cry'd Don Quixote to him; pray can you inform me which is the palace of the peerleſs princeſs, the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo? Sir, ſaid the fellow, I am a ſtranger, and but lately come into this town; I'm ploughman to a rich farmer: But here, right over-againſt you, lives the curate and the ſexton, they're the likelieſt to give you ſome account of that lady-princeſs, as having a liſt of all the folks in town, though I fancy there's no princeſs at all lives here; there be indeed a power of gentle-folk, and each of them may be a princeſs in her own houſe for ought I know. Perhaps, friend, ſaid Don Quixote, we ſhall find the lady for whom I enquire among thoſe. Why truly maſter, anſwer'd the ploughman, as you ſay, ſuch a thing may be, and ſo ſpeed you well! 'Tis break of day. With that, ſwitching his mules, he ſtay'd for no more queſtions.

Sancho perceiving his maſter in ſuſpence, and not very well ſatisfy'd; Sir, ſaid he, the day comes on apace, and I think 'twill not be very handſome for us to ſtay to be ſtar'd at, and ſit ſunning ourſelves in the ſtreet. We had better ſlip out of town again, and betake ourſelves to ſome wood hard by, and then I will come back, and ſearch every hole and corner in town for this ſame houſe, caſtle, or palace of my lady's, and 'twill go hard if I don't find it out at long run; then will I talk to her highneſs, and tell her how you do, and how I left you hard by, waiting her orders and inſtructions about talking with her in private, without

bringing her name in queſtion. Dear Sancho, ſaid the knight, thou haſt ſpoke and included a thouſand ſentences in the compaſs of a few words; I approve, and lovingly accept thy advice. Come, my child, let us go, and in ſome neighbouring grove find out a convenient retreat; then, as thou ſay'ſt, thou ſhalt return to ſeek, to ſee, and to deliver my embaſſy to my lady, from whoſe diſcretion and moſt courteous mind I hope for a thouſand favours, that may be counted more than wonderful. Sancho ſat upon thorns till he had got his maſter out of town, leſt he ſhould diſcover the falſhood of the account he had brought him in Sierra Morena, of Dulcinea's anſwering his letter; ſo haſt'ning to be gone, they were preſently got two miles from the town into a wood, where Don Quixote took covert, and Sancho was diſpatch'd to Dulcinea. In which negotiation ſome accidents fell out, that require new attention and a freſh belief.

## CHAP. X.

*How Sancho cunningly found out a way to inchant the lady Dulcinea; with other paſſages no leſs certain than ridiculous.*

THE author of this important hiſtory being come to the matters which he relates in this chapter, ſays he would willingly have left them buried in oblivion, in a manner deſpairing of his reader's belief: for Don Quixote's madneſs flies here to ſo extravagant a pitch, that it may be ſaid to have out-ſtripp'd, by

two bow-ſhots, all imaginable credulity. However, notwithſtanding this miſtruſt, he has ſet down every particular, juſt as the ſame was tranſacted, without adding or diminiſhing the leaſt atom of truth through the whole hiſtory; not valuing in the leaſt ſuch objections as may be rais'd to impeach him of breach of veracity. A proceeding which ought to be commended; for truth indeed rather alleviates than hurts, and will always bear up againſt falſhood, as oil does above water. And ſo continuing his narration, he tells us, That when Don Quixote was retir'd into the wood or foreſt, or rather into the grove of oaks near the grand Toboſo, he ordered Sancho to go back to the city, and not to return to his preſence till he had had audience of his lady; beſeeching her that it might pleaſe her to be ſeen by her captive knight, and vouchſafe to beſtow her benediction on him, that by the virtue of that bleſſing he might hope for a proſperous event in all his onſets and perilous attempts and adventures. Sancho undertook the charge, engaging him as ſucceſsful a return of this as of his former meſſage.

Go then, child, ſaid the knight, and have a care of being daunted when thou approacheſt the beams of that refulgent ſun of beauty. Happy, thou, above all the ſquires of the univerſe! Obſerve and engrave in thy memory the manner of thy reception; mark whether her colour changes upon the delivery of thy commiſſion; whether her looks betray any emotion or concern when ſhe hears my name; whether ſhe does not ſeem to ſit on her cuſhion with a ſtrange uneaſineſs, in caſe

thou happen'ſt to find her ſeated on the pompous throne of her authority. And if ſhe be ſtanding, mind whether ſhe ſtands ſometimes upon one leg, and ſometimes on another; whether ſhe repeats three or four times the anſwer which ſhe gives thee, or changes it from kind to cruel, and then again from cruel to kind; whether ſhe does not ſeem to adjuſt her hair, though every lock appears in perfect order. In ſhort, obſerve all her actions, every motion, every geſture; for by the accurate relation which thou giv'ſt of theſe things, I ſhall divine the ſecrets of her breaſt, and draw juſt inferences in relation to my amour. For I muſt tell thee, Sancho, if thou doſt not know it already, that the outward motions of lovers are the ſureſt indications of their inward affections, they are the moſt faithful intelligencers in an amorous negotiation. Go then, my truſty ſquire, thy own better ſtars, not mine, attend thee; and meet with a more proſperous event, than that which in this doleful deſert, toſs'd between hopes and fears, I dare expect. I'll go, ſir, quoth Sancho, and I'll be back in a trice: meanwhile cheer up, I beſeech you; come, ſir, comfort that little heart of yours, no bigger than a hazzle-nut! Don't be caſt down, I ſay; remember the old ſaying, Faint heart ne'er won fair lady: Where there's no hook, to be ſure there will hang no bacon: The hare leaps out of the buſh where we leaſt look for her. I ſpeak this, to give you to underſtand, that though we could not find my lady's caſtle in the night, I may light on it when I leaſt think on it, now 'tis day; and when I have found it, let me alone to

deal with her. Well, Sancho, ſaid the knight, thou haſt a rare talent in applying thy proverbs; heaven give thee better ſucceſs in thy deſigns!

This ſaid, Sancho turn'd his back, and ſwitching his Dapple, left the Don on horſe-back, leaning on his lance, and reſting on his ſtirrups, full of melancholy and confus'd imaginations. Let us leave him too, to go along with Sancho, who was no leſs uneaſy in his mind. No ſooner was he got out of the grove, but turning about, and perceiving his maſter quite out of ſight, he diſmounted, and laying himſelf down at the foot of a tree, thus began to hold a parley with himſelf. Friend Sancho, quoth he, pray let me aſk you whither your worſhip is a going? Is it to ſeek ſome aſs you have loſt? No, by my troth. What is't then thou art hunting after? Why I am looking, you muſt know, for a thing of nothing, only a princeſs, and in her the ſun of beauty, forſooth, and all heaven together. Well, and where doſt thou think to find all this, friend of mine? Where! why in the great city of Toboſo. And pray, ſir, who ſet you to work? Who ſet me to work! There's a queſtion! Why, who but the moſt renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, he that rights the wrong'd, that gives drink to the hungry, and meat to thoſe that are dry. Very good, ſir, but pray doſt know where ſhe lives? Not I, efackins! but my maſter ſays 'tis ſomewhere in a king's palace, or ſtately caſtle. And haſt thou ever ſeen her trow? No marry han't I: why, my maſter himſelf ne'er ſet eyes on her in his life. But tell me, Sancho, what if the people of Toboſo ſhould know that you are

ome to inveigle their princeſſes, and make their ladies un aſtray, and ſhould baſte your carcaſe handſomely, nd leave you ne'er a ſound rib, do you not think they would be mightily in the right on't? Why, troth, hey would not be much in the wrong; tho' methinks hey ſhould conſider too, that I am but a ſervant, and ent on another body's errand, and ſo I am not all in fault. Nay, never truſt to that, Sancho, for your people of la Mancha are plaguy hot and toucheous, and will endure no tricks to be put upon them: body of me! if they but ſmoke thee, they'll mawl thee after a ſtrange rate. No, no, fore-warn'd fore-arm'd: why do I go about to look for more feet than a cat has, for another man's maggot! Beſides, when all's done, I may perhaps as well look for a needle in a bottle of hay, or for a ſcholar at Salamancha, as for Dulcinea all over the town of Toboſo. Well, 'tis the devil, and nothing but the devil, has put me upon this troubleſome piece of work. This was the dialogue Sancho had with himſelf; and the conſequence of it was the following ſoliloquy. Well, there's a remedy for all things but death, which will be ſure to lay us flat one time or other. This maſter of mine, by a thouſand tokens I ha' ſeen, is a downright madman, and I think I come within an inch of him; nay, I am the greateſt cod's-head of the two, to ſerve and follow him as I do, if the proverb ben't a liar, Shew me thy company, I'll tell thee what thou art; and t'other old ſaw, Birds of a feather flock together. Now then my maſter being mad, and ſo very mad as to miſtake ſometimes one thing for another,

black for white, and white for black; as when he took the wind-mills for giants, the friars mules for dromedaries, and the flocks of ſheep for armies, and much more to the ſame tune; I gueſs 'twill be no hard matter to paſs upon him the firſt country wench I ſhall meet with, for the lady Dulcinea. If he won't believe it, I'll ſwear it; if he ſwear again, I'll out-ſwear him; and if he be poſitive, I'll be more poſitive than he; and ſtand to't, and out-face him in't, come what will on't: ſo that when he finds I won't flinch, he'll either reſolve never to ſend me more of his ſleeveleſs errands, ſeeing what a lame account I bring him, or he'll think ſome one of thoſe wicked wizards, who, he ſays, owes him a grudge, has tranſmogrify'd her into ſome other ſhape out of ſpite. This happy contrivance help'd to compoſe Sancho's mind, and now he look'd on his grand affair to be as good as done. Having therefore ſtaid till the evening, that his maſter might think he had employ'd ſo much time in going and coming, things fell out very luckily for him; for as he aroſe to mount his Dapple, he ſpy'd three country-wenches coming towards him from Toboſo, upon three young aſſes; whether male or female, the author has left undetermined, tho' we may reaſonably ſuppoſe they were ſhe-aſſes, ſuch being moſt frequently us'd to ride on by country-laſſes in thoſe parts. But this being no very material circumſtance, we need not dwell any longer upon the deciſion of that point. 'Tis ſufficient they were aſſes, and diſcover'd by Sancho; who thereupon made all the haſte he could to get to his maſter, and found him breathing

out a thouſand ſighs and amorous lamentations. Well, my Sancho, ſaid the knight immediately upon his approach, what news? Are we to mark this day with a white or a black ſtone? Even mark it rather with red oker, anſwer'd Sancho, as they do church chairs, that every body may know who they belong to. Why then, ſaid Don Quixote, I ſuppoſe thou bringeſt good news. Ay, marry do I, quoth Sancho, you have no more to do but to clap ſpurs to Rozinante, and get into the open fields, and you'll ſee my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, with a brace of her damſels, coming to ſee your worſhip. Bleſſed heaven! cry'd Don Quixote, what art thou ſaying, my dear Sancho? Take heed, and do not preſume to beguile my real grief with a deluſive joy. Adſookers! ſir, ſaid Sancho, what ſhould I get by putting a trick upon you, and being found out the next moment? Seeing is believing all the world over. Come, ſir, put on, put on, and you'll ſee our lady princeſs coming, dreſs'd up and bedeck'd like her own ſweet ſelf indeed. Her damſels and ſhe are all one ſpark of gold; all pearls, all diamonds, all rubies, all cloth of gold above ten inches high. Their hair ſpread over their ſhoulders like ſo many ſun-beams, and dangling and dancing in the wind; and what's more, they ride upon three flea-bitten gambling hags; there's not a piece of horſe-fleſh can match them in three kingdoms. Ambling nags, thou meaneſt, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote. Gambling hags or ambling nags, quoth Sancho, there's no ſuch difference methinks; but be they what they will, I'm ſure, I ne'er ſet eyes on finer creatures

than thoſe that ride upon their backs, eſpecially my lady Dulcinea; 'twould make one ſwoon away but to look upon her. Let us move then, my Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote: and as a gratification for theſe unexpected happy tidings, I freely beſtow on thee the beſt ſpoils the next adventure we meet with ſhall afford; and if that content thee not, take the colts which my three mares thou know'ſt of, are now ready to foal on our town common. Thank you for the colts, ſaid Sancho; but as for the ſpoils, I am not ſure if they'll be worth any thing. They were now got out of the wood, and diſcovered the three country-laſſes at a ſmall diſtance. Don Quixote caſting his eyes towards Toboſo, and ſeeing nobody on the road but the three wenches, was ſtrangely troubled in mind, and turning to Sancho, aſk'd him whether the princeſs and her damſels were come out of the city when he left them? Out of the city, cry'd Sancho! Why, where are your eyes? are they in your heels, in the name of wonder, that you can't ſee them coming towards us, ſhining as bright as the ſun at noon-day? I ſee nothing, return'd Don Quixote, but three wenches upon as many aſſes. Now heaven deliver me from the devil, quoth Sancho! Is't poſſible your worſhip ſhould miſtake three what-d'ye call-ems, three ambling nags I mean, as white as driven ſnow, for three ragged aſs colts! Body of me! I'll e'en peel off my beard by the roots an't be ſo. Take it from me, friend Sancho, ſaid the knight, they are either he or ſhe-aſſes, as ſure as I am Don Quixote, and thou Sancho Pança; at leaſt, they appear to be ſuch. Come,

ſir, quoth the ſquire, don't talk at that rate, but ſnuff your eyes, and go pay your homage to the miſtreſs of your ſoul; for ſhe's near at hand; and ſo ſaying, Sancho haſtens up to the three country wenches, and alighting from Dapple, took hold of one of the aſſes by the halter, and falling on his knees, Queen, and princeſs, and ducheſs of beauty, quoth he, an't pleaſe your haughtineſs, and greatneſs, vouchſafe to take into your good grace and liking, yonder knight, your priſoner and captive, who's turn'd of a ſudden into cold marble-ſtone, and ſtruck all of a heap, to ſee himſelf before your high and mightineſs. I am Sancho Pança, his ſquire, and he himſelf the wand'ring weather-beaten knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwiſe call'd the Knight of the Woful Figure. By this time, Don Quixote, having plac'd himſelf down on his knees by Sancho, gaz'd with dubious and diſconſolate eyes on the creature, whom Sancho call'd queen and lady; and perceiving her to be no more than a plain country-wench, ſo far from being well-favour'd that ſhe was blubber-cheek'd, and flat-nos'd, he was loſt in aſtoniſhment, and could not utter one word. On the other ſide, the wenches were no leſs ſurpriz'd, to ſee themſelves ſtopp'd by two men in ſuch different outſides, and on their knees. But at laſt ſhe whoſe aſs was held by Sancho took courage, and broke ſilence in an angry tone. Come, cry'd ſhe, get out of our way with a murrain, and let us go about our buſineſs; for we are in haſte. O princeſs! and univerſal lady of Toboſo, anſwer'd Sancho, why does not that great heart of yours

melt, to ſee the poſt and pillar of knight-errantry fall down before your high and mighty preſence! Heyday, (quoth another of the females, hearing this) what's here to do! Look how your ſmall gentry come to jeer and flout poor country-girls, as if we could not give them as good as they bring. Go, get about your buſineſs, and let us go about ours, and ſpeed you well. Riſe, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, hearing this, for I am now convinc'd, that my malicious ſtars, not yet ſatisfy'd with my paſt misfortunes, ſtill ſhed their baleful influence, and have barr'd all the paſſages that could convey relief to my miſerable ſoul, in this frail habitation of animated clay. O! thou extremity of all that's valuable, maſter-piece of all human perfection, and only comfort of this afflicted heart, thy adorer; though now a ſpiteful inchanter perſecutes me, and faſcinates my ſight, hiding with miſts and cataracts from me, and me alone, thoſe peerleſs beauties under the foul diſguiſe of ruſtic deformity, if he has not transform'd thy faithful knight into ſome ugly ſhape to make me loathſome to thy ſight, look on me with a ſmiling amorous eye; and in the ſubmiſſion and genuflexion which I pay to thy beauty, even under the fatal cloud that obſcures it, read the humility with which my ſoul adores thee. Tittle-tattle, quoth the country-wench, ſpare your breath to cool your porridge, and rid me of your idle gibberiſh. Get you on, ſir, and let us go; and we ſhall think it a kindneſs. This ſaid, Sancho made way for her, and let her paſs, over-joy'd his plot had ſucceeded ſo well. The imaginary Dulcinea was no ſooner at liberty, but

punching her aſs with the end of a ſtaff which ſhe had in her hand, ſhe began to ſcour along the plain: but the angry beaſt not being us'd to ſuch ſmart inſtigations, fell a kicking and wincing at ſuch a rate, that down came my lady Dulcinea. Preſently Don Quixote ran to help her up, and Sancho to reſettle and gird her pack-ſaddle, that hung under the aſs's belly. Which being done, the knight very courteouſly was going to take his inchanted miſtreſs in his arms, to ſet her on her ſaddle; but ſhe being now got on her legs, took a run, and clapping her hands upon the aſs's crupper, at one jump leap'd into her pannel, as ſwift as a hawk, and there ſhe ſat with her legs aſtride like a man. By the lord Harry! quoth Sancho, our lady miſtreſs is as nimble as an eel. Let me be hang'd, if I don't think ſhe might teach the beſt jockey in Cordova or Mexico, to mount a horſe-back. At one jump ſhe was vaulted into the ſaddle, and, without ſpurs, makes her nag ſmoke it away like a greyhound; her damſels are notable whipſters too; adad! they don't come much ſhort of her, for they fly like the wind. Indeed, he ſaid true, for when Dulcinea was once mounted, they both made after her full ſpeed, without ſo much as looking behind them for above half a league. Don Quixote follow'd them as far as he could with his eyes; and when they were quite out of ſight, turning to his ſquire, Now, Sancho, ſaith he, what thinkeſt thou of this matter? Are not theſe baſe inchanters inexorable? How extenſive is their ſpite, thus to deprive me of the happineſs of ſeeing the object of my wiſhes in her natural ſhape and glory?

Sure I was doom'd to be an example of misfortunes, and the mark againſt which thoſe caitiffs are employ'd to ſhoot all the arrows of their hatred. Note, Sancho, that theſe traitors were not content to turn and transform my Dulcinea, but they muſt do it into the vile and deform'd reſemblance of that country-wench; nay, they even took from her that ſweet ſcent of fragrant flowers and amber, thoſe grateful odours, ſo eſſential to ladies of her rank; for, to tell the truth, when I went to help her upon her nag, as thou call'ſt it, (for to me it ſeem'd nothing but an aſs) ſuch a whiff, ſuch a rank hogo of raw garlic invaded my noſtrils, as had like to have overcome me, and put me into a convulſion. O ye vile wretches! cry'd Sancho. O ye wicked and ill-minded inchanters! O that I might but once ſee the whole neſt of ye threaded together on one ſtring, and hung up a-ſmoking by the gills like ſo many pilchards! You know a deal, you can do a deal, and you make a deal of miſchief. One would have thought you might have been contented, like a pack of rogues as you are, with having chang'd the pearls of my lady's eyes into gall-nuts, and her moſt pure golden locks into a red cow's tail; but you muſt be meddling with her breath, by which we might have gueſs'd what lay hid under that coarſe diſguiſe; though for my part I muſt needs own, ſhe did not appear to be deform'd at all, but rather fair and beautiful; by the ſame token that ſhe had a mole on the ſide of the upper lip, like a whiſker, whence ſprouted ſeven or eight red hairs, each about a ſpan in length, looking like ſo many threads of

gold wire. As the moles on the body, ſaid Don Quixote, are generally anſwerable to thoſe on the face, Dulcinea ſhould have ſuch another mole on the brawn of her thigh, oppoſite to that ſide of her face where that beauty-ſpot is ſeated: but methinks, Sancho, the hairs thou talkeſt of, are of a length ſomewhat extraordinary for moles. That's neither here nor there, quoth Sancho; there they were I'll aſſure you, and they look'd too as if ſhe had brought them with her into the world. That I believe, ſaid Don Quixote, for every part of Dulcinea muſt be naturally perfect and compleat; ſo that though a hundred moles were ſcatter'd over her fair outſide, and as conſpicuous too as that which thou didſt ſee, they would be no deformities in her; but ſo many moons and ſtars, an additional luſtre to her beauty. But tell me, Sancho, that ſaddle which appear'd to me to be the pannel of an aſs, was it a pillion or ſide-ſaddle? It was a pad-ſaddle, anſwer'd Sancho, with a field-covering, and ſo rich, that it might purchaſe half a kingdom. And could not I ſee all this? cry'd Don Quixote. Well, I have ſaid it, and muſt repeat it a thouſand times, I am the moſt unfortunate man in the univerſe. The cunning rogue of a ſquire, hearing his maſter talk at that rate, could hardly keep his countenance, and refrain from laughing, to ſee how admirably he had fool'd him. At laſt, after a great deal of diſcourſe of the ſame nature they both mounted again, and took the road for Saragoſſa, deſigning to be preſent at the moſt celebrated feſtivals and ſports that are ſolemnized every year in that noble city. But they met with

many accidents by the way, and thoſe ſo extraordinary, and worthy the reader's information, that they muſt not be paſs'd over unrecorded nor unread; as ſhall appear from what follows.

## CHAP. XI.

*Of the ſtupendous adventure that befel the valorous Don Quixote, with the chariot or cart of the Court or Parliament of Death.*

DON Quixote rode on very melancholic; the malice of the magicians, in transforming his lady Dulcinea, perplex'd him ſtrangely, and ſet his thoughts upon the rack, how to diſſolve the inchantment, and reſtore her to her former beauty. In this diſconſolate condition he went on, abandon'd to diſtraction, careleſly giving Rozinante the reins: and the horſe finding himſelf at liberty, and tempted by the goodneſs of the graſs, took the opportunity to feed very heartily. Which Sancho perceiving, Sir, (ſaid he, rouzing him from his waking dream) ſorrow was never deſign'd for beaſts, but men; but yet let me tell you, if men give way to't too much, they make beaſts of themſelves. Come, ſir, awake, awake by any means, pull up the reins, and ride like a man; cheer up, and ſhew yourſelf a knight-errant. What the devil ails you? Was ever a man ſo mop'd? Are we here, or are we in France, as the ſaying is? Let all the Dulcineas in the world be doom'd to the pit of hell, rather than one ſingle knight-errant be caſt down at this rate. Hold, Sancho, cry'd Don

Quixote, with more ſpirit than one would have expect-ed; hold, I ſay; not a blaſphemous word againſt that beauteous inchanted lady; for all her misfortunes are chargeable on the unhappy Don Quixote, and flow from the envy which thoſe necromancers bear to me. So ſay I, ſir, reply'd the ſquire; for would it not vex any one that had ſeen her before, to ſee her now as you ſaw her? Ah, Sancho, ſaid the knight, thy eyes were bleſs'd with a view of her perfections in their entire luſtre, thou haſt reaſon to ſay ſo. Againſt me, againſt my eyes only is the malice of her transformation di-rected. But now I think on't, Sancho, thy deſcription of her beauty was a little abſurd in that particular, of comparing her eyes to pearls; ſure ſuch eyes are more like thoſe of a whiting or ſea-bream, than thoſe of a fair lady; and in my opinion, Dulcinea's eyes are ra-ther like two verdant emeralds rail'd in with two celeſ-tial arches, which ſignify her eye-brows. Therefore, Sancho, you muſt take your pearls from her eyes, and apply them to her teeth, for I verily believe you miſ-took the one for the other. Troth! ſir, it might be ſo, reply'd Sancho, for her beauty confounded me, as much as her uglineſs did you. But let us leave all to heaven, that knows all things that befal us in this vale of miſe-ry, this wicked troubleſome world, where we can be ſure of nothing without ſome ſpice of knavery or im-poſture. In the meantime, there's a thing comes into my head that puzzles me plaguily. Pray, ſir, when you get the better of any giant or knight, and ſend them to pay homage to the beauty of your lady and miſtreſs,

how the devil will the poor knight or giant be able to find this ſame Dulcinea? I can't but think how they'll be to ſeek, how they'll ſaunter about, gaping and ſtaring all over Toboſo town, and if they ſhould meet her full butt in the middle of the king's highway, yet they'll know her no more than they knew the father that begot me. Perhaps, Sancho, anſwer'd Don Quixote, the force of her inchantment does not extend ſo far as to debar vanquiſh'd knights and giants from the privilege of ſeeing her in her unclouded beauties; I will try the experiment on the firſt I conquer, and will command them to return immediately to me, to inform me of their ſucceſs. I like what you ſay main well, quoth Sancho; we may chance to find out the truth by this means; and if ſo be my lady is only hid from your worſhip, ſhe has not ſo much reaſon to complain as you may have; but when all comes to all, ſo our miſtreſs be ſafe and ſound, let us make the beſt of a bad market, and e'en go ſeek adventures. The reſt we'll leave to time, which is the beſt doctor in ſuch caſes, nay, in worſe diſeaſes. Don Quixote was going to return an anſwer, but was interrupted by a cart that was croſſing the road. He that drove it was a hideous devil, and the cart being open, without either tilt or boughs, expos'd a parcel of the moſt ſurpriſing and different ſhapes imaginable. The firſt figure that appear'd to Don Quixote, was no leſs than death itſelf, though with a human countenance; on the one ſide of death ſtood an angel with large wings of different colours; on the other ſide was plac'd an emperor with a crown

that ſeem'd to be of gold; at the feet of death lay Cupid with his bow, quiver, and arrows, but not blindfold. Next to theſe a knight appear'd compleatly arm'd except his head, on which inſtead of a helmet, he wore a hat; whereon was mounted a large plume of party-colour'd feathers. There were alſo ſeveral other perſons in ſtrange and various dreſſes. This ſtrange appearance at firſt ſomewhat ſurpris'd Don Quixote, and frighted the poor ſquire out of his wits; but preſently the knight clear'd up on ſecond thoughts, imagining it ſome rare and hazardous adventure that call'd on his courage. Pleas'd with this conceit, and arm'd with a reſolution able to confront any danger, he plac'd himſelf in the middle of the road, and with a loud and menacing voice, You carter, coachman, or devil, cry'd he, or whatever you be, let me know immediately whence you come, and whither you go, and what ſtrange figures are thoſe which load that carriage, which by the freight rather ſeems to be Charon's boat, than any terreſtrial vehicle. Sir, anſwer'd the devil very civilly, ſtopping his cart, we are ſtrolling players, that belong to Angulo's company, and it being Corpus-Chriſti-Tide, we have this morning acted a tragedy, call'd the Parliament of Death, in a town yonder behind the mountain, and this afternoon we are to play it again in the town you ſee before us, which being ſo near, we travel to it in the ſame cloaths we act in, to ſave the trouble of new-dreſſing ourſelves. That young man plays death; that other an angel: this woman, ſir, our poet's bed-fellow, plays the queen; there is one acts a ſoldier; he next

to him an emperor; and I myſelf play the devil; and you muſt know, the devil's the beſt part in the play. If you deſire to be ſatisfied in any thing elſe, do but aſk and I'll reſolve you, for the devil know's every thing. Now by the faith of my function, ſaid Don Quixote, I find we ought not to give credit to appearances, before we have made the experiment of feeling them; for at the diſcovery of ſuch a ſcene, I would have ſworn ſome ſtrange adventure had been approaching. I wiſh you well, good people; drive on to act your play, and if I can be ſerviceable to you in any particular, believe me ready to aſſiſt you with all my heart; for in my very childhood I lov'd ſhews, and have been a great admirer of dramatic repreſentations from my youthful days. During this friendly converſation, it unluckily fell out, that one of the company antickly dreſs'd, being the fool of the play, came up friſking with his morrice bells, and three full-blown cow's bladders faſten'd to the end of a ſtick. In this odd appearance he began to flouriſh his ſtick in the air, and bounce his bladders againſt the ground juſt at Rozinante's noſe. The jingling of the bells, and the rattling noiſe of the bladders ſo ſtartled and affrighted the quiet creature, that Don Quixote could not hold him in; and having got the curb betwixt his teeth, away the horſe hurried his unwilling rider up and down the plain, with more ſwiftneſs than his feeble bones ſeemed to promiſe. Sancho conſidering the danger of his maſter's being thrown, preſently alighted, and ran as faſt as he could to his aſſiſtance; but before he could come up to him, Rozinante had

made a falſe ſtep, and laid his maſter and himſelf on the ground; which was indeed the common end of Rozinante's mad tricks and preſumptuous racing. On the other ſide, the fool no ſooner ſaw Sancho ſlide off to help his maſter, but he leap'd upon poor Dapple, and rattling his bladders over the terrify'd animal's head, made him fly through the field towards the town where they were to play. Sancho beheld his maſter's fall, and his aſs's flight at the ſame time, and ſtood ſtrangely divided in himſelf, not knowing which to aſſiſt firſt, his maſter or his beaſt. At length the duty of a good ſervant and a faithful ſquire prevailing, he ran to his maſter, though every obſtreperous bounce with the bladders upon Dapple's hind-quarters, ſtruck him to the very ſoul, and he could have wiſh'd every blow upon his own eye-balls, rather than on the leaſt hair of his aſs's tail. In this agony of ſpirits, he came to Don Quixote, whom he found in far worſe circumſtances than the poor knight could have wiſh'd; and helping him to remount; O! ſir, cry'd he, the devil is run away with Dapple. What devil, ask'd Don Quixote? The devil with the bladders, anſwer'd Sancho. No matter, ſaid Don Quixote, I'll force the traitor to reſtore him, though he were to lock him up in the moſt profound and gloomy caverns of hell. Follow me, Sancho; we may eaſily overtake the waggon, and the mules ſhall atone for the loſs of the aſs. You need not be in ſuch haſte now, quoth Sancho, for I perceive the devil has left Dapple already, and is gone his ways. What Sancho ſaid was true, for both aſs and devil

tumbled for company, in imitation of Don Quixote and Rozinante; and Dapple having left his new rider to walk on foot to the town, now came himſelf running back to his maſter. All this, ſaid Don Quixote, ſhall not hinder me from revenging the affront put upon us by that unmannerly devil, at the expence of ſome of his companions, though it were the emperor himſelf. O good your worſhip! cry'd Sancho, never mind it; I beſeech you take my counſel, ſir; never meddle with players, there's never any thing to be got by it; they are a ſort of people that always find a many friends. I have known one of them taken up for two murders, yet 'ſcape the gallows. You muſt know, that as they are a parcel of merry wags, and make ſport wherever they come, every body is fond of them, and is ready to ſtand their friend, eſpecially if they be the king's players, or ſome of the noted gangs, who go at ſuch a tearing rate, that one might miſtake ſome of them for gentlemen or lords. I care not, ſaid Don Quixote, though all mankind unite to aſſiſt them, that buffooning devil ſhall never eſcape unpuniſh'd, to make his boaſt that he has affronted me.

Whereupon, riding up to the waggon, which was now got pretty near the town, Hold, hold, he cry'd; ſtay, my pretty ſparks, I'll teach you to be civil to the beaſts that are entruſted with the honourable burden of a ſquire to a knight errant. This loud ſalutation having reach'd the ears of the ſtrolling company, though at a good diſtance, they preſently underſtood what it imported; and reſolving to be ready to entertain him,

death preſently leap'd out of the cart; the emperor, the devil-driver, and the angel immediately follow'd; and even the queen, and the god Cupid, as well as the reſt, having taken up their ſhare of flints, ſtood rang'd in battle-array ready to receive their enemy, as ſoon as he ſhould come within ſtone-ſhot. Don Quixote ſeeing them drawn up in ſuch excellent order, with their arms lifted up, and ready to let fly at him a furious volley of ſhot, made a halt to conſider in what quarter he might attack this dreadful battalion with leaſt danger to his perſon. Thus pauſing, Sancho overtook him, and ſeeing him ready to charge, For goodneſs ſake, ſir, cry'd he, what d'ye mean? Are you mad, ſir? There's no fence againſt the beggars bullets, unleſs you could fight with a brazen bell over you. Is it not rather raſhneſs than true courage, think you, for one man to offer to ſet upon a whole army? where death is too, and where emperors fight in perſon; nay, and where good and bad angels are againſt you? But if all this weighs nothing with you, conſider, I beſeech you, that though they ſeem to be kings, princes, and emperors, yet there's not ſo much as one knight-errant among them all. Now thou haſt hit upon the only point, ſaid Don Quixote, that could ſtop the fury of my arm: for indeed, as I have often told thee, Sancho, I am bound up from drawing my ſword againſt any below the order of knighthood. It is thy buſineſs to fight in this cauſe, if thou haſt a juſt reſentment of the indignities offer'd to thy aſs; and I from this poſt will encourage and aſſiſt thee with ſalutary orders and inſtructions. No, I

thank you, ſir, quoth Sancho, I hate revenge; a true Chriſtian muſt forgive and forget; and as for Dapple, I don't doubt but to find him willing to leave the matter to me, and ſtand to my verdict in the caſe, which is to live peaceably and quietly as long as heaven is pleas'd to let me. Nay then, ſaid Don Quixote, if that be thy reſolution, good Sancho, prudent Sancho, Chriſtian Sancho, downright Sancho, let us leave theſe idle apparitions, and proceed in ſearch of more ſubſtantial and honourable adventures, of which, in all probability, this part of the world will afford us a wonderful variety. So ſaying, he wheel'd off, and Sancho follow'd him. On the other ſide, Death with all his flying ſquadron, return'd to their cart, and went on their journey. Thus ended the moſt dreadful adventure of the chariot of death, much more happily than could have been expected, thanks to the laudable counſels which Sancho Pança gave his maſter; who the day following had another adventure no leſs remarkable, with one that was a knight-errant and a lover too.

## CHAP. XII.

*The valorous Don Quixote's ſtrange adventure with the bold knight of the Mirrors.*

DON Quixote paſs'd the night, that ſucceeded his encounter with Death, under the covert of ſome lofty trees; where, at Sancho's perſuaſion, he refreſh'd himſelf with ſome of the proviſions which Dapple carried. As they were at ſupper, Well, ſir,

quoth the ſquire, what a rare fool I had been, had I choſen for my good news the ſpoils of your firſt venture, inſtead of the breed of the three mares! Troth! commend me to the ſaying, A bird in hand is worth two in the buſh. However, anſwer'd Don Quixote, had'ſt thou let me fall on, as I would have done, thou might'ſt have ſhar'd, at leaſt, the emperor's golden crown, and Cupid's painted wings; for I would have pluck'd them off, and put them into thy power. Ah, but ſays Sancho, your ſtrolling emperor's crowns and ſceptres are not of pure gold, but tinſel and copper. I grant it, ſaid Don Quixote; nor is it fit the decorations of the ſtage ſhould be real, but rather imitations, and the reſemblance of realities, as the plays themſelves muſt be; which, by the way, I would have you love and eſteem, Sancho, and conſequently thoſe that write, and alſo thoſe that act them; for they are all inſtrumental to the good of the commonwealth, and ſet before our eyes thoſe looking-glaſſes that reflect a lively repreſentation of human life; nothing being able to give us a more juſt idea of nature, and what we are or ought to be, than comedians and comedies. Prithee tell me, haſt thou never ſeen a play acted, where kings, emperors, prelates, knights, ladies, and other characters, are introduced on the ſtage? One acts a ruffian, another a ſoldier; this man a cheat, and that a merchant; one plays a deſigning fool, and another a fooliſh lover: but the play done, and the actors undreſs'd, they are all equal, and as they were before. All this I have ſeen, quoth Sancho. Juſt ſuch a comedy, ſaid Don Quixote,

is acted on the great ſtage of the world, where ſome play the emperors, others the prelates, and, in ſhort, all the parts that can be brought into a dramatic piece; till death, which is the cataſtrophe and end of the action, ſtrips the actors of all their marks of diſtinction, and levels their quality in the grave. A rare compariſon, quoth Sancho, though not ſo new, but that I have heard it over and over. Juſt ſuch another is that of a game at cheſs, where while the play laſts, every piece has its particular office; but when the game is over, they are all mingl'd and huddled together, and clapp'd into a bag, juſt as when life's ended we are laid up in the grave. Truly, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, thy ſimplicity leſſens, and thy ſenſe improves every day. And good reaſon why, quoth Sancho; ſome of your worſhip's wit muſt needs ſtick to me; for your dry unkindly land, with good dunging and tilling, will in time yield a good crop. I mean, ſir, that the dung and muck of your converſation being thrown on the barren ground of my wit, together with the time I ha' ſerved your worſhip, and kept you company; which is, as a body may ſay, the tillage; I muſt needs bring forth bleſſed fruit at laſt, ſo as not to ſhame my maſter, but keep in the paths of good manners, which you have beaten into my ſodden underſtanding. Sancho's affected ſtile made Don Quixote laugh, though he thought his words true in the main; and he could not but admire at his improvement. But the fellow never diſcover'd his weakneſs ſo much as by endeavouring to hide it, being moſt apt to tumble when he ſtrove to ſoar too

high. His excellence lay chiefly in a knack at drawing proverbs into his diſcourſe, whether to the purpoſe or not, as any one that has obſerv'd his manner of ſpeaking in this hiſtory, muſt have perceived.

In ſuch diſcourſes they paſſed a great part of the night, till Sancho wanted to drop the portcullices of his eyes, which was his way of ſaying he had a mind to go to ſleep. Thereupon he unharneſs'd Dapple, and ſet him a grazing; but poor Rozinante was condemn'd to ſtand ſaddled all night, by his maſter's injunction and preſcription, us'd of old by all knights-errant, who never unſaddled their ſteeds in the field, but took off their bridles, and hung them at the pummel of the ſaddle. However, he was not forſaken by faithful Dapple, whoſe friendſhip was ſo unparalell'd and inviolable, that unqueſtion'd tradition has handed it down from father to ſon, that the author of this true hiſtory compos'd particular chapters of the united affection of theſe two beaſts; though, to preſerve the decorum due to ſo heroic a hiſtory, he would not inſert them in the work. Yet ſometimes he cannot forbear giving us ſome new touches on that ſubject; as when he writes, that the two friendly creatures took a mighty pleaſure in being together to ſcrub and lick one another; and when they had had enough of that ſport, Rozinante would gently lean his head at leaſt half a yard over Dapple's neck, and ſo they would ſtand very lovingly together, looking wiſtly on the ground for two or three days; except ſombody made them leave that contemplative poſture, or hunger compell'd them to a ſepara-

tion. Nay, I cannot paſs by what is reported of the author, how he left in writing, that he had compar'd their friendſhip to that of Nyſus and Euryalus, and that of Pylades and Oreſtes, which if it were ſo, deſerves univerſal admiration; the ſincere affection of theſe quiet animals being a juſt reflection on men, who are ſo guilty of breaking their friendſhip to one another. From hence came the ſaying, There's no friend; all friendſhip's gone: Now men hug, then fight anon. And that other, Where you ſee your friend, truſt to yourſelf. Neither ſhould the world take it ill, that the cordial affection of theſe animals was compar'd by our author to that of men; ſince many important principles of prudence and morality have been learnt from irrational creatures; as, the uſe of clyſters from the ſtork, and the benefit of vomiting from the dog. The crane gave mankind an example of vigilance, the ant of providence, the elephant of honeſty, and the horſe of loyalty.

At laſt, Sancho fell aſleep at the root of a cork-tree, and his maſter fetch'd a ſlumber under a ſpacious oak. But it was not long e'er he was diſturb'd by a noiſe behind him, and ſtarting up, he look'd and hearken'd on the ſide whence he thought the voice came, and diſcover'd two men on horſeback; one of whom letting himſelf careleſly ſlide down from the ſaddle, and calling to the other, Alight, friend, ſaid he, and unbridle the horſe; for methinks this place will ſupply them plentifully with paſture, and me with ſilence and ſolitude to indulge my amorous thoughts. While he

ſaid this, he laid himſelf down on the graſs; in doing which, the armour he had on made a noiſe, a ſure ſign, that gave Don Quixote to underſtand he was ſome knight-errant. Thereupon going to Sancho, who ſlept on, he pluck'd him by the arm, and having wak'd him with much ado, Friend Sancho, ſaid he, whiſpering him in his ear, here's an adventure. Heaven grant it be a good one! quoth Sancho. But where's that ſame lady adventure's worſhip? Where! doſt thou aſk, Sancho? why, turn thy head, man, and look yonder. Doſt thou not ſee a knight-errant there lying on the ground? I have reaſon to think he is in melancholy circumſtances, for I ſaw him fling himſelf off from his horſe, and ſtretch himſelf on the ground in a diſconſolate manner, and his armour claſh'd as he fell. What of all that? quoth Sancho. How do you make this to be an adventure? I will not yet affirm, anſwer'd Don Quixote, that 'tis an adventure; but a very fair riſe to one as ever was ſeen. But hark! he's tuning ſome inſtrument, and by his coughing and ſpitting he's clearing his throat to ſing. Troth now, ſir, quoth Sancho, 'tis even ſo in good earneſt; and I fancy 'tis ſome knight that's in love. All knights-errant muſt be ſo, anſwer'd Don Quixote: but let us hearken, and if he ſings, we ſhall know more of his circumſtances preſently, for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth ſpeaketh. Sancho would have anſwer'd, but that the knight of the Wood's voice, which was but indifferent, interrupted him with the following

## SONG.

I.

BRIGHT queen, how ſhall your loving ſlave
Be ſure not to diſpleaſe?
Some rule of duty let him crave;
He begs no other eaſe.

II.

Say, muſt I die, or hopeleſs live?
I'll act as you ordain:
Deſpair a ſilent death ſhall give,
Or love himſelf complain.

III.

My heart, tho' ſoft as wax, will prove
Like diamonds firm and true:
For, what th'impreſſion can remove,
That's ſtamp'd by love and you?

The knight of the Wood concluded his ſong with a ſigh, that ſeem'd to be fetch'd from the very bottom of his heart; and after ſome pauſe, with a mournful and diſconſolate voice: O the moſt beautiful, but moſt ungrateful of womankind, cry'd he, how is it poſſible, moſt ſerene Caſildea de Vandalia, your heart ſhould conſent that a knight who idolizes your charms, ſhould waſte the flower of his youth, and kill himſelf with continual wandrings and hard fatigues? Is it not enough, that I have made you to be acknowledg'd the greateſt beauty in the world, by all the knights of Navarre, all the knights of Leon, all the Tarteſians, all

the Caſtilians, and, in fine, by all the knights of La Mancha? Not ſo neither, ſaid Don Quixote then; for I myſelf am of La Mancha, and never acknowledg'd, nor ever could, nor ought to acknowledge a thing ſo injurious to the beauty of my miſtreſs; therefore, Sancho, 'tis a plain caſe, this knight is out of his ſenſes. But let us hearken, perhaps we ſhall diſcover ſomething more. That you will, I'll warrant you, quoth Sancho, for he ſeems in tune to hoan a month together. But it happen'd otherwiſe; for the knight of the Wood overhearing them, ceas'd his lamentation, and raiſing himſelf on his feet, in a loud but courteous tone called to them, Who's there? What are ye? Are ye of the number of the happy or the miſerable? Of the miſerable, anſwer'd Don Quixote. Repair to me then, ſaid the knight of the Wood, and be aſſur'd you have met miſery and affliction itſelf. Upon ſo moving and civil an invitation, Don Quixote and Sancho drew near to him; and the mournful knight taking Don Quixote by the hand, Sit down, ſaid he, ſir knight; for that your profeſſion is chivalry, I need no other conviction than to have found you in this retirement, where ſolitude and the cold night-dews are your companions, and the proper ſtations and repoſing places of knights-errant. I am a knight, anſwer'd Don Quixote, and of the order you mention; and though my ſorrows, and diſaſters, and misfortunes uſurp the ſeat of my mind, I have ſtill a heart diſpos'd to entertain the afflictions of others. Yours, as I gather by your complaints, is deriv'd from love, and, I ſuppoſe, owing to the ingratitude of that

beauty you now mention'd. While they were thus parleying together, they ſat cloſe by one another on the hard ground, very peaceably and lovingly, and not like men that by break of day were to break one another's heads. And is it your fortune to be in love? aſk'd the knight of the Wood. It is my misfortune, anſwer'd Don Quixote; though the pleaſant reflection of having plac'd our affections worthily, ſufficiently balances the weight of our diſaſters, and turns them to a bleſſing. This might be true, reply'd the knight of the Wood, if the diſdain of ſome miſtreſſes were not often ſo galling to our tempers, as to inſpire us with ſomething like the ſpirit of revenge. For my part, ſaid Don Quixote, I never felt my miſtreſſes's diſdain. No truly, quoth Sancho, who was near them, for my lady is as gentle as a lamb, and as ſoft as butter. Is that your ſquire? ſaid the knight of the Wood. It is, anſwer'd Don Quixote. I never ſaw a ſquire, ſaid the knight of the Wood, that durſt preſume to interrupt his maſter, when he was ſpeaking himſelf. There's my fellow yonder; he's as big as his father, and yet no man can ſay, he was ever ſo ſaucy as to open his lips when I ſpoke. Well, well, quoth Sancho, I have talk'd, and may talk again, and before as, and perhaps——but I have done—The more ye ſtir, the more 'twill ſtink. At the ſame time the ſquire of the Wood pulling Sancho by the arm, Come, brother, ſaid he, let us two go where we may chat freely by ourſelves, like downright ſquires as we are, and let our maſters get over head and ears in the ſtories of their loves: I'll warrant ye they'll be at

it all night, and won't have done by that time 'tis day. With all my heart, quoth Sancho; and then I'll tell you who I am, and what I am, and you ſhall judge if I am not fit to make one among the talking ſquires. With that the two ſquires withdrew, and had a dialogue, as comical as that of their maſters was ſerious.

## CHAP. XIII.

*The adventure with the knight of the Wood continu'd; with the wiſe, rare, and pleaſant diſcourſe that paſs'd between the two ſquires.*

THE knights and their ſquires thus divided, the latter to tell their lives, and the former to relate their amours; the ſtory begins with the ſquire of the Wood.

Sir, ſaid he to Sancho, this is a troubleſome kind of life, that we ſquires of knights-errant lead. Well may we ſay, we eat our bread with the ſweat of our brows; which is one of the curſes laid on our firſt parents. Well may we ſay too, quoth Sancho, we eat it with a cold ſhivering of our bodies; for there are no poor creatures that ſuffer more by heat or cold, than we do. Nay, if we could but eat all, 'twould never vex one; for good fare leſſens care; but ſometimes we ſhall go ye a day or two, and never ſo much as breakfaſt, unleſs it be upon the wind that blows. After all, ſaid the ſquire of the Wood, we may bear with this, when we think of the reward we are to expect; for that ſame knight-errant muſt be exceſſively unfortunate,

that has not ſome time or other the government of ſome iſland, or ſome good handſome earldom, to beſtow on his ſquire. As for me, quoth Sancho, I have often told my maſter, I would be contented with the government of any iſland; and he is ſo noble and free-hearted, that he has promis'd it me over and over. For my part, quoth the other ſquire, I ſhould think myſelf well paid for my ſervices with ſome good canonry, and I have my maſter's word for it too. Why then, quoth Sancho, belike your maſter is ſome church-knight, and may beſtow ſuch livings on his good ſquires. But mine is purely laic; ſome of his wiſe friends indeed (no thanks to them for it) once upon a time counſell'd him to be an archbiſhop: I fancy they wiſh'd him no good, but he would not; for he'll be nothing but an emperor. I was plaguily afraid he might have had a hankering after the church, and ſo have ſpoil'd my preferment, I not being gifted that way; for between you and I, though I look like a man in a doublet, I ſhould make but an aſs in a caſſoc. Let me tell you, friend, quoth the ſquire of the Wood, that you are out in your politics; for theſe iſland governments bring more coſt than worſhip; there's a great cry, but little wool; the beſt will bring more trouble and care than they are worth, and thoſe that take 'em on their ſhoulders are ready to ſink under them. I think it were better for us to quit this confounded ſlavery, and e'en jog home, where we may entertain ourſelves with more delightful exerciſes, ſuch as fiſhing, and hunting, and the like; for he's a ſorry country

ſquire indeed, that wants his horſe, his couple of hounds, or his fiſhing-tackle, to live pleaſantly at home.

All this I can have at will, quoth Sancho: indeed I have ne'er a nag; but I have an honeſt aſs here, worth two of my maſter's horſes any day in the year. A bad Chriſtmas be my lot, and may it be the next, if I would ſwop beaſts with him, though he gave me four buſhels of barley to boot, no marry would not I: laugh as much as you will at the value I ſet on my Dapple; for dapple, you muſt know, is his colour. Now as for hounds, we have enough to ſpare in our town; and there's no ſport like hunting at another man's coſt. Faith and troth! brother ſquire, quoth the ſquire of the Wood, I am fully ſet upon't. Theſe vagrant knights may e'en ſeek their mad adventures by themſelves for me, I'll home, and breed up my children as it behoves me; for I have three, as precious as three orient pearls. I have but two, quoth Sancho; but they might be preſented to the pope himſelf, eſpecially my girl, that I breed up to be a counteſs (Heaven bleſs her) in ſpight of her mother's teeth. And how old, pray ſaid the ſquire of the Wood, may this ſame young lady counteſs be? Why, ſhe's about fifteen, anſwer'd Sancho, a little over or a little under; but ſhe's as tall as a pike, as freſh as an April morning, and ſtrong as a porter. With theſe parts, quoth the other, ſhe may ſet up not only for a counteſs, but for one of the wood-nymphs! Ah, the young buxom whore's brood! What a ſpring the mettleſome quean will have with her! My

daughter's no whore, quoth Sancho, in a grumbling tone, and her mother was an honeſt woman before her: and they ſhall be honeſt, by heaven's bleſſing, while I live and do well: ſo, ſir, pray keep your tongue between your teeth, or ſpeak as you ought. Methinks your maſter ſhould have taught you better manners; for knights-errant are the very pink of courteſy. Alas, quoth the ſquire of the Wood, how you're miſtaken! how little you know the way of praiſing people now-a-days; have you never obſerv'd when any gentleman at a bull-feaſt gives the bull a home thruſt with his lance, or when any body behaves himſelf cleverly upon any occaſion, the people will cry out, What a briſk ſon of a whore that is! a clever dog, I'll warrant him. So what ſeems to be ſlander, in that ſenſe is notable commendation: and be advis'd by me, don't think thoſe children worth the owning, who won't do that which may make their parents be commended in that faſhion. Nay, if it be ſo, quoth Sancho, I'll diſown them if they don't, and henceforth you may call my wife and daughter all the whores and bawds you can think on, and welcome; for they do a thouſand things that deſerve all theſe fine names. Heaven ſend me once more to ſee them, and deliver me out of this mortal ſin of ſquire-erranting, which I have been drawn into a ſecond time, by the wicked bait of a hundred ducats, which the devil threw in my own way in Sierra Morena, and which he ſtill haunts me with, and brings before my eyes here and there and every where. Oh that plaguy purſe, 'tis ſtill running in my head; methinks I am

counting ſuch another over and over! Now I hug it, now I carry it home, now I am buying land with it; now I let leaſes, now I'm receiving my rents, and live like a prince! Thus I paſs away the time, and this lulls me on to drudge on to the end of the chapter, with this dunder-headed maſter of mine, who to my knowledge is more a madman than a knight.

Truly, ſaid the ſquire of the Wood, this makes the proverb true, covetouſneſs breaks the ſack. And now you talk of madmen, I think my maſter is worſe than yours; for he is one of thoſe, of whom the proverb ſays, fools will be meddling; and, who meddles with another man's buſineſs, milks his cow into a ſieve. In ſearching after another knight's wits, he loſes his own; and hunts up and down for that, which may make him rue the finding. And is not the poor man in love? quoth Sancho. I marry, ſaid t'other, and with one Caſildea de Vandalia, one of the oddeſt pieces in the world; ſhe'll neither roaſt nor boil, and is neither fiſh, fleſh, nor good red-herring. But that's not the thing that plagues his noddle now. He has ſome other crotchets in his crown, and you'll hear more of it e'er long. There's no way ſo ſmooth, quoth Sancho, but it has a hole or rub in't to make a body ſtumble. In ſome houſes they boil beans, and in mine are whole kettles full. So madneſs has more need of good attendants than wiſdom. But if this old ſaying be true, that it lightens ſorrow to have companions in our grief, you are the fitteſt to comfort me; you ſerve one fool and I another. My maſter, quoth the ſquire of the Wood,

is more ſtout than fooliſh, but more knave than either. Mine is not like yours then, quoth Sancho, he has not one grain of knavery in him; he's as dull as an old crack'd pitcher, hurts no body, does all the good he can to every body; a child may perſuade him it is night at noon-day, and he is ſo ſimple, that I can't help loving him, with all my heart and ſoul, and can't leave him, in ſpite of all his follies. Have a care, brother, ſaid the ſquire of the Wood, when the blind leads the blind, both may fall into the ditch. 'Tis better to wheel about fair and ſoftly, and ſteal home again to our own fire-ſides; for thoſe who follow their noſe are often led into a ſtink.

Here the ſquire of the Wood obſerving that Sancho ſpit very often and very dry. I fancy, brother, ſaid he, that our tongues ſtick to the palates of our mouths with talking, but to cure that diſeaſe I have ſomething that hangs to the pommel of my ſaddle, as good as ever was tipp'd over tongue. Then he went and took down a leather bottle of wine, and a cold pye, at leaſt half a yard long; which is no fiction, for Sancho himſelf, when he laid his hands on it, took it rather for a bak'd goat than a kid, though it was indeed but an overgrown rabbit. What! ſaid Sancho at the ſight, did you bring this too abroad with you? What d'ye think, ſaid t'other? Do you take me for one of your freſh-water ſquires? I'd have you know, I carry as good proviſion at my horſe's crupper, as any general upon his march.

Sancho did not ſtay for an invitation, but fell to in

the dark, cramming down morſels as big as his fiſt. Ay marry, ſir, ſaid he, you are a ſquire every inch of you, a true and truſty, round and ſound, noble and free-hearted ſquire. This good cheer is a proof of it, which I don't ſay jump'd hither by witchcraft; but one would almoſt think ſo. Now here ſits poor wretched I, that have nothing in my knapſack but a cruſt of cheeſe, ſo hard, a giant might break his grinders in't, and a few acorns, walnuts, and filberds; a ſhame on my maſter's niggardly temper, and his curſed maggot, in fancying that all knights-errant muſt live on a little dry'd fruit and ſallads. Well, well, brother, reply'd the ſquire of the Wood, our maſters may diet themſelves by rules of chivalry, if they pleaſe; your thiſtles, and your herbs and roots don't at all agree with my ſtomach, I muſt have good meat, I faith! and this bottle here ſtill at hand at the pommel of my ſaddle. 'Tis my joy, my life, the comfort of my ſoul, I hug and kiſs it every moment, and now recommend it to you as the beſt friend in the world. Sancho took the bottle, and rearing it to his thirſty lips, with his eyes fix'd upon the ſtars, kept himſelf in that happy contemplation for a quarter of an hour together. At laſt, when he had taken his draught, with a deep groan, a nod on one ſide, and a cunning leer, O! the ſon of a whore! What a rare and catholic bub this is! Oh ho! quoth the ſquire of the Wood, have I caught you at your ſon of a whore! Did not I tell you, that it was a way of commending a thing? I knock under, quoth Sancho, and own 'tis no diſhonour to call one a ſon of a whore, when we

mean to praiſe him. But now, by the remembrance of her you love beſt, prithee tell me, is not this your right Ciudad Real wine? *

Thou haſt a rare palate, anſwer'd the ſquire of the Wood, 'tis the very ſame, and of a good age too. I thought ſo, ſaid Sancho, but is it not ſtrange now? that turn me but looſe among a parcel of wines I ſhall find the difference. Adad! ſir, I no ſooner clap my noſe to a taſter of wine, but I can tell the place, the grape, the flavour, the age, the ſtrength, and all the qualities of the parcel: and all this is natural to me, ſir, for I had two relations by the father's ſide that were the niceſt taſters that were known of a long time in La Mancha; of which two I'll relate you a ſtory that makes good what I ſaid. It fell out on a time, that ſome wine was drawn freſh out of a hogſhead, and given to theſe ſame friends of mine to taſte; and they were aſk'd the opinions of the condition, the quality, the goodneſs, the badneſs of the wine, and all that. The one try'd it with the tip of his tongue, the other only ſmell'd it; the firſt ſaid the wine taſted of iron; the ſecond ſaid, it rather had a tang of goat's leather. The vintner ſwore his veſſel was clean, and the wine neat, and ſo pure, that it could have no taſte of any ſuch thing. Well, time ran on, the wine was ſold, and when the veſſel came to be empty'd, what do you think, ſir, was found in the cask? A little key, with a bit of leathern thong ty'd to it. Now, judge you by this, whe-

* Ciudad Real, is a city of Spain, noted for good wine.

ther he that comes of ſuch a generation, has not reaſon to underſtand wine? More reaſon than to underſtand adventures, anſwer'd the other: therefore ſince we have enough, let's not trouble ourſelves to look after more, but e'en jog home to our little cots, where heaven will find us, if it be its will. I intend, ſaid Sancho, to wait on my maſter till we come to Saragoſſa, but then I'll turn over a new leaf.

To conclude, the two friendly ſquires having talk'd and drank, and held out almoſt as long as their bottle, it was high time that ſleep ſhould lay their tongues, and aſſwage their thirſt, for to quench it was impoſſible. Accordingly, they had no ſooner fill'd their bellies, but they fell faſt aſleep, both keeping their hold on their almoſt empty bottle. Where we ſhall for a while leave them to their reſt, and ſee what paſs'd between their maſters.

## CHAP. XIV.

*A continuation of the adventure of the knight of the Wood.*

MANY were the diſcourſes that paſs'd between Don Quixote and the knight of the Wood: amongſt the reſt, You muſt know, ſir knight, ſaid the latter, that by the appointment of fate, or rather by my own choice, I became enamour'd of the peerleſs Caſildea de Vandalia. I call her peerleſs, becauſe ſhe is ſingular in the greatneſs of her ſtature, as well as in that of her ſtate and beauty. But this lady has been pleaſed

to take no other notice of my honourable paſſion, than employing me in many perilous adventures, like Hercules's ſtep-mother; ſtill promiſing me, after I had put an happy end to one, that the performance of the next ſhould put me in poſſeſſion of my deſires. But after a ſucceſſion of numberleſs labours, I do not know which of her commands will be the laſt, and will crown my lawful wiſhes. Once, by her particular injunction, I challeng'd that famous gianteſs La Giralda of Seville,* who is as ſtrong and undaunted as one that is made of braſs, and who, without changing place, is the moſt changeable and unconſtant woman in the world; I went, I ſaw, and overcame: I made her ſtand ſtill, and fix'd her in a conſtant point, for the ſpace of a whole week; no wind having blown in the skies during all that time, but the north. Another time ſhe enjoin'd me to remove the antient ſtones of the ſturdy bulls of Guiſando‡; a task more ſuitable to the arms of porters than thoſe of knights. Then ſhe commanded me to deſcend and dive into the cavern or den of Cabra†, (a terrible and unheard-of attempt) and to bring her an account of all the wonders in that diſmal profundity. I ſtopp'd the motion of La Giralda, I weigh'd the bulls of Guiſando, and with a precipitated fall

* Giralda is a braſs ſtatue on a ſteeple of Seville; which ſerves inſtead of a weather cock.

‡ The bulls of Guiſando are two vaſt ſtatues remaining in that town ever ſince the time of the Romans. Suppos'd to be ſet up by Metellus.

† A place like ſome of the caverns in the Peak in Derbyſhire.

plung'd and brought to light the darkeſt ſecrets of Cabra's black abyſs. But ſtill, ah! ſtill my hopes are dead. How dead? How, becauſe her diſdain ſtill lives, lives to injoin me new labours, new exploits. For, laſtly, ſhe has order'd me to traverſe the remoteſt provinces of Spain, and exact a confeſſion from all the knights-errant that roam about the land, that her beauty alone excells that of all other women, and that I am the moſt valiant and moſt enamour'd knight in the world. I have already journeyed over the greateſt part of Spain on this expedition, and overcome many knights who had the temerity to contradict my aſſertion: but the perfection of my glory, is the reſult of my victory over the renown'd Don Quixote de la Mancha, whom I conquer'd in ſingle combat, and compell'd to ſubmit his Dulcinea's to my Caſildea's beauty. And now I reckon the wandring knights of the whole univerſe, all vanquiſh'd by my proweſs: their fame, their glory, and their honours being all veſted in this great Don Quixote, who had before made them the ſpoils of his valorous arm; though now they muſt attend the triumphs of my victory, which is the greater, ſince the reputation of the victor riſes in proportion to that of the vanquiſh'd; and all the latter's laurels are transferr'd to me.

Don Quixote was amaz'd to hear the knight run on at this rate, and had the lye ready at his tongue's end, to give him a thouſand times; but deſigning to make him own his falſity with his own mouth, he ſtrove to contain his choler; and arguing the matter very calm-

ly, Sir knight, ſaid he, that your victories have extended over all the knights in Spain, and perhaps over the whole world, I will not diſpute; but that you have vanquiſh'd Don Quixote de la Mancha, you muſt give me leave to doubt: it might be ſomebody like him; though he is a perſon whom but very few can reſemble. What d'ye mean? anſwer'd the knight of the Wood. By yon ſpangled canopy of the skies, I fought Don Quixote hand to hand, vanquiſh'd him, and made him ſubmit; he is a tall wither-faced, leathern-jaw fellow, ſcragg'd, grizzle-hair'd, hawk-nos'd, and wears long, black, lank muſtachios: he is diſtinguiſh'd in the field by the title of the knight of the Woful Figure: he has for his ſquire one Sancho Pança, a labouring man; he beſtrides and manages that far-fam'd courſer Rozinante; and has for the miſtreſs of his affection, one Dulcinea del Toboſo, ſometimes call'd Aldonſa Lorenzo; as mine, whoſe name is Caſildea, and who is of Andaluſia, is now diſtinguiſh'd by the denomination of Caſildea de Vandalia; and if all theſe convincing marks be not ſufficient to prove this truth, I wear a ſword that ſhall force even incredulity to credit it. Not ſo faſt, good ſir knight, ſaid Don Quixote; pray attend to what I ſhall deliver upon this head: you muſt know, that this ſame Don Quixote is the greateſt friend I have in the world; inſomuch that I may ſay I love him as well as I do myſelf. Now the tokens that you have deſcrib'd him by, are ſo agreeable to his perſon and circumſtances, that one would think he ſhould be the perſon you ſubdu'd. On the other hand, I am convinc'd

by the more powerful argument of undeniable ſenſe, that it cannot be he. But thus far I will allow you, as there are many inchanters that are his enemies, eſpecially one whoſe malice hourly perſecutes him, perhaps one of them has aſſumed his likeneſs, thus by a counterfeit conqueſt, to defraud him of the glory contracted by his ſignal chivalry over all the univerſe. In confirmation of which I can farther tell you, it is but two days ago that theſe envious magicians transform'd the figure and perſon of the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboſo into the baſe and ſordid likeneſs of a ruſtic wench. And if this will not convince you of your error, behold Don Quixote himſelf in perſon, that here ſtands ready to maintain his words with his arms, either a-foot or on horſeback, or in what other manner you may think convenient.

As he ſaid this, up he ſtarted, and laid his hand to his ſword, expecting the motions and reſolutions of the knight of the Wood. But with a great deal of calmneſs, Sir, ſaid he, a good pay-maſter grudges no ſurety; he that could once vanquiſh Don Quixote when transform'd, needs not fear him in his proper ſhape. But ſince darkneſs is not proper for the atchievements of knights, but rather for robbers and ruffians, let us expect the morning light, that the ſun may be witneſs of our valour. The conditions of our combat ſhall be, That the conquer'd ſhall be wholly at the mercy of the conqueror, who ſhall diſpoſe of him at diſcretion; provided always he abuſes not his power, by commanding any thing unworthy the honour of knighthood.

Content, ſaid Don Quixote, I like theſe terms very well. With that they both went to look out their ſquires, whom they found ſnoring very ſoundly in juſt the ſame poſture as when they firſt fell aſleep. They rouz'd them up, and order'd them to get their ſteeds ready; for the firſt rays of the riſing ſun muſt behold them engage in a bloody and unparallel'd ſingle combat. This news thunder-ſtruck Sancho, and put him to his wits-end for his maſter's danger; having heard the knight of the Wood's courage ſtrangely magnified by his ſquire. However, without the leaſt reply, he went with his companion to ſeek their beaſts, who by this time had ſmell'd out one another, aud were got lovingly both together. Well, friend, ſaid the ſquire to Sancho, as they went, I find our maſters are to fight; ſo you and I are like to have a bruſh too; for it is the way among us Andaluſians, not to let the ſeconds ſtand idly by, with arms acroſs, while their friends are at it. This, ſaid Sancho, may be a cuſtom in your country; but let me tell you, 'tis a damn'd cuſtom, ſir ſquire, and none but ruffians and bloody-minded fellows will ſtand up for't. But there's no ſuch practice among ſquires-errant, elſe my maſter would have minded me of it ere this; for he has all the laws of knight-errantry by heart. But ſuppoſe there be ſuch a law, I will not obey it, that's flat: I'll rather pay the penalty that's laid on ſuch peaceable ſquires: I don't think the fine can be above two pounds of wax *, and that will coſt

* A cuſtom in Spain, of fining ſmall offenders to pay a ſmall quantity of wax for the uſe of ſome church.

me leſs than the lint would to make tents for my ſcull, which methinks is already cleft down to my chin. Beſides, how would you have me fight? I have ne'er a ſword, nor ever wore any. No matter, quoth the ſquire of the wood, I've a cure for that ſore. I ha' got here a couple of linen bags, both of a ſize, you ſhall take one, and I t'other, and ſo we'll let drive at one another with theſe weapons, and fight at bag-blows. Ay, ay, with all my heart, quoth Sancho; this will duſt our jackets purely, and won't hurt our ſkins. Not ſo neither, reply'd the ſquire of the Wood; for we'll put half a dozen of ſmooth ſtones into each bag, that the wind mayn't blow them to and fro, and they may play the better, and ſo we may bruſh one another's coats cleverly, and yet do ourſelves no great hurt. Body of my father! quoth Sancho, what ſoft ſable fur, what dainty carded cotton and lamb's wool he crams into the bags, to hinder our making pap of our brains, and touch-wood of our bones: but I ſay again and again, I am not in a humour to fight, though they were only full of ſilk balls. Let our maſters fight, and hear on't in another world; but let us drink and live while we may, for why ſhould we ſtrive to end our lives before their time and ſeaſon; and be ſo eager to gather the plums that will drop of themſelves when they're ripe? Well, ſaid the ſquire of the Wood, for all that, we muſt fight half an hour or ſo. Not a minute, reply'd Sancho: I han't the heart to quarrel with a gentleman with whom I have been eating and drinking. I an't angry with you in the leaſt, and were I to be hang'd

for't, I could never fight in cold blood. Nay, if that be all, ſaid the ſquire of the Wood, you ſhall be angry enough, I'll warrant you; for, before we go to't, d'ye ſee, I'll walk up very handſomely to you, and lend your worſhip three or four ſound ſlaps o'the chaps, and knock you down; which will be ſure to waken your choler, though it ſlept as ſound as a dormouſe. Nay then, quoth Sancho, I have a trick for your trick, if that be all, and you ſhall have as good as you bring; for I will take me a pretty middling leaver, (you underſtand me) and before you can awaken my choler, will I lay yours aſleep ſo faſt, that it ſhall never wake more, unleſs in t'other world; where 'tis well known I am one who will let no man's fiſt duſt my noſe. Let every man look before he leaps. Many come for wool, that go home ſhorn. No man knows what another can do. So, friend, let every man's choler ſleep with him. Bleſſed are the peace-makers, and curſed are the peace-breakers. A baited cat may turn as fierce as a lion. Who knows then what I that am a man may turn to, if I'm provok'd. Take it therefore for a warning from me, ſquire, that all the miſchief you may be hatching in this manner ſhall lye at your door. Well, ſaid t'other, 'twill be day anon, and then we ſhall ſee what's to be done.

And now a thouſand ſorts of pretty birds began to warble in the trees, and with their various chearful notes ſeem'd to ſalute the freſh Aurora, who then diſplay'd her riſing beauties through the gates and arches of the eaſt, and gently ſhook from her dewy locks a

ſhower of liquid pearls, ſprinkling and enriching the verdant meads with that reviving treaſure, which ſeemed to ſpring and drop from the bending leaves. The willows diſtill'd their delicious manna, the rivulets fondly murmur'd, the fountains ſmil'd, the woods were cheer'd, the fields enrich'd at her approach.

But no ſooner the dawning light recall'd diſtinction, than the firſt thing that preſented itſelf to Sancho's view, was the ſquire of the Wood's noſe, which was ſo big that it overſhadow'd almoſt his whole body. In ſhort, it is ſaid to have been of a monſtrous ſize, crooked in the middle, ſtudded with warts and carbuncles, tawny as a ruſſet-pippin, and hanging down ſome two fingers below his mouth. The unreaſonable bulk, diſmal hue, protuberancy, and crookedneſs of that noſe ſo diſfigur'd the ſquire, that Sancho was ſeiz'd with a trembling at the ſight, like a child in convulſions, and reſolved now to take two hundred cuffs, before his choler ſhould awaken to encounter ſuch a hobgoblin. As for Don Quixote, he fix'd his eyes upon his antagoniſt; but as his helmet was on, and he had pull'd down the bever, his face could not be ſeen, however, he obſerv'd him to be ſtrong-limb'd, though not very tall. Over his armour he wore a coat that look'd like cloth of gold, overſpread with looking-glaſſes (mirrors) cut into half-moons, which made a very glittering ſhow: a large plume of yellow, green, and white feathers waved about his helmet; and his lance, which he had ſet up againſt a tree, was very thick and long, with a ſteel head a foot in length. Don Quixote ſurvey'd every par-

ticular, and from his obſervations, judged him to be a man of great ſtrength. But all this was ſo far from daunting his courage, like Sancho, that, with a gallant deportment, Sir knight of the Mirrors, ſaid he, if your eager deſire of combat has not made you deaf to the intreaties of civility, be pleas'd to lift up your bever a while, that I may ſee whether the gracefulneſs of your face equals that of your body. Whether you be vanquiſh'd or victorious in this enterprize, anſwer'd the knight of the Mirrors, you ſhall have leiſure enough to ſee my face: I cannot at preſent ſatisfy your curioſity; for every moment of delay from combat is, in my my thoughts, a wrong done to the beautiful Caſildea de Vandalia. However, reply'd Don Quixote, while we get a horſe-back, you may tell me whether I be the ſame Don Quixote, whom you pretend to have overcome? To this I anſwer you, ſaid the knight of the Mirrors, you are as like the knight I vanquiſh'd as one egg is like another. But conſidering what you tell me, that you are perſecuted by inchanters, I dare not affirm that you are the ſame. It is enough for me, ſaid Don Quixote, that you believe you may be in an error; but that I may entirely rid your doubts, let's to horſe; for if Providence, my miſtreſs, and my arm aſſiſt me, I will ſee your face in leſs time than it would have coſt you to have lifted up your bever, and make you know that I am not that Don Quixote whom you talk'd of having vanquiſhed.

This ſaid, without any more words they mounted. Don Quixote wheel'd about with Rozinante, to take

ground for the career; the knight of the Mirrors did the like. But before Don Quixote had rid twenty paces, he heard him call to him: ſo meeting each other half way, Remember ſir knight, cry'd he, the conditions on which we fight; the vanquiſh'd, as I told you before, ſhall be at the mercy of the conqueror. I grant it, anſwer'd Don Quixote, provided the victor impoſes nothing on him that derogates from the laws of chivalry. I mean no othewiſe, reply'd the knight of the Mirrors.

At the ſame time Don Quixote happen'd to caſt his eye on the ſquire's ſtrange noſe, and wonder'd no leſs at the ſight of it than Sancho, taking him to be rather a monſter than a man. Sancho ſeeing his maſter ſet out to take ſo much diſtance as was fit to return on his enemy with greater force, would not truſt himſelf alone with ſquire Noſe, fearing the greater ſhould be too hard for the leſs, and either that or fear ſhould ſtrike him to the ground. This made him run after his maſter, till he had taken hold of Rozinante's ſtirrup leathers; and when he thought him ready to turn back to take his career, Good your worſhip, cry'd he, before you run upon your enemy, help me to get up into yon cork-tree, where I may better, and much more to my liking, ſee your brave battle with the knight. I rather believe, ſaid Don Quixote, thou wanteſt to be pearched up yonder as on a ſcaffold, to ſee the bull-baiting without danger. To tell you the truth, quoth Sancho, that fellow's unconſcionable noſe has ſo frighted me, that I dare not ſtay within his reach. It is indeed ſuch a

ſight, ſaid Don Quixote, as might affect with fear, any other but myſelf; and therefore come, I'll help thee up.

Now while Sancho was climbing up the tree, with his maſter's aſſiſtance, the knight of the Mirrors took as much ground as he thought proper for his career; and imagining Don Quixote had done the ſame, he fac'd about, without expecting the trumpet's ſound, or any other ſignal for a charge, and with his horſe's full ſpeed, which was no more than a middling trot, (for he was neither more promiſing, nor a better performer than Rozinante) he went to encounter his enemy. But ſeeing him buſy in helping up his ſquire, he held in his ſteed, and ſtopped in the middle of the career, for which the horſe was mightily obliged to him, being already ſcarce able to ſtir a foot farther. Don Quixote, who thought his enemy was flying upon him, ſet ſpurs to Rozinante's hinder flank vigorouſly, and ſo waken'd his mettle, that the ſtory ſays, this was the only time he was known to gallop a little, for at all others, down-right trotting was his beſt. With this unuſual fury, he ſoon got to the place where his opponent was ſtriking his ſpurs into his horſe's ſides up to the very rowels, without being able to make him ſtir an inch from the ſpot. Now while he was thus goading him on, and at the ſame time encumber'd with his lance, either not knowing how to ſet it in the reſt, or wanting time to do it, Don Quixote, who took no notice of his diſorder, encounter'd him without danger ſo furiouſly, that the knight of the Mirrors was hurry'd, in ſpite of

his teeth, over his horſe's crupper, and was ſo hurt with falling to the ground, that he lay without motion, or any ſign of life.

Sancho no ſooner ſaw him fallen, but down he comes ſliding from the tree, and runs to his maſter; who having diſmounted, was got upon the knight of the Mirrors, and was unlacing his helmet, to ſee if he were dead or alive, and give him air. But who can relate what he ſaw, when he ſaw the face of the knight of the Mirrors, without raiſing wonder, amazement, or aſtoniſhment in thoſe that ſhall hear it? He ſaw, ſays the hiſtory, in that face, the very viſage, the very aſpect, the very phyſiognomy, the very make, the very features, the very effigy of the batchelor Samſon Carraſco. Come Sancho, cry'd he, as he ſaw it, come hither, look and admire what thou may'ſt ſee, yet not believe. Haſte, my friend, and mark the power of magic; what ſorcerers and inchanters can do! Sancho drew near, and ſeeing the batchelor Samſon Carraſco's face, began to croſs himſelf a thouſand times, and bleſs himſelf as many more.

The poor defeated knight all this while gave no ſign of life. Sir, quoth Sancho to his maſter, if you'll be rul'd by me, make ſure work: right or wrong, e'en thruſt your ſword down this fellow's throat that's ſo like the batchelor Samſon Carraſco; and ſo mayhaps in him you may chance to murder one of thoſe bitter dogs, thoſe inchanters that haunt you ſo. That thought's not amiſs, ſaid Don Quixote; and with that drawing his ſword, he was going to put Sancho's ad-

vice in execution, when the knight's ſquire came running without the noſe that ſo diſguiſed him before; and calling to Don Quixote, Hold, noble Don Quixote, cry'd he! Take heed! Beware! 'Tis your friend Samſon Carraſco, that now lies at your worſhip's mercy, and I am his ſquire. And where's your noſe, quoth Sancho, ſeeing him now without diſguiſe? Here in my pocket, anſwer'd the ſquire. And ſo ſaying, he pull'd out the noſe of a varniſh'd paſteboard vizard, ſuch as it has been deſcrib'd. Sancho having more and more ſtar'd him in the face with great earneſtneſs, Bleſſed virgin defend me, quoth he! Who's this! Thomas Cecial, my friend and neighbour? The ſame, friend Sancho, quoth the ſquire! I'll tell you anon by what tricks and wheedles he was inveigl'd to come hither. Meanwhile deſire your maſter not to miſuſe, nor ſlay, nor meddle in the leaſt with the knight of the Mirrors, that now lies at his mercy; for there's nothing more ſure than 'tis our ill-advis'd country-man Samſon Carraſco, and no body elſe.

By this time the knight of the Mirrors began to come to himſelf; which when Don Quixote obſerv'd, ſetting the point of his ſword to his throat, Thou dy'ſt, knight, cry'd he, if thou refuſe to confeſs that the peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo excels thy Caſildea de Vandalia in beauty. Beſides this, thou ſhalt promiſe (if thou eſcape with life from this combat) to go to the city of Toboſo; where, as from me, thou ſhalt preſent thyſelf before the miſtreſs of my deſires, and reſign thy perſon to her diſpoſal: if ſhe leaves thee to thy own,

then thou ſhalt come back to me, (for the tract of my exploits will be thy guide) and thou ſhalt give me an account of the tranſaction between her and thee. Theſe conditions are conformable to our agreement before the combat, and do not tranſgreſs the rules of knight-errantry. I do confeſs, ſaid the diſcomfited knight, that the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo's ripp'd and dirty ſhoe is preferable to the clean, though ill-comb'd locks of Caſildea; and I promiſe to go to her, and come from her preſence to yours, and bring you a full and true relation of all you have enjoin'd me. You ſhall alſo confeſs and believe, added Don Quixote, that the knight you vanquiſh'd neither was nor could be Don Quixote de la Mancha, but ſomebody elſe in his likeneſs; as I on the other ſide do confeſs and believe, that though you ſeem to be the batchelor Samſon Carraſco, you are not he, but ſome other whom my enemies have transformed into his reſemblance, to aſſuage the violence of my wrath, and make me entertain with moderation the glory of my victory. All this I confeſs, believe and allow, ſaid the knight; and now I beſeech you let me riſe, if the hurt I have received by my fall will give me leave, for I find myſelf very much bruis'd.

Don Quixote help'd him to riſe by the aid of his ſquire Thomas Cecial, on whom Sancho fix'd his eyes all the while, aſking him a thouſand queſtions; the anſwers to which convinced him, that he was the real Thomas Cecial, as he ſaid, though the conceit of what was told him by his maſter, that the magicians had transform'd the knight of the Mirrors into Samſon Car-

raſco, had made ſuch an impreſſion on his fancy, that he could not believe the teſtimony of his own eyes. In ſhort, the maſter and the man perſiſted in their error. The knight of the Mirrors and his ſquire, much out of humour, and much out of order, left Don Quixote, to go to ſome town where he might get ſome ointments and plaiſters for his ribs. Don Quixote and Sancho continued their progreſs for Saragoſa; where the hiſtory leaves them, to relate who the knight of the Mirrors and his ſquire were.

## CHAP. XV.

*Giving an account who the knight of the Mirrors and his ſquire were.*

DON Quixote went on extremely pleas'd, and joyful, priding himſelf and glorying in the victory he had got over ſo valiant a knight, as the knight of the Mirrors, and relying on his parole of honour, which he could not violate, without forfeiting his title to chivalry, that he would return to give him an account of his reception, by which means he expected to hear whether his miſtreſs continued under the bonds of inchantment. But Don Quixote dream'd of one thing, and the knight of the Mirrors thought of another. His only care for the preſent was how to get cur'd of his bruiſes.

Here the hiſtory relates, that when the batchelor Carraſco adviſed Don Quixote to proceed in his former profeſſion of knight-errantry; it was the reſult of a

conference which he had with the curate and the barber, about the beſt means to prevail with Don Quixote to ſtay quietly at home, and deſiſt from rambling after his unlucky adventures. For Carraſco thought, and ſo did the reſt, that it was in vain to pretend to hinder him from going abroad again, and therefore the beſt way would be to let him go. and that he ſhould meet him by the way, equipped like a knight-errant, and ſhould take an opportunity to fight, and overcome him, which he might eaſily do; firſt making an agreement with him, that the vanquiſhed ſhould ſubmit to the victor's diſcretion: ſo that after the batchelor had vanquiſh'd him, he ſhould command him to return to his houſe and village, and not offer to depart thence in two years, without permiſſion; which it was not doubted but Don Quixote would religiouſly obſerve, for fear of infringing the laws of chivalry; and in this time they hoped he might be weaned of his frantic imaginations, or they might find ſome means to cure him of his madneſs. Carraſco undertook this taſk, and Thomas Cecial, a briſk, pleaſant fellow, Sancho's neighbour and goſſip, proffered to be his ſquire. Samſon equipped himſelf, as you have heard, and Thomas Cecial fitted a huge paſte-board-noſe to his own, that his goſſip Sancho might not know him when they met. Then they follow'd Don Quixote ſo cloſe, that they had like to have overtaken him in the midſt of his adventure with the chariot of death; and at laſt, they found him in the wood, that happened to be the ſcene of their encounter, which might have proved more fatal to the

batchelor, and had ſpoiled him for ever from taking another degree, had not Don Quixote been ſo obſtinate, in not believing him to be the ſame man.

And now Thomas Cecial, ſeeing the ill ſucceſs of their journey; By my troth! ſaid he, maſter Carraſco, we have been ſerved well enough. 'Tis eaſy to begin a buſineſs, but a hard matter to go through. Don Quixote is mad, and we think ourſelves wiſe; yet he is gone away ſound, and laughing in his ſleeve; and your worſhip is left here well bang'd, and in the dumps: now pray who is the greateſt madman, he that is ſo becauſe he cannot help it, or he that is ſo for his pleaſure? The difference is, anſwer'd the batchelor, that he that can't help being mad, will always be ſo; but he that only plays the fool for his fancy, may give over when he pleaſes. Well then, quoth Cecial, I, who was pleaſed to play the fool in going a ſquire-erranting with your worſhip, for the ſelf-ſame reaſon will give it over now, and even make the beſt of my way home again. Do as you will, reply'd Carraſco, but it is a folly to think I ever will go home, till I have ſwingingly paid that unaccountable madman. It is not that he may recover his wits neither: no, it is pure revenge now, for the pain in my bones won't give me leave to have any manner of charity for him.

Thus they went on diſcourſing, till at laſt they got to a town, where, by good fortune, they met with a bone-ſetter, who gave the bruiſed batchelor ſome eaſe. Thomas Cecial left him, and went home, while the other ſtaid to meditate revenge. In due time the hiſtory

will ſpeak of him again, but muſt not now forget to entertain you with Don Quixote's joy.

## CHAP. XVI.

*What happen'd to Don Quixote, with a ſober gentleman of La Mancha.*

DON Quixote purſued his journey, full, as we ſaid before, of joy and ſatisfaction; his late victory made him eſteem himſelf the moſt valiant knight-errant of the age. He counted all his future adventures as already finiſh'd and happily atchiev'd. He defy'd all inchantments and inchanters. No longer did he remember the innumerable blows he had receiv'd in the courſe of his errantry, nor the ſhower of ſtones that had daſh'd out half of his teeth, nor the ingratitude of the galley-ſlaves, nor the inſolence of the Yangueſian carriers, that had ſo abominably batter'd his ribs with their pack-ſtaves, In ſhort, he concluded with himſelf, that if he could but by any manner of means diſſolve the inchantment of his adored Dulcinea, he ſhould have no need to envy the greateſt felicity that ever was, or ever could be attained by the moſt fortunate knight in the habitable globe. While he was wholly employed in theſe pleaſing imaginations; Sir, quoth Sancho to him, is it not a pleaſant thing that I can't for the blood of me, put out of my mind that huge unconſcionable noſe, and whapping noſtrils of Thomas Cecial my goſſip? How, Sancho, anſwer'd Don Quixote, doſt thou ſtill believe, that the knight of the Mirrors

was the batchelor Carraſco, and that Thomas Cecial was his ſquire? I don't know what to ſay to't, quoth Sancho, but this I'm ſure of, that no body but he could give me thoſe items of my houſe, and of my wife and children, as he did. Beſides, when his hugeous noſe was off, he had Tom Cecial's face to a hair. I ought to know it, I think: I have ſeen it a hundred and a hundred times, for we are but next-door neighbours; and then he had his ſpeech to a title. Come on, return'd Don Quixote; let us reaſon upon this buſineſs. How can it enter into any one's imagination, that the batchelor Samſon Carraſco ſhould come arm'd at all points like a knight-errant, on purpoſe to fight with me? have I ever been his enemy, or given him any occaſion to be mine? am I his rival? or has he taken up the profeſſion of arms, in envy of the glory which I have purchas'd by my ſword? Ay, but then, reply'd Sancho, what ſhall we ſay to the reſemblance between this ſame knight, whoever he be, and the batchelor Carraſco, and the likeneſs between his ſquire and my goſſip? if 'tis an inchantment, as your worſhip ſays, were there no other people in the world but they two, to make them like? All, all, cry'd Don Quixote, is the artifice and deluſion of thoſe malevolent magicians that perſecute me, who, forſeeing that I ſhould get the victory, diſguiſed their vanquiſhed property under the reſemblance of my friend the batchelor; that at the ſight, my friendſhip might interpoſe between the edge of my ſword, and moderate my juſt reſentment, and ſo reſcue him from death, who baſely had attempted on my life. But thou, Sancho,

by experience, which could not deceive thee, know'ſt how eaſy a matter 'tis for magicians to tranſmute the face of any one into another reſemblance, fair into foul, and foul again into fair; ſince not two days ago, with thy own eyes thou beheld'ſt the peerleſs Dulcinea in her natural ſtate of beauty and proportion; when I, the object of their envy, ſaw her in the homely diſguiſe of a blear-ey'd, fetid, ugly country-wench. Why then ſhould'ſt thou wonder ſo much at the frightful tranſformation of the batchelor and thy neighbour Cecial: but however, this is a comfort to me, that I got the better of my enemy, whatſoever ſhape he aſſum'd. Well, quoth Sancho, heaven knows the truth of all things. This was all the anſwer he thought fit to make; for as he knew that the transformation of Dulcinea was only a trick of his own, he was willing to wave the diſcourſe, though he was the leſs ſatisfy'd in his maſter's chimeras; but fear'd to drop ſome word that might have betray'd his roguery.

While they were in this converſation, they were over-taken by a gentleman, mounted on a very fine flea-bitten mare. He had on a riding-coat of fine green cloth, fac'd with murry-colour'd velvet, a hunter's cap of the ſame. The furniture of his mare was country-like, and after the jennet faſhion, and alſo murry and green. By his ſide hung a Mooriſh ſcimitar, in a large belt of green and gold. His buskins were of the ſame work with his belt. His ſpurs were not gilt, but burniſh'd ſo well with a certain green varniſh, that they look'd better, to ſuit with the reſt of his equipage,

than if they had been of pure gold. As he came up with them, he very civily ſaluted them, and clapping ſpurs to his mare, began to leave them behind him. Thereupon Don Quixote call'd to him: Sir, cry'd he, if you are not in too much haſte, we ſhould be glad of the favour of your company, ſo far as you travel this road. Indeed, anſwer'd the gentleman, I had not thus rid by you, but that I'm afraid your horſe may prove unruly with my mare. If that be all, ſir, quoth Sancho, you may hold in your mare; for our horſe here is the honeſteſt and ſobereſt horſe in the world; he is not in the leaſt given to do any naughty thing on ſuch occaſions. Once upon a time indeed, he happen'd to forget himſelf, and go aſtray; but then he, and I, and my maſter ru'd for't, with a vengeance. I tell you again, ſir, you may ſafely ſtay if you pleaſe, for if your mare were to be ſerv'd up to him in a diſh, I'll lay my life he would not ſo much as touch her. Upon this, the traveller ſtopp'd his mare, and did not a little gaze at the figure and countenance of our knight, who rode without his helmet, which, like a wallet, hung at the ſaddle-bow of Sancho's aſs. If the gentleman in green gaz'd on Don Quixote, Don Quixote look'd no leſs upon him, judging him to be ſome man of conſequence. His age ſeem'd about fifty; he had ſome gray hairs, a ſharp look, and a grave yet pleaſing aſpect. In ſhort, his mien and appearance ſpoke him a man of quality. When he look'd on Don Quixote, he thought he had never beheld before ſuch a ſtrange appearance of a man. He could not but admire at the lankneſs of his horſe; he

conſider'd then the long-back'd, raw-bon'd thing that beſtrid him; his wan, meagre face, his air, his gravity, his arms and equipage; ſuch a figure, as perhaps had not been ſeen in that country time out of mind. Don Quixote obſerved how intent the travelling gentleman had been in ſurveying him, and reading his deſire in his ſurprize, as he was the very pink of courteſy, and fond of pleaſing every one, without ſtaying till he ſhould queſtion him, he thought fit to prevent him. Sir, ſaid he, that you are ſurpriz'd at this figure of mine, which appears ſo new and exotic, I do not wonder in the leaſt; but your admiration will ceaſe when I have inform'd you, that I am one of thoſe knights who go in queſt of adventures. I have left my country, mortgaged my eſtate, quitted my pleaſures, and thrown myſelf into the arms of fortune. My deſign was to give a new life to knight-errantry, that ſo long has been loſt to the world; and thus, after infinite toils and hardſhips; ſometimes ſtumbling, ſometimes falling; caſting myſelf headlong in one place, and riſing again in another, I have compaſs'd a great part of my deſire, relieving widows, protecting damſels, aſſiſting marry'd women and orphans, the proper and natural office of knights-errant; and ſo by many valorous and Chriſtian-like atchievements, I have merited the honour of the preſs in almoſt all the nations in the world. Thirty thouſand volumes of my hiſtory have been printed already, and thirty thouſand millions more are like to be printed, if heaven prevent not. In ſhort, to ſum up all in one word, know, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, other-

wiſe call'd, the knight of the Woful Figure. I own it leſſens the value of praiſe, to be the publiſher of its own ſelf; yet it is what I am ſometimes forced to, when there is none preſent to do me juſtice. And now, good ſir, no longer let this ſteed, this lance, this ſhield, this armour, nor this ſquire, nor the paleneſs of my looks, nor my exhauſted body, move your admiration, ſince you know who I am, and the profeſſion I follow.

Having ſaid this, Don Quixote was ſilent, and the gentleman in green, by his delaying to anſwer him, ſeem'd as if he did not intend to make any return. But at laſt, after ſome pauſe; Sir knight, ſaid he, you were ſenſible of my curioſity by my looks, and were pleas'd to ſay my wonder would ceaſe when you had inform'd me who you was; but I muſt confeſs, ſince you have done that, I remain no leſs ſurpriz'd and amaz'd than ever. For is it poſſible there ſhould be at this time any knights errant in the world, or that there ſhould be a true hiſtory of a living knight-errant in print? I cannot perſuade myſelf there is any body now upon earth that relieves widows, protects damſels, or aſſiſts married women and orphans; and I ſhould ſtill have been of the ſame mind, had not my eyes afforded me a ſight of ſuch a perſon as yourſelf. Now, heaven be prais'd, for this hiſtory of your true and noble feats of arms, which you ſay is in print, will blot out the memory of all thoſe idle romances of pretended knights-errant that have ſo fill'd and peſter'd the world, to the detriment of good education, and the prejudice and diſhonour of true hiſtory. There is a great deal to be ſaid, anſwer'd Don

Quixote, for the truth of hiſtories of knight-errantry, as well as againſt it. How! return'd the gentleman in green, is there any body living who makes the leaſt ſcruple but that they are falſe? Yes, ſir, myſelf for one, ſaid Don Quixote; but let that paſs; if we continue any time together on the road, I hope to convince you that you have been to blame in ſuffering yourſelf to be carried away with the ſtream of mankind that generally disbelieves them.

The traveller, at this diſcourſe, began to have a ſuſpicion that Don Quixote was diſtracted, and expected the next words would confirm him in that opinion. But before they enter'd into any further converſation, Don Quixote begg'd him to acquaint him who he was, ſince he had given him ſome account of his own life and condition. Sir knight of the Woful Figure, anſwer'd the other, I am a gentleman, born at a village, where, God willing, we ſhall dine by and by. My name is Don Diego de Miranda. I have a reaſonable competency; I paſs my time contentedly with my wife, my children, and my friends; my uſual diverſions are hunting and fiſhing; yet I keep neither hawks nor hounds, but ſome tame partridges and a ferret. I have about three or fourſcore books, ſome Spaniſh, ſome Latin; ſome of hiſtory, others of divinity. But for books of knight-errantry, none ever came within my doors. I am more inclinable to read thoſe that are profane than thoſe of devotion, if they be ſuch as yield an innocent amuſement, and are agreeable for their ſtile, and ſurpriſing for their invention, tho' we have but few of them in our

language. Sometimes I eat with my neighbours and friends, and often I invite them to do the like with me. My treats are clean and handſome, neither penurious nor ſuperfluous. I am not given to murmur and backbite, nor do I love to hear others do it. I am no curious inquirer into the lives and actions of other people. Every day I hear divine ſervice, and give to the poor, without making a ſhew of it, or preſuming on my good deeds, leſt I ſhould give way to hypocriſy and vainglory; enemies that too eaſily poſſeſs themſelves of the beſt guarded hearts. I endeavour to reconcile thoſe that are at variance. I pay my devotions to the bleſſed virgin, and ever truſt in heaven's infinite mercy. Sancho liſten'd with great attention to this relation of the gentleman's way of living; and believing that a perſon who had led ſo good and pious a life, was able to work miracles, he jump'd in haſte from his aſs, and catching hold of his right ſtirrup, with tears in his eyes, and devotion in his heart, fell a kiſſing his foot. What's the matter, friend? cry'd the gentleman, wond'ring at his proceeding; what is the meaning of this kiſſing? Oh! good ſir, quoth Sancho, let me kiſs that dear foot of yours, I beſeech you; for you are certainly the firſt ſaint on horſe-back I ever ſaw in my born days. Alas! replied the gentleman, I am no ſaint but a great ſinner: you indeed, friend, I believe are a good ſoul, as appears by your ſimplicity. With that Sancho return'd to his pack-ſaddle, having by this action provok'd the profound gravity of his maſter to ſmile, and cauſed new admiration in Don Diego.

And now Don Quixote enquires of him, how many children he had, telling him at the ſame time, that among the things in which the ancient philoſophers, who had not the true knowledge of God, made happineſs conſiſt, as the advantages of nature and fortune, one was, to have many friends, and a numerous and virtuous offspring. I have a ſon, ſir knight, anſwer'd the gentleman; and perhaps if I had him not, I ſhould not think myſelf the more unhappy; not that he is ſo bad neither, but becauſe he is not ſo good as I would have him. He is eighteen years of age; the laſt ſix he has ſpent at Salamanca to perfect himſelf in his Latin and Greek. But, when I would have him to have proceeded to the ſtudy of other ſciences, I found him ſo engag'd in that of poetry, if it may be call'd a ſcience, that it was impoſſible to make him look either to the ſtudy of the law, which I intended him for, or of divinity, the nobleſt part of all learning. I was in hopes he might have become an honour to his family, living in an age in which good and virtuous literature is highly favour'd and rewarded by princes; for learning without virtue, is like a pearl upon a dunghill. He now ſpends whole days in examining, whether Homer, in ſuch a verſe of his Iliads, ſays well or no? Whether ſuch an epigram in Martial ought not to be expung'd for obſcenity? and whether ſuch and ſuch verſes in Virgil are to be taken in ſuch a ſenſe, or otherwiſe? In ſhort, his whole converſe is with the celebrated poets, with Horace and Perſius, Juvenal and Tibullus. But as for modern rhimers, he has but an indifferent opinion

of them. And yet for all this diſguſt of Spaniſh poetry, he is now breaking his brain upon a paraphraſe or gloſs on four verſes that were ſent him from the univerſity, and which I think are deſign'd for a prize.

Sir, reply'd Don Quixote, children are the fleſh and blood of their parents, and, whether good or bad, are to be cheriſh'd as part of ourſelves. It is the duty of a father to train them up from their tendereſt years in the paths of virtue, in good diſcipline and Chriſtian principles, that when they advance in years they may become the ſtaff and ſupport of their parent's age, and the glory of their poſterity. But as for forcing them to this or that ſtudy, it is a thing I don't ſo well approve. Perſuaſion is all, I think, that is proper in ſuch a caſe; eſpecially when they are ſo fortunate as to be above ſtudying for bread, as having parents that can provide for their future ſubſiſtence, they ought in my opinion to be indulged in the purſuit of that ſcience to which their own genius gives them the moſt inclination. For though the art of poetry is not ſo profitable as delightful, yet it is none of thoſe that diſgrace the ingenious profeſſor. Poetry, ſir, in my judgment, is like a tender virgin in her bloom, beautiful and charming to amazement: all the other ſciences are ſo many virgins, whoſe care it is to enrich, poliſh, and adorn her; and as ſhe is to make uſe of them all, ſo are they all to have from her a grateful acknowledgment. But this virgin muſt not be roughly handled, nor dragg'd along the ſtreets, nor expos'd to every market-place, and corner of great mens houſes. A good poet is a kind of an alchymiſt,

who can turn the matter he prepares into the pureſt gold, and an ineſtimable treaſure. But he muſt keep his muſe within the rules of decency, and not let her proſtitute her excellency in lewd ſatires and lampoons, nor in licentious ſonnets. She muſt not be mercenary, though ſhe need not give away the profits ſhe may claim from heroic poems, deep tragedies, and pleaſant and artful comedies. She is not to be attempted by buffoons, nor by the ignorant vulgar, whoſe capacity can never reach to a due ſenſe of the treaſures that are lock'd up in her. And know, ſir, that when I mention the vulgar, I don't mean only the common rabble; for whoever is ignorant, be he lord or prince, is to be liſted in the number of the vulgar. But whoever ſhall apply himſelf to the muſes with thoſe qualifications, which, as I ſaid, are eſſential to the character of a good poet, his name ſhall be famous, and valu'd in all the poliſh'd nations of the world. And as to what you ſay, ſir, that your ſon does not much eſteem our modern poetry; in my opinion, he is ſomewhat to blame; and my reaſon is this; Homer never wrote in Latin, becauſe he was a Grecian; nor did Virgil write in Greek, becauſe Latin was the language of his counrry. In ſhort, all your ancient poets wrote in their mother-tongue, and did not ſeek other languages to expreſs their lofty thoughts. And thus, it would be well that cuſtom ſhould extend to every nation; there being no reaſon that a German poet ſhould be deſpiſed, becauſe he writes in his own tongue; or a Caſtilian or Biſcayner, becauſe they write in theirs. But I ſuppoſe, your

ſon does not miſlike modern poetry, but ſuch modern poets as have no tincture of any other language or ſcience, that may adorn, awaken, and aſſiſt their natural impulſe. Though even in this too there may be error. For, it is believ'd, and not without reaſon, that a poet is naturally a poet from his mother's womb, and that, with the talent which heaven has infus'd into him, without the help of ſtudy or art, he may produce theſe compoſitions that verify that ſaying, 'Eſt Deus in no-'bis,' &c. Not but that a natural poet, that improves himſelf by art, ſhall be much more accompliſh'd, and have the advantage of him that has no title to poetry but by his knowledge in the art; becauſe art cannot go beyond nature, but only adds to its perfection. From which it appears, that the moſt perfect poet is he whom nature and art combine to qualify. Let then your ſon proceed and follow the guidance of his ſtars, for being ſo good a ſtudent as I underſtand he is, and already got up the firſt ſtep of the ſciences, the knowledge of the learned tongues, he will eaſily aſcend to the pinacle of learning, which is no leſs an honour and an ornament to a gentleman, than a mitre is to a biſhop, or the long robe to the civilian. Should your ſon write ſatires to leſſen the reputation of any perſon, you would do well to take him to taſk, and tear his defamatory rhimes; but if he ſtudies to write ſuch diſcourſes in verſe, to ridicule and explode vice in general, as Horace ſo elegantly did, then encourage him: for a poet's pen is allow'd to inveigh againſt envy and envious men, and ſo againſt other vices, provided it aim not at

particular perſons. But there are poets ſo abandon'd to the itch of ſcurrility, that rather than loſe a villanous jeſt, they'll venture being baniſh'd to the iſlands of Pontus *. If a poet is modeſt in his manners, he will be ſo in his verſes. The pen is the tongue of the mind; the thoughts that are formed in the one, and thoſe that are traced by the other, will bear a near reſemblance. And when kings and princes ſee the wonderful art of poetry ſhine in prudent, virtuous and ſolid ſubjects, they honour, eſteem, and enrich them, and even crown them with leaves of that tree, which is ne'er offended by the hunderbolt, as a token that nothing ſhall offend thoſe whoſe brows are honour'd and adorn'd with ſuch crowns.

The gentleman hearing Don Quixote expreſs himſelf in this manner, was ſtruck with ſo much admiration, that he began to loſe the bad opinion he had conceiv'd of his underſtanding. As for Sancho, who did not much reliſh this fine talk, he took an opportunity to ſlink aſide in the middle of it, and went to get a little milk of ſome ſhepherds that were hard by keeping their ſheep. Now when the gentleman was going to renew his diſcourſe, mightily pleas'd with theſe judicious obſervations, Don Quixote lifting up his eyes, perceiv'd a waggon on the road, ſet round with little flags, that appear'd to be the king's colours; and believing it to be ſome new adventure, he call'd out to Sancho to bring him his helmet. Sancho hearing him call aloud, left

* As Ovid was.

the ſhepherds, and clapping his heels vigorouſly to Dapple's ſides, came trotting up to his maſter, to whom there happen'd a moſt terrifying and deſperate adventure.

## CHAP. XVII.

*Where you will find ſet forth the higheſt and utmoſt proof that the great Don Quixote ever gave, or could give of his incredible courage; with the ſucceſsful iſſue of the adventure of the lions.*

THE hiſtory relates, that Sancho was chaffering with the ſhepherds for ſome curds, when Don Quixote called to him; and finding that his maſter was in haſte, he did not know what to do with them, nor what to bring them in; yet loth to loſe his purchaſe (for he had already paid for them) he bethought himſelf at laſt of clapping them into the helmet, where having them ſafe, he went to know his maſter's pleaſure. As ſoon as he came up to him, Give me that helmet, friend, ſaid the knight, for if I underſtand any thing of adventures, I deſcry one yonder that obliges me to arm.

The gentleman in green hearing this, look'd about to ſee what was the matter, but could perceive nothing but a waggon, which made towards them, and by the little flags about it, he judg'd it to be one of the king's carriages, and ſo he told Don Quixote. But his head was too much poſſeſs'd with notions of adventures to give any credit to what the gentleman ſaid. Sir, an-

ſwer'd he, fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd; a man loſes nothing by ſtanding on his guard. I know by experience, that I have enemies viſible and inviſible, and I cannot tell when, nor where, nor in what ſhape they may attack me. At the ſame time he ſnatch'd the helmet out of Sancho's hands, before he could diſcharge it of the curds, and clapt it on his head, without examining the contents. Now the curds being ſqeezed between his bare crown and the iron, the whey began to run all about his face and beard; which ſo ſurpris'd him, that calling to Sancho in great diſorder, What's this, cry'd he, Sancho! What's the matter with me! Sure my ſcull is growing ſoft, or my brains are melting, or elſe I ſweat from head to foot! But if I do, I'm ſure it is not for fear. This certainly muſt be a very dreadful adventure that is approaching. Give me ſomething to wipe me if thou can'ſt, for I'm almoſt blinded with the torrent of ſweat. Sancho did not dare to ſay a word, but giving him a cloth, bleſs'd his ſtars that his maſter had not found him out. Don Quixote dry'd himſelf, and taking off the helmet to ſee what it ſhould be that felt ſo cold on his head, perceiving ſome white ſtuff, and putting it to his noſe, ſoon found what it was. Now, by the life of my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, cry'd he, thou haſt put curds in my helmet, vile traitor and unmannerly ſquire. Nay, reply'd Sancho cunningly, and keeping his countenance, if they be curds, good your Worſhip give them me hither, and I'll eat them: but hold, now I think on't, the devil eat 'em for me; for he himſelf muſt have put 'em there. What! I offer to

do ſo beaſtly a trick! Do you think I have no more manners? As ſure as I am alive, ſir, I have got my inchanters too that owe me a grudge, and plague me as a limb of your worſhip; and I warrant have put that naſty ſtuff there on purpoſe to ſet you againſt me, and make you fall foul on my bones. But I hope they've miſs'd their aim this time, i'troth! My maſter is a wiſe man, and muſt needs know that I had neither curds nor milk, nor any thing of that kind; and if I had met with curds, I ſhould ſooner have put them in my belly than his helmet. Well, ſaid Don Quixote, there may be ſomething in that. The gentleman had obſerved theſe paſſages, and ſtood amaz'd, but eſpecially at what immediately follow'd; for the knight-errant having put on the helmet again, fix'd himſelf well in the ſtirrups, try'd whether his ſword was looſe enough in his ſcabbard, and reſted his lance. Now, cry'd he, come what will come: here am I, who dare encounter the devil himſelf in *propria perſona*!

By this time the waggon was come up with them, attended only by the carter, mounted on one of the mules, and another man that ſat on the forepart of the waggon. Don Quixote making up to them, Whither go ye, friends? ſaid he. What waggon is this? What do you convey in it? And what is the meaning of theſe colours? The waggon is mine, anſwer'd the waggoner: I have there two brave lions, which the general of Oran is ſending to the king our maſter; and theſe colours are to let people underſtand that what goes here belongs to him. And are the lions large? enquir'd Don

Quixote. Very large, anſwer'd the man in the forepart of the waggon. There never came bigger from Afric into Spain. I am their keeper, added he, and have had charge of ſeveral others, but I never ſaw the like of theſe before. In the foremoſt cage is a he-lion, and in the other behind, a lioneſs. By this time they are cruel hungry, for they have not eaten to-day; therefore pray, good ſir, ride out of the way, for we muſt make haſte to get to the place where we intend to feed them. What! ſaid Don Quixote, with a ſcornful ſmile, lion-whelps againſt me! Againſt me thoſe puny beaſts! And at this time of day? Well, I'll make thoſe gentlemen, that ſent their lions this way, know whether I am a man to be ſcar'd with lions. Get off, honeſt fellow; and ſince you are the keeper, open their cages, and let them both out; for maugre and in deſpite of thoſe inchanters that have ſent them to try me, I'll make the creatures know, in the midſt of this very field, who Don Quixote de la Mancha is.

So thought the gentleman to himſelf, now has our poor knight diſcover'd what he is; the curds, I find, have ſoften'd his ſcull, and mellow'd his brains. While he was making this reflection, Sancho came up to him, and begg'd him to diſſuade his maſter from his raſh attempt. O good dear ſir! cry'd he, for pity-ſake hinder my maſter from falling upon theſe lions, by all means, or we ſhall be torn apieces. Why, ſaid this gentleman, is your maſter ſo arrant a madman then, that you ſhould fear he would ſet upon ſuch furious beaſts? Ah, ſir! ſaid Sancho, he is not mad, but woun-

dy venturſome. Well, reply'd the gentleman, I'll take care there ſhall be no harm done; and with that advancing up to Don Quixote, who was urging the lion-keeper to open the cage; Sir, ſaid he, knights-errant ought to engage in adventures, from which there may be ſome hopes of coming off with ſafety, but not in ſuch as are altogether deſperate; for that courage which borders on temerity, is more like madneſs than true fortitude. Beſides, theſe lions are not come againſt you, but ſent as a preſent to the king, and therefore it is not the beſt way to detain them, or ſtop the waggon. Pray, ſweet ſir, reply'd Don Quixote, go and amuſe yourſelf with your tame partridges and your ferrets, and leave every one to his own buſineſs. This is mine, and I know beſt whether theſe worthy lions are ſent againſt me or no. Then turning about to the keeper, Sirrah! you raſcal you, ſaid he, either open the cages immediately, or I vow to *——I'll pin thee to the waggon with this lance.

Good ſir, (cry'd the waggoner, ſeeing this ſtrange apparition in armour ſo reſolute) for mercy's ſake do but let me take out our mules firſt, and get out of harm's way with them as faſt as I can, before the lions get out; for if they ſhould once ſet upon the poor beaſts, I ſhould be undone for ever; for alas! that cart and they are all I have in the world to get a living with. Thou man of little faith, ſaid Don Quixote, take them

* In Spaniſh, it is *voto a tal*, which is an offer to ſwear, but our knight ſtops without going on with the oath.

out quickly then, and go with them where thou wilt; though thou ſhalt preſently ſee that thy precaution was needleſs, and thou might'ſt have ſpared thy pains The waggoner upon this made all the haſte he could to take out his mules, while the keeper cry'd out as loud as he was able, Bear witneſs, all ye that are here preſent, that it is againſt my will I'm forced to open the cages and let looſe the lions; and that I proteſt to this gentleman here, that he ſhall be anſwerable for all the miſchief and damage they may do; together with the loſs of my ſalary and fees. And now, ſirs, ſhift for yourſelves as faſt as you can, before I open the cages: for, as for myſelf, I know the lions will do me no harm.

Once more the gentleman try'd to diſſuade Don Quixote from doing ſo mad a thing; telling him, that he tempted heaven, in expoſing himſelf without reaſon to ſo great a danger. To this Don Quixote made no other anſwer, but that he knew what he had to do. Conſider however what you do, reply'd the gentleman, for it is moſt certain that you are very much miſtaken. Well, ſir, ſaid Don Quixote, if you care not to be ſpectator of an action, which you think is like to be tragical, e'en ſet ſpurs to your mare, and provide for your ſafety. Sancho hearing this, came up to his maſter with tears in his eyes, and begg'd him not to go about this fearful undertaking, to which the adventure of the wind-mills, and the fulling-mills, and all the brunts he had ever born in his life, were but childrens play. Good your worſhip, cry'd he, do but mind, here's

no inchantment in the caſe, nor any thing like it. Alack-a-day! ſir, I peep'd even now through the grates of the cage, and I'm ſure I ſaw the claw of a true lion, and ſuch a claw as makes me think the lion that owns it muſt be as big as a mountain. Alas poor fellow! ſaid Don Quixote, thy fear will make him as big as half the world. Retire, Sancho, and leave me, and if I chance to fall here, thou know'ſt our old agreement; repair to Dulcinea, I ſay no more. To this he added ſome expreſſions, which cut off all hopes of his giving over his mad deſign.

The gentleman in the green would have oppos'd him, but conſidering the other was much better arm'd, and that it was not prudence to encounter a madman, he even took the opportunity while Don Quixote was ſtorming at the keeper, to march off with his mare, as Sancho did with Dapple, and the carter with his mules, every one making the beſt of their way to get as far as they could from the waggon, before the lions were let looſe. Poor Sancho at the ſame time made ſad lamentations for his maſter's death; for he gave him for loſt, not queſtioning but the lions had already got him into their clutches. He curs'd his ill fortune, and the hour he came again to his ſervice; but for all his wailing and lamenting, he punch'd on poor Dapple, to get as far as he could from the lions. The keeper, perceiving the perſons who fled to be at a good diſtance, fell to arguing and intreating Don Quixote as he had done before. But the knight told him again, that all his

reaſons and intreaties were but in vain, and bid him ſay no more, but immediately diſpatch.

Now while the keeper took time to open the foremoſt cage, Don Quixote ſtood debating with himſelf, whether he had beſt make his attack on foot or on horſeback; and upon mature deliberation, he reſolved to do it on foot, leſt Rozinante, not us'd to lions, ſhould be put into diſorder. Accordingly he quitted his horſe, threw aſide his lance, graſp'd his ſhield, and drew his ſword; then advancing with a deliberate motion, and an undaunted heart, he poſted himſelf juſt before the door of the cage, commending himſelf to heaven, and afterwards to his lady Dulcinea.

Here the author of this faithful hiſtory could not forbear breaking the thread of his narration, and, rais'd by wonder to rapture and enthuſiaſm, makes the following exclamation. O thou moſt magnanimous hero! Brave and unutterably bold Don Quixote de la Mancha! Thou mirror and grand exemplar of valour! Thou ſecond, and new Don Emanuel de Leon, the late glory and honour of all Spaniſh cavaliers! What words, what colours ſhall I uſe to expreſs, to paint in equal lines, this aſtoniſhing deed of thine! What language ſhall I employ to convince poſterity of the truth of this thy more than human enterpriſe! What praiſes can be coined, and elogies invented, that will not be outvied by thy ſuperior merit, though hyperboles were piled on hyperboles! Thou, alone, on foot, intrepid and magnanimous, with nothing but a ſword, and that none of the ſharpeſt, with thy ſingle ſhield, and that

none of the brighteſt, ſtood'ſt ready to receive and encounter the ſavage force of two vaſt lions, as fierce as ever roared within the Lybian deſerts. Then let thy own unrival'd deeds, that beſt can ſpeak thy praiſe, amaze the world, and fill the mouth of fame, brave champion of La Mancha: while I am obliged to leave off the high theme, for want of vigour to maintain the flight. Here ended the author's exclamation, and the hiſtory goes on.

The keeper obſerving the poſture Don Quixote had put himſelf in, and that it was not poſſible for him to prevent letting out the lions, without incurring the reſentment of the deſperate knight, ſet the door of the foremoſt cage wide open; where, as I have ſaid, the male lion lay, who appeared of a monſtrous bigneſs, and of a hideous, frightful aſpect. The firſt thing he did was to roll and turn himſelf round in his cage; in the next place he ſtretch'd out one of his paws, put forth his claws, and rouz'd himſelf. After that he gap'd and yawn'd for a good while, and ſhew'd his dreadful fangs, and then thruſt out half a yard of broad tongue, and with it lick'd the duſt out of his eyes and face. Having done this, he thruſt his head quite out of the cage, and ſtar'd about with his eyes that look'd like two live coals of fire; a ſight and motion, enough to have ſtruck terror into temerity itſelf. But Don Quixote only regarded it with attention, wiſhing his grim adverſary would leap out of his hold, and come within his reach, that he might exerciſe his valour, and cut the monſter piece-meal. To this height of extrava-

gance had his folly tranſported him; but the generous lion, more gentle than arrogant, taking no notice of his vapouring and bravado's, after he had look'd about him a while, turn'd his tail, and having ſhew'd Don Quixote his poſteriors, very contentedly laid down again in his apartment. Don Quixote ſeeing this, commanded the keeper to rouze him with his pole, and force him out whether he would or no. Not I, indeed ſir, anſwer'd the keeper; I dare not do it for my life; for if I provoke him, I'm ſure to be the firſt he'll tear to pieces. Let me adviſe you, ſir, to be ſatisfy'd with your day's work. 'Tis as much as the braveſt he that wears a head can pretend to do. Then pray go no farther, I beſeech you: the door ſtands open, the lion's at his choice, whether he will come out or no. You have waited for him, you ſee he does not care to look you in the face, and ſince he did not come out at the firſt, I dare engage he will not ſtir out this day. You have ſhewn enough the greatneſs of your courage. No man is obliged to do more than challenge his enemy, and wait for him in the field. If he comes not, that's his own fault, and the ſcandal is his, as the honour the challenger's. It is true, reply'd Don Quixote. Come, ſhut the cage-door, honeſt friend, and give me a certificate under thy hand in the ampleſt form thou can'ſt deviſe, of what thou haſt ſeen me perform; how thou didſt open the cage for the lion; how I expected his coming, and he did not come out. How, upon his not coming out then, I ſtay'd his own time, and inſtead of meeting me, he turned tail and lay down. I am oblig'd to do no

more. So, inchantments avant! and heaven proſper truth, juſtice, and knight-errantry! Shut the door, as I bid thee, while I make ſigns to thoſe that ran away from us, and get them to come back, that they may have an account of this exploit from thy own mouth.

The keeper obey'd, and Don Quixote clapping on the point of his lance the hankerchief, with which he had wip'd off the curds from his face, wav'd it in the air, and call'd as loud as he was able to the fugitives, who fled nevertheleſs, looking behind them all the way, and troop'd on in a body with the gentleman in green at the head of them. At laſt, Sancho obſerv'd the ſignal of the white flag, and calling out to the reſt, Hold, cry'd he, my maſter calls to us, I'll be hang'd if he has not got the better of the lions. At this they all faced about, and perceiv'd Don Quixote flouriſhing his enſign; whereupon recovering a little from their fright, they leiſurely rode back, till they could plainly diſtinguiſh Don Quixote's voice; and then they came up to the waggon. As ſoon as they were got near it, Come on, friend, ſaid he to the carter; put thy mules to the waggon again, and purſue thy journey; and Sancho do thou give him two ducats for the lion-keeper and himſelf, to make them amends for the time I have detained them. Ay, that I will with all my heart, quoth Sancho: but what's become of the lions? Are they dead or alive? Then the keeper very formally related the whole action, not failing to exaggerate, to the beſt of his ſkill, Don Quixote's courage: how at his ſight alone the lion was ſo terrify'd, that he neither would

nor durſt quit his ſtrong hold, though for that end his cage-door was kept open for a conſiderable time; and how at length upon his remonſtrating to the knight, who would have had the lion forced out, that it was preſuming too much upon heaven, he had permitted, though with great reluctancy, that the lion ſhould be ſhut up again. Well, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote to his ſquire, what doſt thou think of this? Can inchantment prevail over true fortitude? No, theſe magicians may perhaps rob me of ſucceſs, but never of my invincible greatneſs of mind. In ſhort, Sancho gave the waggoner and the keeper the two pieces. The firſt harneſs'd his mules, and the laſt thank'd Don Quixote for his noble bounty, and promis'd to acquaint the king himſelf with his heroic action when he came to court. Well, ſaid Don Quixote, if his majeſty ſhould chance to enquire who the perſon was that did this thing, tell him it was the knight of the Lions; a name I intend henceforth to take up, in lieu of that which I hitherto aſſum'd. of the knight of the Woful Figure: in which proceeding I do but conform to the antient cuſtom of knights-errant, who changed their names as often as they pleas'd, or as it ſuited with their advantage.

After this, the waggon made the beſt of its way, as Don Quixote, Sancho, and the gentleman in green did of theirs. The latter for a great while was ſo taken up with making his obſervations on Don Quixote, that he had not time to ſpeak a ſyllable; not knowing what opinion to have of a perſon, in whom he diſcover'd ſuch a mixture of good ſenſe and extravagance. He

was a ſtranger to the firſt part of his hiſtory; for had he read it, he could not have wonder'd either at his words or actions: but not knowing the nature of his madneſs, he took him to be wiſe and diſtracted by fits; ſince in his diſcourſe he ſtill expreſs'd himſelf juſtly and handſomely enough; but in his actions all was wild, extravagant, and unaccountable. For, ſaid the gentleman to himſelf, can there be any thing more fooliſh, than for this man to put on his helmet full of curds, and then believe them convey'd there by inchanters; or any thing more extravagant than forcibly to endeavour to fight with lions?

In the midſt of this ſoliloquy, Don Quixote interrupted him. Without doubt, ſir, ſaid he, you take me for a downright madman, and indeed my actions may ſeem to ſpeak me no leſs. But for all that give me leave to tell you, I am not ſo mad, nor is my underſtanding ſo defective, as I ſuppoſe you may fancy. What a noble figure does the gallant knight make, who in the midſt of ſome ſpacious place transfixes a furious bull with his lance* in the view of his prince! What a noble figure makes the knight, who before the ladies at a harmleſs tournament, comes prancing thro' the liſts inclos'd in ſhining ſteel; or thoſe court-champions, who in exerciſes of martial kind, or that at leaſt are ſuch in appearance, ſhew their activity: and though all they do is nothing but for recreation, are thought the ornament of

* The manner of riding at and killing bulls in the bull-feaſts in Spain.

a prince's court! But a much nobler figure is the knight-errant, who, fir'd with the thirſt of a glorious fame, wanders through deſerts, through ſolitary wilderneſſes, through woods, through croſs-ways, over mountains and valleys, in queſt of perilous adventures, reſolv'd to bring them to a happy concluſion. Yes, I ſay, a nobler figure is a knight-errant ſuccouring a widow in ſome depopulated place, than the court-knight making his addreſſes to the city-dames. Every knight has his particular employment. Let the courtier wait on the ladies; let him with ſplendid equipage adorn his prince's court, and with a magnificent table ſupport poor gentlemen. Let him give birth to feaſts and tournaments, and ſhew his grandeur, liberality, and munificence, and eſpecially his piety; in all theſe things he fulfils the duties of his ſtation. But as for the knight-errant, let him ſearch into all the corners of the world, enter into the moſt intricate labyrinths, and every hour be ready to attempt impoſſibility itſelf. Let him in deſolate wilds baffle the rigour of the weather, the ſcorching heat of the ſun's fierceſt beams, and the inclemency of winds and ſnow. Let lions never fright him, dragons daunt him, nor evil ſpirits deter him. To go in queſt of theſe, to meet, to dare, to conflict, and to overcome them all, is his principal and proper office. Since then my ſtars have decreed me to be one of thoſe adventurous knights, I think myſelf obliged to attempt every thing that ſeems to come within the verge of my profeſſion. This, ſir, engag'd me to encounter thoſe lions juſt now, judging it to be my immediate buſineſs,

though I was ſenſible of the extreme raſhneſs of the undertaking. For well I know, that valour is a virtue ſituate between the two vicious extremes of cowardice and temerity. But certainly it is not ſo ill for a valiant man to riſe to a degree of raſhneſs, as it is to fall ſhort and border upon cowardice. For as it is eaſier for a prodigal to become liberal, than a miſer; ſo it is eaſier for the hardy and raſh perſon to be reduced to true bravery, than for the coward ever to riſe to that virtue. And therefore in thus attempting adventures, believe me, ſignor Don Diego, it is better to exceed the bounds a little, and overdo, rather than underdo the thing; becauſe it ſounds better in people's ears to hear it ſaid, how that ſuch a knight is raſh and hardy, than ſuch a knight is daſtardly and timorous.

For my part, ſir, anſwer'd Don Diego, I think all you have ſaid and done is agreeable to the exacteſt rules of reaſon; and I believe, if the laws and ordinances of knight-errantry were loſt, they might be all recover'd from you, your breaſt ſeeming to be the ſafe repoſitory and archive where they are lodged. But it grows late, let us make a little more haſte to get to our village, and to my habitation, where you may reſt yourſelf after the fatigues, which doubtleſs you have ſuſtain'd, if not in body, at leaſt in mind, whoſe pains often afflict the body too. Sir, anſwer'd Don Quixote, I eſteem your offer as a ſingular favour; and ſo putting on a little faſter than they had done before, about two in the afternoon they reach'd the village, and got to the

houſe of Don Diego, whom now Don Quixote called the knight of the Green coat.

## CHAP. XVIII.

*How Don Quixote was entertained at the caſtle or houſe of the knight of the Green Coat, with other extravagant paſſages.*

DON Quixote found, that Don Diego de Miranda's houſe was ſpacious after the country manner; the arms of the family were over the gate in rough ſtone, the buttery in the fore-yard, the cellar under the porch, and all around ſeveral great jars of that ſort commonly made at Toboſo; the ſight of which bringing to his remembrance his inchanted and transform'd Dulcinea, he heav'd a deep ſigh, and neither minding what he ſaid, nor who was by, broke out into the following exclamation.

* O! pledges, once my comfort and relief,
Though pleaſing ſtill, diſcover'd now with grief.

O ye Toboſian urns, that awaken in my mind the thoughts of the ſweet pledge of my moſt bitter ſorrows! Don Diego's ſon, who, as it has been ſaid, was a ſtudent, and poetically inclin'd, heard theſe words as he came with his mother to welcome him home; and, as well as ſhe, was not a little ſurpriz'd to ſee what a ſtrange creature his father had brought with him. Don

* 'O dulces prendas,' the beginning of a ſonnet in the Diana of Montemayor.

Quixote alighted from Rozinante, and very courteouſly deſir'd to kiſs her ladyſhip's hands. Madam, ſaid Don Diego, this gentleman is the noble Don Quixote de la Mancha, the wiſeſt, and moſt valiant knight-errant in the world; pray let him find a welcome ſuitable to his merit, and your uſual civility. Thereupon Donna Chriſtina (for that was the lady's name) receiv'd him very kindly, and with great marks of reſpect; to which Don Quixote made a proper and handſome return; and then almoſt the ſame compliments paſs'd between him and the young gentleman, whom Don Quixote judg'd by his words to be a man of wit and ſenſe.

Here the author inſerts a long deſcription of every particular in Don Diego's houſe, giving us an inventory of all the goods and chattels, and every circumſtance peculiar to the houſe of a rich country gentleman; but the tranſlator preſum'd that it would be better to omit theſe little things, and ſuch like inſignificant matters, being foreign to the main ſubject of this hiſtory, which ought to be more grounded on material truth, than cold and inſipid digreſſions.

Don Quixote was brought into a fair room, where Sancho took off his armour, and then the knight appeared in a pair of cloſe breeches, and a doublet of ſhamoy-leather, all beſmear'd with the ruſt of his armour. About his neck he wore a plain band, unſtarch'd, after the manner of a ſtudent; about his legs ſad-colour'd ſpatter-daſhes, and on his feet a pair of wax-leather ſhoes. He hung his truſty ſword by his ſide in a belt of a ſea-wolf's ſkin; which makes many of opinion he

had been long troubled with a pain in the kidneys. Over all this he clapp'd on a long cloak of good ruſſet-cloth. But firſt of all he waſh'd his head and face in five kettle-fulls of water, if not in ſix; for as to the exact number there is ſome diſpute. And it is obſervable, that the water ſtill retain'd a tincture of whey: thanks to Sancho's gluttony, that had made him clap into his maſter's helmet thoſe diſmal curds, that ſo contaminated his awful head and face. In this dreſs the knight, with a graceful and ſprightly air, walked into another room, where Don Lorenzo, the young gentleman whom we have already mention'd, waited his coming, to keep him company till the cloth was laid; the miſtreſs of the houſe being gone in the meantime to provide a handſome entertainment, that might convince her gueſt ſhe underſtood how to make thoſe welcome that came to her houſe. But before the knight was ready, Don Lorenzo had leiſure to diſcourſe his father about him. Pray, ſir, ſaid he, who is this gentleman you have brought with you? Conſidering his name, his aſpect, and the title of knight-errant, which you give him, neither my mother nor I can tell what to think of him. Truly, ſon, anſwer'd Don Diego, I don't know what to ſay to you; all that I can inform you of, is, that I have ſeen him play the maddeſt pranks in the world, and yet ſay a thouſand ſenſible things that contradict his actions. But diſcourſe him yourſelf, and feel the pulſe of his underſtanding; make uſe of your ſenſe to judge of his: though to tell you the truth, I believe his folly exceeds his diſcretion.

Don Lorenzo then went to entertain Don Quixote, and after ſome diſcourſe had paſs'd between them, Sir, ſaid the knight, I am not wholly a ſtranger to your merit; Don Diego de Miranda, your father, has given me to underſtand you are a perſon of excellent parts, and eſpecially a great poet. Sir, anſwer'd the young gentleman, I may perhaps pretend to poetry, but never to be a great poet. It is true, I am ſomewhat given to rhiming, and love to read good authors; but I am very far from deſerving to be thought one of their number. I do not miſlike your modeſty, reply'd Don Quixote; it is a virtue not often found among poets, for almoſt every one of them thinks himſelf the greateſt in the world. There is no rule without an exception, ſaid Don Lorenzo; and it is not impoſſible but there may be one who may deſerve the name, though he does not think ſo himſelf. That's very unlikely, reply'd Don Quixote. But pray, ſir, tell me what verſes are thoſe that your father ſays you are ſo puzzled about? If it ſhould be what we call a gloſs or a paraphraſe, I underſtand ſomething of that way of writing, and ſhould be glad to ſee it. If the compoſition be deſign'd for a poetical prize, I would adviſe you only to put in for the ſecond; for the firſt always goes by favour, and is rather granted to the great quality of the author than to his merit; but as to the next, it is adjudg'd to the moſt deſerving; ſo that the third may in a manner be eſteem'd the ſecond, and the firſt no more than the third, according to the methods us'd in our univerſities of giving degrees. And yet, after all, 'tis no ſmall mat-

ter to gain the honour of being call'd the firſt. Hitherto all's well, thought Don Lorenzo to himſelf, I can't think thee mad yet; let's go on——With that addreſſing himſelf to Don Quixote, Sir, ſaid he, you ſeem to me to have frequented the ſchools; pray what ſcience has been your particular ſtudy? That of knight-errantry, anſwer'd Don Quixote, which is as good as that of poetry, and ſomewhat better too. I don't know what ſort of a ſcience that is, ſaid Don Lorenzo, nor indeed did I ever hear of it before. It is a ſcience, anſwer'd Don Quixote, that includes in itſelf all the other ſciences in the world, or at leaſt the greateſt part of them: whoever profeſſes it, ought to be learned in the laws, and underſtand diſtributive and commutative juſtice, in order to right all mankind. He ought to be a divine, to give a reaſon of his faith, and vindicate his religion by dint of argument. He ought to be ſkill'd in phyſic, eſpecially in the botanic part of it, that he may know the nature of ſimples, and have recourſe to thoſe herbs that can cure wounds; for a knight-errant muſt not expect to find ſurgeons in the woods and deſerts. He muſt be an aſtronomer, to underſtand the motions of the celeſtial orbs, and find out by the ſtars the hour of the night, and the longitude and latitude of the climate on which fortune throws him: and he ought to be well inſtructed in all the other parts of the mathematics, that ſcience being of conſtant uſe to a profeſſor of arms, on many accounts too numerous to be related. I need not tell you, that all the divine and moral virtues muſt center in his mind. To deſcend to

leſs material qualifications; he muſt be able to ſwim like a fiſh, know how to ſhoe a horſe, mend a ſaddle or bridle: and returning to higher matters, he ought to be inviolably devoted to heaven and his miſtreſs, chaſte in his thoughts, modeſt in words, and liberal and valiant in deeds; patient in afflictions, charitable to the poor; and finally, a maintainer of truth, though it coſt him his life to defend it. Theſe are the endowments to conſtitute a good knight-errant; and now, ſir, be you a judge, whether the profeſſors of chivalry have an eaſy task to perform, and whether ſuch a ſcience may not ſtand in competition with the moſt celebrated and beſt of thoſe that are taught in colleges? If it be ſo, anſwer'd Don Lorenzo, I ſay it deſerves the pre-eminence over all other ſciences. What do you mean, ſir, by that, If it be ſo? cry'd Don Quixote. I mean, ſir, reply'd Don Lorenzo, that I doubt whether there are now, or ever were, any knights-errant, eſpecially with ſo many rare accompliſhments. This makes good what I have often ſaid, anſwer'd Don Quixote: moſt people will not be perſuaded there ever were any knights-errant in the world. Now, ſir, becauſe I verily believe, that unleſs heaven will work ſome miracle to convince them that there have been, and ſtill are knights-errant, thoſe incredulous perſons are too much wedded to their opinion to admit ſuch a belief; I will not now loſe time to endeavour to let you ſee how much you and they are miſtaken; all I deſign to do, is only to beſeech heaven to convince you of your being in an error, that you may ſee how uſeful knights-errant were in former

ages, and the vaſt advantages that would reſult in ours from the aſſiſtance of men of that profeſſion. But now effeminacy, ſloth, luxury, and ignoble pleaſures, triumph, for the puniſhment of our ſins. Now, ſaid Don Lorenzo to himſelf, our gentleman has already betray'd his blind ſide; but yet he gives a colour of reaſon to his extravagance, and I were a fool ſhould I think otherwiſe. Here they were called to dinner, which ended the diſcourſe: and at that time Don Diego taking his ſon aſide, aſk'd him what he thought of the ſtranger? I think, ſir, ſaid Don Lorenzo, that it is not in the power of all the phyſicians in the world to cure his diſtemper. He is mad paſt recovery, but yet he has lucid intervals. In ſhort, they din'd, and their entertainment prov'd ſuch as the old gentleman had told the knight he us'd to give his gueſts, neat, plentiful, and well-order'd. But that which Don Quixote moſt admir'd, was, the extraordinary ſilence he obſerv'd thro' the whole houſe, as if it had been a monaſtery of mute Carthuſians.

The cloth being removed, grace ſaid, and hands waſh'd, Don Quixote earneſtly deſir'd Don Lorenzo to ſhew him the verſes he had wrote for the poetical prize. Well, ſir, anſwer'd he, becauſe I will not be like thoſe poets that are unwilling to ſhew their verſes when intreated to do it, but will tire you with them when nobody deſires it, I'll ſhew you my gloſs or paraphraſe, which I did not write with a deſign to get a prize, but only to exerciſe my muſe. I remember, ſaid Don Quixote, a friend of mine, a man of ſenſe, once told me, he

would not adviſe any one to break his brains about that ſort of compoſition; and he gave me this reaſon for't, that the gloſs or comment could never come up to the theme; ſo far from it, that moſt commonly it left it altogether, and run contrary to the thought of the author. Beſides he ſaid, that the rules to which cuſtom ties up the compoſers of thoſe elaborate amuſements are too ſtrict, allowing no interrogations, no ſuch interjections as *ſaid he*, or *ſhall I ſay;* no changing of nouns into verbs; nor any altering of the ſenſe: beſides ſeveral other confinements that cramp up thoſe who puzzle their brains with ſuch a crabbed way of gloſſing, as you yourſelf, ſir, without doubt muſt know. Really, ſignior Don Quixote, ſaid Don Lorenzo, I would fain catch you tripping, but you ſtill ſlip from me like an eel. I don't know, ſir, reply'd Don Quixote, what you mean by your *ſlipping*. I'll tell you another time, anſwer'd the young gentleman; in the mean while be pleas'd to hear the theme and paraphraſe, which is this.

## THE THEME.

COULD I recall departed joy,
Though barr'd the hopes of greater gain,
Or now the future hours employ,
That muſt ſucceed my preſent pain!

## The GLOSS or PARAPHRASE.

I.

ALL fortune's bleſſings diſappear,
She's fickle as the wind;
And now I find her as ſevere,
As once I thought her kind.
How ſoon the fleeting pleaſure's paſt!
How long the ling'ring ſorrows laſt!
Unconſtant goddeſs, thro' thy hate,
Do not thy proſtrate ſlave deſtroy,
I'd ne'er complain, but bleſs my fate,
" Could I recall departed joy.

II.

Of all thy gifts I beg but this,
Glut all mankind with more;
Tranſport them with redoubled bliſs,
But only mine reſtore,
With thought of pleaſure once poſſeſs'd,
I'm now as curs'd as I was bleſs'd;
Oh would the charming hour return,
How pleas'd I'd live, how free from pain!
I ne'er would pine, I ne'er would mourn,
" Tho' barr'd the hopes of greater gain.

III.

But oh! the bleſſing I implore,
Not fate itſelf can give!
Since time elaps'd exiſts no more,
No pow'r can bid it live.

Our days ſoon vaniſh into nought,
And have no being but in thought.
Whate'er began muſt end at laſt;
In vain we twice would youth enjoy;
In vain would we recal the paſt,
" Or now the future hours employ.

IV.

Deceiv'd by hope, and rack'd by fear,
No longer life can pleaſe.
I'll then no more its torments bear,
Since death ſo ſoon can eaſe.
This hour I'll die—But let me pauſe—
A riſing doubt my courage awes.
Aſſiſt ye pow'rs, that rule my fate,
Alarm my thoughts, my rage refrain,
Convince my ſoul there's yet a ſtate
" That muſt ſucceed my preſent pain.

As ſoon as Don Lorenzo had read over his par
phraſe, Don Quixote roſe from his ſeat, and takin
him by the hand, By the higheſt manſions in the ſkie
cry'd the knight aloud, noble youth, you're the be
poet in the world, and deſerve to be crown'd with la
rel, not at Cyprus or Gaeta, as a certain poet fai
whom heaven forgive, but at the univerſity of Athe
were it ſtill in being, and at thoſe of Paris, Bologn
and Salamanca. May thoſe judges, that deny you t
honour of the firſt prize, be ſhot with arrows by t
god of verſe, and may the muſes abhor to come wit
their houſes. Pray, ſir, if I may beg that favour,

me hear you read one of your loftieſt productions, for I deſire to have a full taſte of your admirable genius. I need not tell you that Don Lorenzo was mightily pleas'd to hear himſelf prais'd by Don Quixote, though he believ'd him to be mad. So bewitching and welcome a thing is adulation, even from thoſe we at other times deſpiſe. Don Lorenzo verify'd this truth, by his ready compliance with Don Quixote's requeſt, and recited to him the following ſonnet, on the ſtory of Pyramus and Thisbe.

## PYRAMUS and THISBE. A SONNET.

SEE how, to bleſs the loving boy,
The nymph for whom he burns with equal fires
Pierces the wall that parts them from their joy,
While hovering love prompts, gazes, and admires.

The trembling maid in whiſpers and in ſighs
Dares hardly breathe the paſſion ſhe betrays:
But ſilence ſpeaks, and love thro' raviſh'd eyes,
Their thoughts, their flames, their very ſouls conveys.

Wild with deſires, they ſally out at laſt,
But quickly find their ruin in their haſte:
And raſhly loſe all pleaſure in deſpair.
O ſtrange miſchance! But do not fortune blame;
Love join'd them firſt, then death, the grave and fame:
What loving wretch a nobler fate would ſhare!

Now heaven be prais'd, ſaid Don Quixote, when Don Lorenzo had made an end! Among the infinite number of inſipid men of rhime, I have at laſt found a man of rhime and reaſon, and, in a word, an abſolute poet.

Don Quixote ſtay'd four days at Don Diego's houſe, and, during all that time, met with a very generous entertainment. However, he then deſired his leave to go, and return'd him a thouſand thanks for his kind reception; letting him know, that the duty of his profeſſion did not admit of his ſtaying any longer out of action; and therefore he deſign'd to go in queſt of adventures, which he knew were plentifully to be found in that part of Spain; and that he would employ his time in that, till the tilts and tournaments began at Saragoſa, to which place it was now his chief intent to go. However, he would firſt go to Monteſino's cave, about which ſo many wonderful ſtories were told in thoſe parts; and there he would endeavour to explore and diſcover the ſource and original ſprings of the ſeven lakes, commonly called the lakes of Ruydera. Don Diego and his ſon highly commended his noble reſolution, and deſired him to command whatever their houſe afforded, aſſuring him he was ſincerely welcome to do it; the reſpect they had for his honourable profeſſion, and his particular merit, obliging them to do him all manner of ſervice. In ſhort, the day of his departure came, a day of joy and gladneſs to Don Quixote, but of grief and ſadneſs to poor Sancho, who had no mind to change his quarters, and liked the good cheer and

plenty at Don Diego's houſe, much better than his ſhort hungry commons in foreſts and deſerts, the ſorry pittance of his ill-ſtored wallets, which he however crammed and ſtuffed with what he thought could beſt make the change of his condition tolerable.

And now Don Quixote taking his leave of Don Lorenzo, Sir, ſaid he, I don't know whether I have already ſaid it to you, but if I have, give me leave to repeat it once more, that if you are ambitious of climbing up to the difficult, and in a manner inacceſſible, ſummit of the temple of fame, your ſureſt way is to leave on one hand the narrow path of poetry, and follow the narrower track of knight-errantry, which in a trice may raiſe you to an imperial throne. With theſe words, Don Quixote ſeemed to have ſummed up the whole evidence of his madneſs. However, he could not conclude without adding ſomething more. Heaven knows, ſaid he, how willingly I would take Don Lorenzo with me, to inſtruct him in thoſe virtues that are annexed to the employment I profeſs, to ſpare the humble, and cruſh the proud and haughty. But ſince his tender years do not qualify him for the hardſhips of that life, and his laudable exerciſes detain him, I muſt reſt contented with letting you know, that one way to acquire fame in poetry, is, to be govern'd by other men's judgment more than your own: for it is natural to fathers and mothers not to think their own children ugly; and this error is no where ſo common as in the offspring of the mind.

Don Diego and his ſon were again ſurpriſed to hear

this medley of good ſenſe and extravagance, and to find the poor gentleman ſo ſtrongly bent on the queſt of his unlucky adventures, the only aim and object of his deſires. After this, and many complements, and mutual reiterations of offers of ſervice, Don Quixote having taken leave of the lady of the caſtle, he on Rozinante, aud Sancho on Dapple, ſet out, and purſued their journey.

## CHAP. XIX.

*The adventure of the amorous ſhepherd, and other truly comical paſſages.*

DON Quixote had not travelled far, when he was overtaken by two men that looked like ſtudents or eccleſiaſtics, with two farmers, all mounted upon aſſes. One of the ſcholars had behind him a ſmall bundle of linen, and two pair of ſtockings, truſſed up in green buckram like a portmanteau; the other had no other luggage but a couple of foils and a pair of fencing pumps. And the husbandmen had a parcel of other things, which ſhew'd, that having made their market at ſome adjacent town, they were now returning home with their ware. They all admir'd (as indeed all others did that ever beheld him) what kind of a fellow Don Quixote was, ſeeing him make a figure ſo different from any thing they had ever ſeen.

The knight ſaluted them, and perceiving their road lay the ſame way, offer'd them his company, intreating them however to move an eaſier pace, becauſe their

aſſes went faſter than his horſe; and to engage them the more, he gave them a hint of his circumſtances and profeſſion; that he was a knight errant travelling round the world in queſt of adventures; that his proper name was Don Quixote de la Mancha, but his titular denomination, the knight of the Lions.

All this was Greek, or pedlar's French to the country-men; but the ſtudents preſently found out his blind ſide. However, with a reſpectful diſtance, Sir knight, ſaid one of them, if you are not fix'd to any ſet ſtage, as perſons of your function ſeldom are, let us beg the honour of your company; and you ſhall be entertain'd with one of the fineſt and moſt ſumptuous weddings, that ever was ſeen, either in La Mancha, or many leagues round it. The nuptials of ſome young prince, I preſume? ſaid Don Quixote. No, ſir, anſwer'd the other, but of a yeoman's ſon, and a neighbour's daughter; he the richeſt in all this country, and ſhe the handſomeſt you ever ſaw. The entertainment at the wedding will be new and extraordinary, it is to be kept in a meadow near the village where the bride lives. They call her Quiteria the handſome, by reaſon of her beauty; and the bridegroom Camacho the rich, on account of his wealth. They are well match'd as to age, for ſhe draws towards eighteen, and he is about two and twenty, though ſome nice folks, that have all the pedigrees in the world in their heads, will tell ye, that the bride comes of a better family than he; but that's not minded now-a-days, for money you know will hide many faults. And indeed, this fame Cama-

cho is as free as a prince, and deſigns to ſpare no coſt upon his wedding. He has taken a fancy to get the meadow ſhaded with boughs, that are to cover it like an arbour, ſo that the ſun will have much ado to peep thro', and viſit the green graſs underneath. There are alſo provided for the diverſion of the company, ſeveral ſorts of antics and morrice-dancers, ſome with ſwords, and ſome with bells; for there are young fellows in his village can manage them cleverly. I ſay nothing of thoſe that play tricks with the ſoles of their ſhoes when they dance, leaving that to the judgment of the gueſts. But nothing that I've told or might tell you of this wedding, is like to make it ſo remarkable as the things which I imagine poor Baſil's deſpair will do.

This Baſil is a young fellow, that lives next door to Quiteria's father. Hence love took occaſion to give birth to an amour, like that of old, between Pyramus and Thisbe; for Baſil's love grew up with him from a child, and ſhe encouraged his paſſion with all the kind return that modeſty could grant; inſomuch, that the mutual affection of the two little ones was the common talk of the village. But Quiteria coming to years of maturity, her father began to deny Baſil the uſual acceſs to his houſe; and to cut off his farther pretence, declared his reſolution of marrying her to Camacho, who is indeed his ſuperior in eſtate, though far ſhort of him in all other qualifications; for Baſil, to give the devil his due, is the cleverеſt fellow we have; he'll pitch ye a bar, wreſtle, or play at tennis with the beſt he in the country; he runs like a ſtag, leaps like a buck,

plays at nine-pins ſo well, you'd think he tips them down by witchcraft; ſings like a lark; touches a guitar ſo rarely, he even makes it ſpeak; and to compleat his perfections, he handles a ſword like a fencer. For that very ſingle qualification, ſaid Don Quixote, he deſerves not only Quiteria the handſome, but a princeſs; nay, queen Guinever herſelf, were ſhe now living, in ſpight of ſir Lancelot and all that would oppoſe it. Well, quoth Sancho, who had been ſilent, and liſt'ning all the while, my wife us'd to tell me, ſhe would have every one marry with their match. Like to like, quoth the devil to the collier, and every ſow to her own trough, as t'other ſaying is. As for my part, all I would have is, that honeſt Baſil e'en marry her! for methinks I have a huge liking to the young man, and ſo heaven bleſs them together, ſay I, and a murrain ſeize thoſe that will ſpoil a good match between thoſe that love one another! Nay, ſaid Don Quixote, if marriage ſhould be always the conſequence of mutual love, what would become of the prerogative of parents, and their authority over their children? if young girls might always chuſe their own husbands, we ſhould have the beſt families intermarry with coachmen and grooms; and young heireſſes would throw themſelves away upon the firſt wild young fellows, whoſe promiſing outſides and aſſurance make them ſet up for fortunes, though all their ſtock conſiſts in impudence. For the underſtanding which alone ſhould diſtinguiſh and chuſe in theſe caſes as in all others, is apt to be blinded or biaſſed by love and affection; and matrimony is ſo nice and cri-

tical a point, that it requires not only our own cautious management, but even the direction of a ſuperior power to chuſe right. Whoever undertakes a long journey, if he be wiſe, makes it his buſineſs to find out an agreeable companion. How cautious then ſhould he be, who is to take a journey for life, whoſe fellow-traveller muſt not part with him but at the grave; his companion at bed and board, and ſharer of all the pleaſures and fatigues of his journey; as the wife muſt be to the husband! She is no ſuch ſort of ware, that a man can be rid of when he pleaſes: when once that's purchaſed, no exchange, no ſale, no alienation can be made: ſhe is an inſeparable accident to man. Marriage is a nooſe, which, faſtened about the neck, runs the cloſer, and ſits more uneaſy by our ſtruggling to get looſe: it is a Gordian knot which none can unty and being twiſted with our thread of life, nothing but the ſcythe of death can cut it. I could dwell longer on this ſubject, but that I long to know from the gentleman, whether he can tell us any thing more of Baſil?

All I can tell you, ſaid the ſtudent, is, that he's in the caſe of all deſperate lovers; ſince the moment he heard of this intended marriage, he has never been ſeen to ſmile or talk rationally; he is in a deep melancholy, that might indeed rather be call'd a dozing frenzy; he talks to himſelf, and ſeems out of his ſenſes; he hardly eats or ſleeps, and lives like a ſavage in the open fields; his only ſuſtenance a little fruit, and his only bed the hard ground; ſometimes he lifts up his eyes to heaven, then fixes them on the ground, and in either poſture

ſtands like a ſtatue. In ſhort, he is reduced to that condition, that we who are his acquaintance verily believe, that the conſummation of this wedding to-morrow will be attended by his death. Heaven forbid; marry and amen, cry'd Sancho! who can tell what may happen? He that gives a broken head can give a plaiſter. This is one day, but to-morrow is another, and ſtrange things may fall out in the roaſting of an egg. After a ſtorm comes a calm. Many a man that went to bed well, has found himſelf dead in the morning when he awak'd. Who can put a ſpoke in fortune's wheel? no body here I am ſure. Between a woman's yea and nay, I would not engage to put a pin's point, ſo cloſe they be one to another. If Mrs. Quiteria love Mr. Baſil, ſhe'll give Camacho the bag to hold; for this ſame love, they ſay, looks through ſpectacles, that makes copper look like gold, a cart like a coach, and a ſhrimp like a lobſter. Whither in the name of ill luck art thou running now Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote? When thou fall'ſt to threading thy proverbs and old wives ſayings, the devil (who I wiſh had thee) can't ſtop thee. What doſt thou know, poor animal, of fortune, or her wheel, or any thing elſe? Why truly, ſir, quoth Sancho, if you don't underſtand me, no wonder if my ſentences be thought nonſenſe. But let that paſs, I underſtand myſelf; and I'm ſure I han't talk'd ſo much like a ninny. But you forſooth are ſo ſharp a cricket. A critic, blockhead, ſaid Don Quixote, thou confounded corrupter of human ſpeech? By yea, and by nay, quoth Sancho, what makes you ſo angry, ſir? I was

never brought up at ſchool nor varſity, to know when I murder a hard word. I was never at court to learn to ſpell, ſir. Some are born in one town, ſome in another; one at St. Jago, another at Toledo; and even there all are not ſo nicely ſpoken. You are in the right, friend, ſaid the ſtudent. Thoſe natives of that city, who live among the tanners, or about the market of Zocodover, and are confin'd to mean converſation, cannot ſpeak ſo well as thoſe that frequent the polite part of the town, and yet they are all of Toledo. But propriety, purity, and elegance of ſtyle, may be found among men of breeding and judgment, let them be born where they will, for their judgment is the grammar of good language, though practice and example will go a great way. As for my part, I have had the happineſs of good education; it has been my fortune to ſtudy the civil law at Salamanca, and I have made it my buſineſs all along to expreſs myſelf properly, neither like a ruſtic nor a pedant. Ay, ay, ſir, ſaid the other ſtudent, your parts might have qualify'd you for a maſter of arts degree, had you not miſemploy'd them in minding ſo much thoſe fooliſh foils you carry about with you, and that make you lag behind your juniors. Look you, good ſir batchelor, ſaid the other, your mean opinion of theſe foils is erroneous and abſurd; for I can deduce the uſefulneſs of the art of fencing from ſeveral undeniable axioms. Pſhaw, ſaid Corchuelo, for ſo was the other called, don't tell me of axioms: I'll fight you, ſir, at your own weapons. Here am I that underſtand neither quart nor tierce; but I have an arm,

I have ſtrength, and I have courage. Give me one of your foils, and in ſpite of all your diſtances, circles, falſifies, angles, and all other terms of your art, I'll ſhew you there's nothing in't, and will make reaſon glitter in your eyes. That man breathes not vital air that I will turn my back on. And he muſt have more than human force, that can ſtand his ground againſt me. As for ſtanding ground, ſaid the artiſt, I won't be obliged to't But have a care, ſir, how you preſs upon a man of skill, for ten to one, at the very firſt advance, but he's in your body up to the hilt. I'll try that preſently, ſaid Corchuelo; and ſpringing briſkly from his aſs, ſnatch'd one of the foils which the ſtudent carry'd.

Hold, hold, ſir, ſaid Don Quixote, I will ſtand judge of the field, and ſee fair play on both ſides; and interpoſing with his lance, he alighted, and gave the artiſt time to put himſelf in his poſture, and take his diſtance. Then Corchuelo flew at him like a fury, helter ſkelter, cut and thruſt, backſtroke and foreſtroke, ſingle and double, and laid on like any lion. But the ſtudent ſtopp'd him in the middle of his career with ſuch a daub in the teeth, that he made Corchuelo foam at the mouth. He made him kiſs the button of his foil, as if it had been a relic, though not altogether with ſo much devotion. In ſhort, he told all the buttons of his ſhort caſſoc with pure clean thruſts, and made the skirts of it hang about him in rags like fiſh-tails. Twice he ſtruck of his hat, and in fine, ſo maul'd and tir'd him, that through perfect vexation Corchuelo took the foil by the hilt, and hurl'd it from him with ſuch violence,

that one of the countrymen that were by, happening to be a notary-public, has it upon record to this day, that he threw it almoſt three quarters of a league; which teſtimony has ſerv'd, and yet ſerves to let poſterity know that ſtrength is overcome by art.

At laſt Corchuelo, puffing and blowing, ſat down to reſt himſelf, and Sancho, coming up to him, Mr. Batchelor, quoth he, henceforwards take a fool's advice, and never challenge a man to fence, but to wreſtle or pitch the bar; you ſeem cut out for thoſe ſports: but this fencing is a tickliſh point, ſir, meddle no more with it; for I have heard ſome of your maſters of the ſcience ſay, they can hit the eye of a needle with the point of a ſword. Corchuelo acknowledg'd himſelf convinced of an error by experience, and embracing the artiſt, they became the better friends for this tilting. So, without ſtaying for the notary that went for the foil, and could not be back in a great while, they put on to the town where Quiteria liv'd, they all dwelling in the ſame village. By the way, the ſtudent held forth upon the excellency of the noble ſcience of defence, with ſo many plain and convincing reaſons, drawn from expreſſive figures and mathematical demonſtrations, that all were ſatisfy'd of the excellency of the art, and Corchuelo was reclaim'd from his incredulity.

It was now pretty dark; but before they got to the village, there appear'd an entire blazing conſtellation. Their ears were entertain'd with the pleaſing, but confus'd ſounds of ſeveral ſorts of muſic, drums, fiddles, pipes, tabors, and bells; and as they approached near-

er ſtill, they found a large arbour at the entrance of the town, ſtuck full of lights, which burnt undiſturb'd by the leaſt breeze of wind. The muſicians, which are the life and ſoul of diverſion at a wedding, went up and down in bands about the meadow. In ſhort, ſome danced, ſome ſung, ſome play'd, and mirth and jollity revell'd through that delicious ſeat of pleaſure. Others were employ'd in raiſing ſcaffolds for the better view of the ſhows and entertainments prepar'd for the happy Camacho's wedding, and likewiſe to ſolemnize poor Baſil's funeral. All the perſuaſions and endeavours of the ſtudents and countrymen could not move Don Quixote to enter the town; urging for his reaſon the cuſtom of knights-errant, who choſe to lodge in fields and foreſts, under the canopy of heaven, rather than in ſoft beds under a gilded roof; and therefore he left them, and went a little out of the road, full ſore againſt Sancho's will, who had not yet forgot the good lodging and entertainment he had at Don Diego's houſe or caſtle.

## CHAP. XX.

*An account of rich Camacho's wedding, and what befel poor Baſil.*

SCARCE had the fair Aurora given place to the refulgent ruler of the day, and given him time, with the heat of his prevailing rays, to dry the liquid pearls on his golden locks, when Don Quixote, ſhaking off ſluggiſh ſleep from his drowſy limbs, aroſe and call'd

his ſquire: but finding him ſtill ſnoring, O thou moſt happy mortal upon earth, ſaid he, how ſweet is thy repoſe! envy'd by none, and envying no man's greatneſs, ſecure thou ſleep'ſt, thy ſoul compos'd and calm! no power of magic perſecutes thee, nor are thy thoughts affrighted by inchantments. Sleep on, ſleep on, a hundred times, ſleep on. Thoſe jealous cares that break a lover's heart, do not extend to thee; neither the dread of craving creditors, nor the diſmal foreſight of inevitable want, or care of finding bread for a helpleſs ſtarving family, keep thee waking. Ambition does not make thee uneaſy, the pomp and vanity of this world do not perplex thy mind; for all thy care's extent reaches but to thy aſs. Thy perſon and thy welfare thou haſt committed to my charge, a burthen impos'd on maſters by nature and cuſtom, to weigh and counterpoiſe the offices of ſervants. Which is the greateſt ſlave? The ſervant's buſineſs is perform'd by a few manual duties, which only reconcile him more to reſt, and make him ſleep more ſound; while the anxious maſter has not leiſure to cloſe his eyes, but muſt labour day and night to make proviſion for the ſubſiſtence of his ſervant; not only in time of abundance, but even when the heavens deny thoſe kindly ſhowers that muſt ſupply this want.

To all this fine expoſtulation Sancho anſwer'd not a word; but ſlept on, and was not to be wak'd by his maſter's calling, or otherwiſe, till he prick'd him in the buttocks with the ſharp end of his lance. At length opening his eye-lids half-way, and rubbing them, af-

ter he had gap'd and yawn'd, and ſtretch'd his drowſy limbs, he look'd about him, and ſnuffing up his noſe, I'm much miſtaken, quoth he, if from this ſame arbour there come not a pure ſteam of a good broil'd raſher, that comforts my noſtrils more than all the herbs and ruſhes hereabouts. And by my holy dame, a wedding that begins ſo ſavourly muſt be a dainty one. Away cormorant, ſaid Don Quixote, rouze and let's go ſee it, and learn how it fares with the diſdain'd Baſil. Fare! quoth Sancho; why if he be poor, he muſt e'en be ſo ſtill, and not think to marry Quiteria. 'Tis a pretty fancy, i'faith! for a fellow who has not a croſs, to run madding after what is meat for his betters. I'll lay my neck that Camacho covers this ſame Baſil from head to foot with white ſixpences, and will ſpend ye more at a breafaſt than t'other's worth, and be ne'er the worſe. And d'ye think that madam Quiteria will quit her fine rich gowns and petticoats, her necklaces of pearl, her jewels, her finery and bravery, and all that Camacho has given her, and may afford to give her, to marry a fellow with whom ſhe muſt knit or ſpin for her living? What ſignifies his bar-pitching and fencing? Will that pay for a pint of wine at the tavern? If all thoſe rare parts won't go to market, and make the pot boil, the duce take them for me: though where they light on a man that has wherewithal, may I never ſtir, if they don't ſet him off rarely. With good materials on a good foundation, a man may build a good houſe, and money is the beſt foundation in the world. For heaven's ſake, dear Sancho, ſaid Don Quix-

ote, bring thy tedious harangue to a concluſion. For my part, I believe, wert thou let alone when thy clack is once ſet a-going, thou would'ſt ſcarce allow thyſelf time to eat or ſleep, but would'ſt prate on to the end of the chapter. Troth maſter! reply'd Sancho, your memory muſt be very ſhort, not to remember the articles of our agreement before I came this laſt journey with you. I was to ſpeak what I would, and when I would, provided I ſaid nothing againſt my neighbour, or your worſhip's authority; and I don't ſee that I have broken my indentures yet. I remember no ſuch article, ſaid Don Quixote; and though it were ſo, it is my pleaſure you now be ſilent and attend me; for the inſtruments we heard laſt night begin to chear the vallies, and doubtleſs the marriage will be ſolemnized this morning, ere the heat of the day prevent the diverſion.

Thereupon Sancho ſaid no more, but ſaddled Rozinante, and clapp'd his pack-ſaddle on Dapple's back; then both mounting, away they rode fair and ſoftly into the arbour. The firſt thing that bleſs'd Sancho's ſight there, was a whole ſteer ſpitted on a large elm, before a mighty fire made of a pile of wood, that ſeemed a flaming mountain. Round this bonefire were placed ſix capacious pots, caſt in no common mould, or rather ſix ample coppers, every one containing a whole ſhamble of meat, and entire ſheep were ſunk and loſt in them, and ſoak'd as conveniently as pidgeons. The branches of the trees round were all garniſh'd with an infinite number of cas'd hares, and pluck'd fowl of

ſeveral ſorts: and then for drink, Sancho told above threeſcore ſkins of wine, each of which contained above two arrobas *, and, as it afterwards prov'd, ſprightly liquor. A goodly pile of white loaves made a large rampart on the one ſide, and a ſtately wall of cheeſes ſet up like bricks, made a comely bulwark on the other. Two pans of oil, each bigger than a dyer's fat, ſerv'd to fry their pancakes, which they lifted out with two ſtrong peels when they were fry'd enough, and then they dipp'd them in as large a kettle of honey prepar'd for that purpoſe. To dreſs all this proviſion, there were above fifty cooks, men and women, all cleanly, diligent, and chearful. In the ample belly of the ſteer, they had ſew'd up twelve little ſucking pigs embowell'd, to give it the more ſavoury taſte. Spices of all ſorts lay about in ſuch plenty, that they appear'd to be bought by wholeſale. In ſhort, the whole proviſion was indeed country-like, but plentiful enough to feaſt an army.

Sancho beheld all this with wonder and delight. The firſt temptation that captivated his ſenſes was the goodly pots; his bowels yearn'd, and his mouth water'd at the dainty contents: by and by he falls deſperately in love with the ſkins of wine; and laſtly, his affections were fix'd on the frying pans, if ſuch honourable kettles may accept of the name. The ſcent of the fry'd meat put him into ſuch a commotion of ſpirit,

* In Spain they reckon the quantity of wine by the weight, an arroba being 28 pounds, ſo that two of them make ſeven gallons.

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* In Spain they reckon the quantity of wine by the weight, an arrobe being 28 pounds, ſo that two of them make ſeven gallons.

that he could hold out no longer, but accoſting one of the buſy cooks with all the ſmooth and hungry reaſons he was maſter of, he begg'd his leave to ſop a luncheon of bread in one of the pans. Friend, quoth the cook, no hunger muſt be felt near us to-day (thanks to the founder) 'Light, 'light, man, and if thou can'ſt find ever a ladle there, skim out a pullet or two, and much good may't do you. Alack-a-day, quoth Sancho, I ſee no ladle, ſir. Blood and ſuet, cry'd the cook, what a ſilly helpleſs fellow thou art! Let me ſee. With that he took a kettle, and ſowſing into one of the pots, he fiſh'd out three hens and a couple of geeſe at one heave. Here, friend, ſaid he to Sancho, take this, and make ſhift to ſtay your ſtomach with that *ſcum* till dinner be ready. Heaven reward you, cry'd Sancho, but where ſhall I put it? Here, anſwer'd the cook, take ladle and all, and thank the founder, once more I ſay; no body will grudge it thee.

While Sancho was thus employ'd, Don Quixote ſaw twelve young farmers ſons, all dreſs'd very gay, enter upon ſtately mares, as richly and gaudily equipp'd as the country could afford, with little bells faſten'd to their furniture. Theſe in a cloſe body made ſeveral careers up and down the meadow, merrily ſhouting and crying out, Long live Camacho, and Quiteria, he as rich as ſhe fair, and ſhe the faireſt in the world! Poor ignorants (thought Don Quixote, overhearing them) you ſpeak as you know; but had you ever ſeen my Dulcinea del Toboſo, you would not be ſo laviſh of your praiſes here.

In a little while, at ſeveral other parts of the ſpacious arbour enter'd a great number of dancers, and amongſt the reſt twenty-four young active country lads in their fine Holland-ſhirts, with their handkerchiefs wrought with ſeveral colours of fine ſilk, wound about their heads, each of them with ſword in hand. They danced a military dance, and skirmiſh'd with one another, mixing and intermixing with their naked ſwords, with wonderful ſlight and activity, without hurting each other in the leaſt. This dance pleas'd Don Quixote mightily, and though he was no ſtranger to ſuch ſort of dances, he thought it the beſt he had ever ſeen. There was another he alſo liked very well, perform'd all by moſt beautiful young maids, between fourteen and eighteen years of age, clad in ſlight green, with their hair partly filleted up with ribbons, and partly hanging looſe about their ſhoulders, as bright and lovely as the ſun's golden beams. Above all they wore garlands of roſes, jaſmine, amaranth, and honey-ſuckles. They were led up by a reverend old man, and a matronly woman, both much more light and active than their years ſeemed to promiſe. They danc'd to the muſic of Zamora bagpipes; and ſuch was the modeſty of their looks, and the agility of their feet, that they appear'd the prettieſt dancers in the world. After theſe, came in an artificial dance or mask, conſiſting of eight nymphs, caſt into two diviſions, of which Love led one, and Wealth the other; one with his wings, his bow, his arrows, and his quiver; the other array'd in ſeveral gaudy colours of gold and ſilk. The nymphs

of Cupid's party had their names inſcribed in large characters behind their backs. The firſt was Poeſy, Prudence was the next, the third Nobility, and Valour was the fourth. Thoſe that attended Wealth were Liberality, Reward, Treaſure, and Peaceable Poſſeſſion. Before them came a pageant repreſenting a caſtle, drawn by four ſavages clad in green, covered over with ivy, and grim ſurly vizards on their faces, ſo to the life, that they had almoſt frighted Sancho. On the frontiſpiece, and on every quarter of the edifice, was inſcrib'd, The Caſtle of Wiſe Reſervedneſs. Four expert muſicians play'd to them on pipe and tabor. Cupid began the dance, and, after two movements, he caſt up his eyes, and bent his bow againſt a virgin that ſtood upon the battlements of the caſtle, addreſſing himſelf in this manner.

## THE MASQUE.

### LOVE.

MY name is Love, ſupreme my ſway,
The greateſt good and greateſt pain.
Air, earth, and ſeas my power obey,
And gods themſelves muſt drag my chain.
In every heart my throne I keep,
Fear ne'er could daunt my daring ſoul:
I fire the boſom of the deep,
And the profoundeſt hell controul.

Having ſpoken theſe verſes, Cupid ſhot an arrow over the caſtle, and retir'd to his ſtation. Then Wealth advanced, and perform'd two movements; after which the muſic ſtopp'd, and he expreſs'd himſelf thus:

## WEALTH.

LOVE's my incentive and my end,
But I'm a greater power than Love;
Tho' earthly born, I earth tranſcend,
For Wealth's a bleſſing from above.

Bright maid, with me receive and bleſs
The ſureſt pledge of all ſucceſs;
Deſir'd by all, us'd right by few,
But beſt beſtow'd, when grac'd by you.

Wealth withdrew, and Poeſy came forward, and after ſhe had perform'd her movements like the reſt, fixing her eyes upon the lady of the caſtle, repeated theſe lines:

## POESY.

SWEET Poeſy in moving lays
Love into hearts, ſenſe into ſouls conveys;
With ſacred rage can tune to bliſs or woe,
Sways all the man, and gives him heaven below.

Bright nymph, with every grace adorn'd,
Shall noble verſe by thee be ſcorn'd?
'Tis wit can beſt thy beauty prize;
Then raiſe the muſe, and thou by her ſhalt riſe.

Poeſy retir'd, and Liberality advanced from Wealth's ſide, and after the dance ſpoke thus:

## LIBERALITY.

BEhold that noble golden mean
Betwixt the ſparing and profuſe!
Good ſenſe and merit muſt be ſeen
Where Liberality's in uſe.

But I for thee will laviſh ſeem;
For thee profuſeneſs I'll approve:
For, where the merit is extreme,
Who'd not be prodigal of love?

In this manner all the perſons of each party advanced and ſpoke their verſes, of which ſome were pretty and ſome fooliſh enough. Among the reſt, Don Quixote, though he had a good memory, remember'd only theſe here ſet down. Then the two diviſions join'd into a very pretty country-dance; and ſtill as Cupid paſs'd by the caſtle, he ſhot a flight of arrows, and Wealth batter'd it with golden balls; then drawing out a great purſe of Roman cat's-ſkin, that ſeem'd full of money, he threw it againſt the caſtle, the boards of

which were preſently disjointed, and fell down, leaving the virgin diſcover'd without any defence. Thereupon Wealth immediately enter'd with his party, and throwing a golden chain about her neck, made a ſhew of leading her priſoner: but then Cupid with his attendants came to her reſcue; and both parties engaging, were parted by the ſavages, who joining the boards together, inclos'd the virgin as before; and all was perform'd with meaſure, and to the muſic, that played all the while; and ſo the ſhow ended, to the great content of the ſpectators.

When all was over, Don Quixote aſk'd one of the nymphs, Who it was that compos'd the entertainment? She anſwer'd, that it was a certain clergyman who liv'd in their town, that had a rare talent that way. I dare lay a wager, ſaid Don Quixote, he was more a friend to Baſil than to Camacho, and knows better what belongs to a play than a prayer-book. He has expreſs'd Baſil's parts and Camacho's eſtate very naturally in the deſign of your dance.

God bleſs the king and Camacho ſay I, quoth Sancho, who heard this. Well! Sancho, ſays Don Quixote, thou art a white liver'd rogue to change parties as thou doſt; thou'rt like the rabble, which always cry, Long live the conqueror. I know not what I'm like, reply'd Sancho; but this I know, that this kettleful of geeſe and hens, is a bribe for a prince. Camacho has fill'd my belly, and therefore has won my heart. When ſhall I ladle out ſuch dainty ſcum out of Baſil's porridge-pots (added he, ſhewing his maſter the meat, and

failing on luſtily) therefore a fig for his abilities ſay I. As he ſows ſo let him reap, and as he reaps ſo let him ſow. My old grannum (reſt her ſoul) was wont to ſay, there were but two families in the world, Have-much and Have-little; and ſhe had ever a great kindneſs for the family of the Have-much. A doctor gives his advice by the pulſe of your pocket; and an aſs cover'd with gold, looks better than a horſe with a pack-ſaddle; ſo once more I ſay, Camacho for my money. Haſt thou not done yet? ſaid Don Quixote. I muſt have done, anſwer'd Sancho, becauſe I find you begin to be in a paſſion, elſe I had work cut out for three days and a half. Well! ſaid Don Quixote, thou wilt never be ſilent till thy mouth's full of clay; when thou'rt dead, I hope I ſhall have ſome reſt. Faith and troth, now maſter, quoth Sancho, you did ill to talk of death, heaven bleſs us, 'tis no child's play; you've even ſpoil'd my dinner; the very thought of raw bones and lanthorn jaws makes me ſick. Death eats up all things, both the young lamb and old ſheep; and I have heard our parſon ſay, death values a prince no more than a clown; all's fiſh that comes to his net; he throws at all, and ſweeps ſtakes; he's no mower that takes a nap at noon-day, but drives on, fair weather or foul, and cuts down the green graſs as well as the ripe corn. He's neither ſqueamiſh nor queaſy-ſtomach'd, for he ſwallows without chewing, and crams down all things into his ungracious maw; and though you can ſee no belly he has, he has a confounded dropſy, and thirſts after men's lives, which he guggles down like mother's

milk. Hold, hold, cry'd the knight, go no further, for thou art come to a very handſome period; thou haſt ſaid as much of death in thy home-ſpun cant, as a good preacher could have done: thou haſt got the nack of preaching, man! I muſt get thee a pulpit and benefice, I think. He preaches well that lives well, quoth Sancho, that's all the divinity I underſtand. Thou haſt divinity enough, ſaid the Don; only I wonder at one thing, it is ſaid the beginning of wiſdom proceeds from the fear of heaven; how happens it then, that thou, who feareſt a lizard more than Omnipotence, ſhould'ſt be ſo wiſe? Pray, ſir, reply'd Sancho, judge you of your knight-errantry, and don't meddle with other men's fears, for I am as pretty a fearer of heaven as any of my neighbours; and ſo let me diſpatch this ſcum, (and much good may't do thee, honeſt Sancho;) conſider, ſir, we muſt give an account for our idle words another day; I muſt have t'other pluck at the kettle. With that he attack'd it with ſo courageous an appetite, that he ſharpen'd his maſter's, who would certainly have kept him company, had he not been prevented by that which neceſſity obliges me to relate this inſtant.

## CHAP. XXI.

*The progreſs of Camacho's wedding, with other delightful accidents.*

WHILE Don Quixote and Sancho were diſcourſing, as the former chapter has told you, they were interrupted by a great noiſe of joy and acclamations rais'd by the horſemen, who ſhouting and galloping, went to meet the young couple, who, ſurrounded by a thouſand inſtruments and devices, were coming to the arbour, accompany'd by the curate, their relations, and all the better ſort of the neighbourhood, ſet out in their holiday-cloaths.

Hey-day! quoth Sancho, as ſoon as he ſaw the bride, what have we here? Adzookers, this is no country-laſs, but a fine court lady all in her ſilks and ſattins, by the maſs! Look, look ye, maſter, ſee if inſtead of glaſs necklaces, ſhe have not on fillets of rich coral; and inſtead of green ſarge of Cuencha, a thirty pil'd velvet. I'll warrant her lacing is white linen too; but hold, may I never ſquint if it ben't ſattin. Bleſs us! ſee what rings ſhe has on her fingers, no jet, no pewter-baubles, pure beaten gold, as I'm a ſinner, and ſet with pearls too! If every pearl ben't as white as a ſyllabub, and each of them as precious as an eye! How ſhe's bedizon'd, and gliſtens from top to toe! And now yonder again, what fine long locks the young ſlut has got! If they ben't falſe, I ne'er ſaw longer in my born days. Ah jade! what a fine ſtately perſon ſhe is! What a many trink-

ets and glaring gewgaws are dangling in her hair and about her neck! Cudſniggers! ſhe puts me in mind of an over-loaden date-tree. I'my conſcience! ſhe's a juicy bit, a mettled wench, and might well paſs muſter in Flanders. Well! I ſay no more, but happy is the man that has thee! Don Quixote could not help ſmiling to hear Sancho ſet forth the bride after his ruſtic way, though at the ſame time he beheld her with admiration, thinking her the moſt beautiful woman he had ever ſeen, except his miſtreſs Dulcinea.

However, the fair Quiteria appear'd ſomewhat pale, probably with the ill reſt which brides commonly have the night before their marriage, in order to dreſs themſelves to advantage. There was a large ſcaffold erected on one ſide of the meadow, and adorn'd with carpets and boughs, for the marriage-ceremony, and the more convenient proſpect of the ſhows and entertainments. The proceſſion was juſt arriv'd to this place, when they heard a piercing outcry, and a voice calling out, Stay, raſh and haſty people, ſtay. Upon which all turning about, they ſaw a perſon coming after them in a black coat border'd with crimſon, powder'd with flames of fire. On his head he wore a garland of mournful cypreſs, and a large truncheon in his hand, headed with an iron ſpike. As ſoon as he drew near, they knew him to be the gallant Baſil, and the whole aſſembly began to fear ſome miſchief would enſue, ſeeing him come thus unlook'd for, and with ſuch an outcry and behaviour. He came up tir'd and panting before the bride and bridegroom; then leaning on his truncheon,

he fix'd his eyes on Quiteria, turning pale and trembling at the ſame time, and with a fearful hollow voice, Too well you know, cry'd he, unkind Quiteria, that, by the ties of truth, and law of that heaven which we all revere, while I have life you cannot be marry'd to another. You may remember too, that all the while I ſtay'd, hoping that time and induſtry might better my fortune, and render me a match more equal to you, I never offer'd to tranſcend the bounds of honourable love, by ſoliciting favours to the prejudice of your virtue. But you, forgetting all the ties between us, are going now to break them, and give my right to another, whoſe large poſſeſſions, though they can procure him all other bleſſings, I had never envy'd, could they not have purchaſed you. But no more, the fates have ordain'd it, and I will further their deſign, by removing this unhappy obſtacle out of your way. Live, rich Camacho, live happy with the ungrateful Quiteria many years, and let the poor, the miſerable Baſil die, whoſe poverty has clipped the wings of his felicity, and laid him in the grave!

Saying theſe laſt words, he drew out of his ſuppoſed truncheon a ſhort tuck that was concealed in it, and ſetting the hilt of it to the ground, he fell upon the point in ſuch a manner that it came out all bloody at his back, the poor wretch weltring on the ground in blood. His friends, ſtrangely confounded by this ſad accident, ran to help him, and Don Quixote forſaking Rozinante made haſte to his aſſiſtance, and taking him up in his arms, found there was ſtill life in him. They

would fain have drawn the ſword out of his body, but the curate urged it was not convenient till he had made confeſſion, and prepared himſelf for death, which would immediately attend the effuſion of blood, upon pulling the tuck out of his body. While they were debating this point, Baſil ſeemed to come a little to himſelf, and calling on the bride: Oh! Quiteria (ſaid he, with a faint and doleful voice) now, now, in this laſt and departing minute of my life, even in this dreadful agony of death, would you but vouchſafe to give me your hand, and own yourſelf my wife, I ſhould think myſelf rewarded, for the torments I endure; and, pleaſed to think this deſperate deed made me yours, though but for a moment, I would die contented. The curate hearing this, very earneſtly recommended to him the care of his ſoul's health, which at the preſent juncture was more proper than any gratification of his outward man; that his time was but ſhort, and he ought to be very earneſt with heaven, in imploring its mercy and forgiveneſs for all his ſins, but eſpecially for this laſt deſperate action. To which Baſil anſwer'd, That he could think of no happineſs till Quiteria yielded to be his; but if ſhe would do it, that ſatisfaction would calm his ſpirits, and diſpoſe him to confeſs himſelf heartily.

Don Quixote hearing this, cry'd out aloud, That Baſil's demand was juſt and reaſonable, and that ſignior Camacho might as honourably receive her as the worthy Baſil's widow, as if he had received her at her father's hands. Say but the word, madam, continu'd he, pronounce it once to ſave a man from deſpair and dam-

nation; you will not be long bound to it, ſince the nuptial bed of this bridegroom muſt be the grave. Camacho ſtood all this while ſtrangely counfounded, till at laſt he was prevail'd on, by the repeated importunities of Baſil's friends, to conſent that Quiteria ſhould humour the dying man, knowing her own happineſs would thereby be deferr'd but a few minutes longer. Then they all bent their intreaties to Quiteria, ſome with tears in their eyes, others with all the engaging arguments their pity could ſuggeſt. She ſtood a long time inexorable, and did not return any anſwer, till at laſt the curate came to her, and bid her reſolve what ſhe would do; for Baſil was juſt ready to give up the ghoſt.

But then the poor virgin, trembling and diſmay'd, without ſpeaking a word, came to poor Baſil, who lay gaſping for breath, with his eyes fix'd in his head as if he were juſt expiring; ſhe kneel'd down by him, and with the moſt manifeſt ſigns of grief beckon'd to him for his hand. Then Baſil opening his eyes, and fixing them in a languiſhing poſture on hers, Oh! Quiteria, ſaid he, your heart at laſt relents when your pity comes too late. Thy arms are now extended to relieve me, when thoſe of death draw me to their embraces; and they, alas! are much too ſtrong for thine. All I deſire of thee, O fatal beauty, is this, let not that fair hand deceive me now, as it has done before, but confeſs, that what you do is free and voluntary, without conſtraint, or in compliance to any one's commands; declare me openly thy true and lawful huſband. Thou wilt not ſure diſſemble with one in death, and deal falſly with his de-

parting ſoul, that all his life has been true to thee. In the midſt of all this diſcourſe he fainted away, and all the by-ſtanders thought him gone. The poor Quiteria, with a bluſhing modeſty, a kind of violence upon herſelf, took him by the hand, and with a great deal of emotion, No force, ſaid ſhe, could ever work upon my will to this degree, therefore believe it purely my own free will and inclination, that I here publicly declare you my only lawful huſband. Here's my hand in pledge, and I expect yours as freely in return, if your pains and this ſudden accident have not yet bereft you of all ſenſe. I give it you, ſaid Baſil, with all the preſence of mind imaginable, and here I own myſelf thy huſband. And I thy wife, ſaid ſhe, whether thy life be long, or whether from my arms they bear thee this inſtant to the grave. Methinks, quoth Sancho, this young man talks too much for a man in his condition; pray adviſe him to leave off his wooing, and mind his ſoul's health. I'm afraid his death is more in his tongue than between his teeth.

Now when Baſil and Quiteria had thus plighted their faith to each other, while yet their hands were join'd together, the tender-hearted curate, with tears in his eyes, poured on them both the nuptial bleſſing, beſeeching heaven, at the ſame time, to have mercy on the new-marry'd man's ſoul, and in a manner mixing the burial-ſervice with the matrimonial. As ſoon as the benediction was pronounced, up ſtarts Baſil briſkly from the ground, and with an unexpected activity whips the ſword out of his body, and caught his dear Quiteria

cloſe in his arms. All the ſpectators ſtood amaz'd, and ſome of the ſimpler ſort ſtuck not to cry out, A miracle, a miracle! No, no, cry'd Baſil, no miracle, no miracle, but a ſtratagem, a ſtratagem. The curate, more aſtoniſh'd and concern'd than all the reſt, came with both his hands to feel the wound, and diſcover'd that the ſword had no where paſs'd thro' the cunning Baſil's body, but only thro' a tin pipe full of blood artfully fitted to his body; and, as it was afterwards known, ſo prepar'd, that the blood could not congeal.

In ſhort, the Curate, Camacho, and the company, found they had all been egregiouſly impos'd upon. As for the bride, ſhe was ſo far from being diſpleas'd, that hearing it urg'd that the marriage could not ſtand good in law, becauſe it was fraudulent and deceitful, ſhe publicly declar'd that ſhe again confirm'd it to be juſt, and by the free conſent of both parties. Camacho, and his friends, judging by this, that the trick was premeditated, and that ſhe was privy to the plot, enraged at this horrid diſappointment, had recourſe to a ſtronger argument, and drawing their ſwords, ſet furiouſly on Baſil, in whoſe defence almoſt as many were immediately unſheathed. Don Quixote immediately mounting with his lance couch'd, and cover'd with his ſhield, led the van of Baſil's party, and falling in with the enemy, charged clear thro' the groſs of their battalia. Sancho, who never lik'd any dangerous work, reſolv'd to ſtand neuter, and ſo retired under the walls of the mighty pot whence he had got the precious ſkimmings, thinking that would be reſpected whatever ſide gain'd the

battle. Don Quixote, addreſſing himſelf to Camacho's party, Hold, gentlemen, cry'd he, it is not juſt thus with arms to redreſs the injuries of love. Love and war are the ſame thing, and ſtratagems and policy are as allowable in the one as in the other. Quiteria was deſign'd for Baſil, and he for her, by the unalterable decrees of heaven. Camacho's riches may purchaſe him a bride, and more content elſewhere, and thoſe whom heaven has join'd, let no man put aſunder. Baſil had but this one lamb, and the lamb of his boſom, let none therefore offer to take his ſingle delight from him, tho' preſuming on his power; for here I ſolemnly declare, that he who firſt attempts it muſt paſs through me, and this lance through him. At which he ſhook his lance in the air with ſo much vigour and dexterity, that he caſt a ſudden terror into thoſe that beheld him, who did not know the threatning champion.

In ſhort, Don Quixote's words, the good curate's diligent mediation, together with Quiteria's inconſtancy, brought Camacho to a truce; and he then diſcreetly conſider'd, that ſince Quiteria lov'd Baſil before marriage, it was probable ſhe would love him afterwards, and that therefore he had more reaſon to thank heaven for ſo good a riddance, than to repine at loſing her. This thought, improv'd by ſome other conſiderations, brought both parties to a fair accommodation; and Camacho, to ſhew he did not reſent the diſappointment, blaming rather Quiteria's levity than Baſil's policy, invited the whole company to ſtay, and take ſhare of what he had provided. But Baſil, whoſe virtues, in

ſpight of his poverty, had ſecured him many friends, drew away part of the company to attend him and his bride to her own town; and among the reſt Don Quixote, whom they all honour'd as a perſon of extraordinary worth and bravery. Poor Sancho follow'd his maſter with a heavy heart; he could not be reconcil'd to the thoughts of turning his back ſo ſoon upon the good chear and jollity at Camacho's feaſt, that laſted till night; and had a ſtrange hankering after thoſe dear fleſh-pots of Egypt, which, though he left behind in reality, he yet carry'd along with him in mind. The beloved ſcum which he had, that was nigh guttled already, made him view with ſorrow the almoſt empty kettle, the dear caſket where his treaſure lay: ſo that, ſtomaching mightily his maſter's defection from Camacho's feaſt, he ſullenly paced on after Rozinante, very much out of humour, though he had juſt fill'd his belly.

## CHAP. XXII.

*An account of the great adventure of Monteſino's cave, ſituated in the heart of La Mancha, which the valorous Don Quixote ſucceſsfully atchiev'd.*

THE new married couple entertained Don Quixote very nobly, in acknowledgment of his readineſs to defend their cauſe; they eſteem'd his wiſdom equal to his valour, and thought him both a Cid in arms, and a Cicero in arts. Honeſt Sancho too recruited himſelf to the purpoſe, during the three days his maſ-

ter ſtay'd, and ſo came to his good humour again. Baſil then inform'd them, that Quiteria knew nothing of his ſtratagem: but being a pure device of his own, he had made ſome of his neareſt friends acquainted with it, that they ſhould ſtand by him if occaſion were, and bring him off upon the diſcovery of the deceit.

It deſerves a handſomer name, ſaid Don Quixote, ſince conducive to ſo good and honourable an end, as the marriage of a loving couple. By the way, ſir, you muſt know, that the greateſt obſtacle to love, is want, and a narrow fortune: for the continual bands and cements of mutual affection are mirth, content, ſatisfaction, and jollity. Theſe, manag'd by ſkilful hands, can make variety in the pleaſures of wedlock, preparing the ſame thing always with ſome additional circumſtance, to render it new and delightful. But when preſſing neceſſity and indigence deprive us of thoſe pleaſures that prevent ſatiety, the yoke of matrimony is often found very galling, and the burden intolerable. Theſe words were chiefly directed by Don Quixote to Baſil, to adviſe him by the way to give over thoſe airy ſports and exerciſes, which indeed might feed his youth with praiſe, but not his old age with bread, and to bethink himſelf of ſome grave and ſubſtantial employment, that might afford him a competency, and ſomething of a ſtock for his declining years. Then purſuing his diſcourſe: The honourable poor man, ſaid he, if the poor can deſerve that epithet, when he has a beautiful wife, is bleſs'd with a jewel. He that deprives him of her, robs him of his honour, and may be ſaid to de-

prive him of his life. The woman that is beautiful, and keeps her honeſty when her huſband is poor, deſerves to be crown'd with laurel, as the conquerors were of old. Beauty is a tempting bait, that attracts the eyes of all beholders, and the princely eagles, and the moſt high flown birds ſtoop to its pleaſing lure. But when they find it in neceſſity, then kites and crows, and other ravenous birds, will all be grappling with the alluring prey. She that can withſtand theſe dangerous attacks, well deſerves to be the crown of her huſband. However, ſir, take this along with you, as the opinion of a wiſe man, whoſe name I have forgot; he ſaid, there was but one good woman in the world, and his advice was, that every married man ſhould think his own wife was ſhe, as being the only way to live contented. For my own part, I need not make the application to myſelf, for I am not married, nor have I as yet any thoughts that way; but if I had, it would not be a woman's fortune, but her character, ſhould recommend her; for public reputation is the life of a lady's virtue, and the outward appearance of modeſty is in one ſenſe as good as the reality; ſince a private ſin is not ſo prejudicial in this world, as a public indecency. If you bring a woman honeſt to your boſom, it is eaſy keeping her ſo, and perhaps you may improve her virtues. If you take an unchaſte partner to your bed, it is hard mending her; for the extremes of vice and virtue are ſo great in a woman, and their points ſo far aſunder, that it is very improbable, I won't ſay impoſſible, they ſhould ever be reconcil'd.

Sancho, who had patiently liſten'd ſo far, could not forbear making ſome remarks on his maſter's talk. This maſter of mine, thought he to himſelf, when I am talking ſome good things, full of pith and marrow, as he may be now, was won't to tell me that I ſhould tye a pulpit at my back, and ſtroll with it about the world to retail my rarities; but I might as well tell him, that when once he begins to tack his ſentences together, a ſingle pulpit is too little for him; he had need have two for every finger, and go pedling about the market and cry, Who buys my ware? Old nick take him for a knight-errant! I think he's one of the ſeven wiſe maſters. I thought he knew nothing but his knight-errantry, but now I ſee the devil a thing can 'ſcape him; he has an oar in every man's boat, and a finger in every pye. As he mutter'd this ſomewhat loud, his maſter overheard him. What's that thou'rt grumbling about, Sancho? ſaid he. Nothing, ſir, nothing, quoth Sancho. I was only wiſhing I had heard your worſhip preach this doctrine before I married, then mayhap I might have with the old proverb ſaid, A ſound man needs no phyſician. What is Tereſa ſo bad then? aſk'd Don Quixote. Not ſo very bad neither, anſwer'd Sancho; nor yet ſo good as I would have her. Fie, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, thou doſt not do well to ſpeak ill of thy wife, who is a good mother to thy children. There is no love loſt, ſir, quoth Sancho, for ſhe ſpeaks as ill of me, when the fit takes her, eſpecially when ſhe's in one of her jealous moods, for then old nick himſelf could not bear her maundring.

Don Quixote having tarried three days with the young couple, and being entertain'd like a prince, he intreated the ſtudent, who fenced ſo well, to help him to a guide that might conduct him to Monteſinos's cave, reſolving to go down into it, and prove by his own eye-ſight the wonders that were reported of it round the country. The ſtudent recommended a couſin-german of his for his conductor, who, he ſaid, was an ingenious lad, a pretty ſcholar, and a great admirer of books of knight-errantry, and could ſhew him the famous lake of Ruidera too: adding, that he would be very good company for the knight, as being one that wrote books for the bookſellers, in order to dedicate them to great men. Accordingly, the learned couſin came, mounted on an aſs with foal; his pack-ſaddle cover'd with an old carpet, or coarſe packing-cloth. Thereupon Sancho having got ready Rozinante and Dapple, well ſtuffed his wallet, and the ſtudent's knap-ſack to boot, they all took their leave, ſteering the neareſt courſe to Monteſinos's cave.

To paſs the time on the road, Don Quixote aſk'd the guide, to what courſe of ſtudy he chiefly apply'd himſelf? Sir, anſwer'd the ſcholar, my buſineſs is writing, and copy-money my chief ſtudy. I have publiſh'd ſome things with the general approbation of the world, and much to my own advantage. Perhaps, ſir, you may have heard of one of my books, call'd, the Treatiſe of Liveries and Devices; in which I have obliged the public with no leſs than ſeven hundred and three ſorts of liveries and devices, with their colours, mottos,

and cyphers; ſo that any courtier may furniſh himſelf there upon any extraordinary appearance, with what may ſuit his fancy or circumſtances, without racking his own invention to find what is agreeable to his inclination. I can furniſh the jealous, the forſaken, the diſdain'd, the abſent, with what will fit them to a hair. Another piece, which I now have on the anvil, I deſign to call the Metamorphoſis, or the Spaniſh Ovid; an invention very new and extraordinary. It is, in ſhort, Ovid burleſqu'd; wherein I diſcover who the Giralda of Sevil was*; who the angel of Magdalen; I tell ye what was the pipe of Vecinguerra of Cordoua, what the bulls of Guiſando, the Sierra Morena, the fountains of Laganitos, and Lavapies at Madrid; not forgetting that of Piojo, nor thoſe of the golden pipe, and the abbey: and I embelliſh the fables with allegories, metaphors, and tranſlations, that will both delight and inſtruct. Another work, which I ſoon deſign for the preſs, I call a ſupplement to Polydore Virgil, concerning the invention of things; a piece, I'll aſſure you, ſir, that ſhews the great pains and learning of the compiler, and perhaps in a better ſtile than the old author. For example, he has forget to tell us, who was the firſt that was troubled with a catarrh in the world; and who was the firſt that was flux'd for the French diſeaſe. Now, Sir, I immediately reſolve it, and confirm my aſſertion by the teſtimony of at leaſt four and twenty

* All theſe are noted things, or places in Spain, on which many fabulous ſtories are grounded.

authentic writers; by which quotations alone, you may gueſs, ſir, at what pains I have been to inſtruct and benefit the public.

Sancho having hearkened with great attention all this while, pray, ſir, quoth he to him, ſo heaven guide your right hand in all you write, let me aſk you, who was the firſt man that ſcratch'd his head? Scratch'd his head, friend? anſwer'd the author. Ay, ſir, ſcratch'd his head, quoth Sancho: ſure you that know all things, can tell me that, or the devil's in't! What think you of old father Adam? Old father Adam, anſwer'd the ſcholar! let me ſee—Father Adam had a head, he had hair, he had hands, and he could ſcratch: but father Adam was the firſt man; *Ergo*, Father Adam was the firſt man that ſcratch'd his head. It is plain you are in the right. O ho, am I ſo, ſir? quoth Sancho. Another queſtion, by your leave, ſir; Who was the firſt tumbler in the world? Truly, friend, anſwer'd the ſtudent, that's a point I cannot reſolve you without conſulting my books; but as ſoon as ever I get home, I will ſtudy night and day to find it out. For two fair words, quoth Sancho, I'll ſave you that trouble. Can you reſolve that doubt, aſk'd the author? Ay, marry can I, ſaid Sancho: the firſt tumbler in the world was Lucifer; when he was caſt out of heaven he tumbled into hell. You are poſitively in the right, ſaid the ſcholar. Where did you get that, Sancho? ſaid Don Quixote. For I dare ſwear it is none of your own. Mum! quoth Sancho. In aſking of fooliſh queſtions, and ſelling of bargains, let Sancho alone, quo' I; I don't want

the help of my neighbours. Truly, ſaid Don Quixote, thou haſt given thy queſtion a better epithet than thou art aware of: for there are ſome men who buſy their heads, and loſe a world of time in making diſcoveries, the knowledge of which is good for nothing upon the earth, unleſs it be to make the diſcoverers laughed at.

With theſe, and ſuch diverting diſcourſes, they paſs'd their journey, till they came to the cave the next day, having lain the night before in an inconſiderable village on the road. There they bought a hundred fathom of cordage to hang Don Quixote by, and let him down to the loweſt part of the cave; he being reſolved to go to the very bottom, were it as deep as hell. The mouth of it was inacceſſible, being quite ſtopp'd up with weeds, buſhes, brambles, and wild fig-trees, though the entrance was wide and ſpacious. Don Quixote was no ſooner come to the place, but he prepar'd for his expedition into that under-world, telling the ſcholar, that he was reſolved to reach the bottom, though deep as the profound abyſs; and all having alighted, the ſquire and his guide accordingly girt him faſt with a rope. While this was doing, good ſweet ſir, quoth Sancho, conſider what you do. Don't venture into ſuch a curſed black hole! Look before you leap, ſir, and be not ſo wilful as to bury yourſelf alive. Don't hang yourſelf like a bottle or a bucket, that is let down to be ſouſed in a well. Alack-a-day, ſir, it is none of your buſineſs to pry thus into every hole, and go down to the pit of hell for the nonce. Peace, coward, ſaid the knight, and bind me faſt; for ſurely for me ſuch an enterpriſe as

this is reſerved. Pray, ſir, ſaid the ſtudent, when you are in, be very vigilant in exploring and obſerving all the rarities in the place. Let nothing eſcape your eyes, perhaps you may diſcover there ſome things worthy to be inſerted in my Metamorphoſis. Let him alone, quoth Sancho, he will go through ſtitch with it. He'll make a hog or a dog of it, I'll warrant you.

Don Quixote being well bound, not over his armour, but his doublet, bethought himſelf of one thing they had forgot. We did ill, ſaid he, not to provide ourſelves of a little bell, that I ſhould have carried down with me, to ring for more or leſs rope, as I may have occaſion for, and inform you of my being alive. But ſince there is no remedy, heaven proſper me. Then kneeling down, he in a low voice recommended himſelf to the Divine Providence for aſſiſtance and ſucceſs in an adventure ſo ſtrange, and in all appearance ſo dangerous. Then raiſing his voice, O thou miſtreſs of my life and motions, cry'd he, moſt illuſtrious and peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, if the prayers of an adventurous abſent love may reach the ears of the far-diſtant object of his wiſhes, by the power of thy unſpeakable beauty I conjure thee to grant me thy favour and protection, in this plunge and precipice of my fortune. I am now going to ingulph, and caſt myſelf into this diſmal profundity, that the world may know nothing can be impoſſible to him, who influenced by thy ſmiles, attempts under the banner of thy beauty, the moſt difficult taſk. This ſaid, he got up again, and approaching the entrance of the cave, he found it ſtopp'd up with

brakes and buſhes, ſo that he muſt be obliged to make his way by force. Whereupon, drawing his ſword, he began to cut and flaſh the brambles that ſtopp'd up the mouth of the cave, when preſently an infinite number of over-grown crows and daws came ruſhing and fluttering out of the cave about his ears, ſo thick, and with ſuch an impetuouſity, as overwhelm'd him to the ground. He was not ſuperſtitious enough to draw any ill omen from the flight of the birds; beſides, it was no ſmall encouragement to him, that he ſpy'd no bats nor owls, nor other ill-boding birds of night among them. He therefore roſe again with an undaunted heart, and committed himſelf to the black and dreadful abyſs. But Sancho firſt gave him his benediction, and making a thouſand croſſes over him, Heaven be thy guide, quoth he, and our Lady of the rock in France ‡, with the Trinity of Gaeta, thou flower and cream, and ſcum of all knights-errant Go thy ways, thou hackſter of the world, heart of ſteel, and arms of braſs! and may'ſt thou come back ſound, wind and limb, out of this dreadful hole, which thou art running into, once more to ſee the warm ſun, which thou art now leaving.

The ſcholar too pray'd to the ſame effect for the knight's happy return. Don Quixote then call'd for more rope, which they gave him by degrees, till his voice was drown'd in the windings of the cave, and their cordage was run out. That done, they began to conſider whether they ſhould hoiſt him up again im-

‡ Particular places of devotion.

mediately or no; however, they reſolv'd to ſtay half an hour, and then they began to draw up the rope, but were ſtrangely ſurpriz'd to find no weight upon it; which made them conclude, the poor gentleman was certainly loſt. Sancho burſting out in tears, made a heavy lamentation, and fell a hauling up the rope as faſt as he could, to be thoroughly ſatisfy'd. But after they had drawn up about fourſcore fathoms, they felt a weight again, which made them take heart; and at length they plainly ſaw Don Quixote.

Welcome, cry'd Sancho to him, as ſoon as he came in ſight; welcome dear maſter, I'm glad you're come again; we were afraid you had been pawn'd for the reckoning. But Sancho had no anſwer to his compliment; and when they had pull'd the knight quite up, they found that his eyes were clos'd as if he had been faſt aſleep. They laid him on the ground, and unbound him. Yet he made no ſign of waking. and all their turning and ſhaking was little enough to make him come to himſelf. At laſt he began to ſtretch his limbs, as if he had waken'd out of the moſt profound ſleep, and ſtaring wildly about him, heaven forgive you, friends! cry'd he: for you have rais'd me from one of the ſweeteſt lives that ever mortal led, and moſt delightful ſights that ever eyes beh ld Now I perceive how fleeting are all the joys of this tranſitory life; they are but an imperfect dream, they fade like a flower, and vaniſh like a ſhadow. Oh ill-fated Monteſinos! Oh Durandarte unfortunately wounded! Oh unhappy Belerma! Oh deplorable Guadiana! and you the diſtreſt

daughters of Ruydera, whoſe flowing waters ſhew what ſtreams of tears once trickled from your lovely eyes! Theſe expreſſions, utter'd with great paſſion and concern, ſurpriz'd the ſcholar and Sancho, and they deſir'd to know his meaning, and what he had ſeen in that hell upon earth. Call it not hell, anſwer'd Don Quixote, for it deſerves a better name, as I ſhall ſoon let you know. But firſt give me ſomething to eat, for I am prodigiouſly hungry. They then ſpread the ſcholar's coarſe ſaddle-cloth for a carpet; and examining their old cupboard, the knapſack, they all three ſat down on the graſs, and eat heartily together, like men that were a meal or two behind-hand. When they had done, let no man ſtir, ſaid Don Quixote, ſit ſtill, and hear me with attention.

## CHAP. XXIII.

*Of the wonderful things which the unparallel'd Don Quixote declar'd he had ſeen in the deep cave of Monteſinos, the greatneſs and impoſſibility of which makes this adventure paſs for apocryphal.*

IT was now paſt four in the afternoon, and the ſun was opportunely hid behind the clouds, which, interpoſing between his rays, invited Don Quixote, without heat or trouble, to relate to his illuſtrious auditors the wonders he had ſeen in Monteſinos's cave.

About twelve or fourteen mens depth, ſaid he, in the profundity of this cavern, on the right hand, there is a concavity wide enough to contain a large waggon,

mules and all. This place is not wholly dark, for thro' ſome chinks and narrow holes, that reach to the diſtant ſurface of the earth, there comes a glimmering light. I diſcover'd this receſs, being already weary of hanging by the loins, diſcourag'd by the profound darkneſs of the region below me, deſtitute of a guide, and not knowing whither I went: reſolving therefore to reſt myſelf there a while, I call'd to you to give me no more rope, but it ſeems you did not hear me. I therefore enter'd, and coiling up the cord, ſat upon it very melancholy, and thinking how I ſhould moſt conveniently get down to the bottom, having no body to guide or ſupport me. While thus I ſat penſive, and loſt in thought, inſenſibly, without any previous drowſineſs, I found myſelf ſurpriz'd by ſleep; and after that, not knowing how, nor which way I waken'd, I unexpectedly found myſelf in the fineſt, the ſweeteſt, and moſt delightful meadow, that ever nature adorn'd with her beauties, or the moſt inventive fancy could ever imagine. Now that I might be ſure this was neither a dream nor an illuſion, I rubb'd my eyes, blow'd my noſe, and felt ſeveral parts of my body, and convinced myſelf, that I was really awake, with the uſe of all my ſenſes, and all the faculties of my underſtanding ſound and active as at this moment.

Preſently I diſcover'd a royal and ſumptuous palace, of which the walls and battlements ſeem'd all of clear and tranſparent cryſtal. At the ſame time, the ſpacious gates opening, there came out towards me a venerable old man, clad in a ſad-colour'd robe, ſo long that it

ſwept the ground; on his breaſt and ſhoulders he had a green ſattin tippit after the manner of thoſe worn in colleges. On his head he wore a black Milan cap, and his broad hoary beard reach'd down below his middle. He had no kind of weapon in his hands, but a roſary of beads about the bigneſs of walnuts, and his credo-beads appear'd as large as ordinary oſtrich-eggs. The awful and grave aſpect, the pace, the port and goodly preſence of this old man, each of them apart, and much more all together, ſtruck me with veneration and aſtoniſhment. He came up to me, and without any previous ceremony, embracing me cloſe. It is a long time, ſaid he, moſt renown'd knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, that we who dwell in this inchanted ſolitude have hop'd to ſee you here; that you may inform the upper world of the ſurprizing prodigies concealed from human knowledge in this ſubterranean hollow, call'd the cave of Monteſinos: an enterprize reſerv'd alone for your inſuperable heart, and ſtupendous reſolution. Go with me then, thou moſt illuſtrious knight, and behold the wonders inclos'd within this tranſparent caſtle, of which I am the perpetual governor and chief warden, being the ſame individual Monteſinos, from whom this cavern took its name.

No ſooner had the reverend old man let me know who he was, but I entreated him to tell me, whether it was true or no, that at his friend Durandarte's dying requeſt he had taken out his heart with a ſmall dagger, the very moment he expir'd, and carry'd it to his miſtreſs Belerma, as the ſtory was current in the world?

It is literally true, anſwer'd the old gentleman, except that ſingle circumſtance of the dagger; for I us'd neither a ſmall nor a large dagger on this occaſion, but a well poliſh'd poniard, as ſharp as an awl.

I'll be hang'd, quoth Sancho, if it was not one of your Sevil poniards of Raymond de Hoze's making. That can't be, ſaid Don Quixote, for that cutler liv'd but t'other day, and the battle of Roncesvalles, where this accident happened, was fought many ages ago: but this is of no importance to the ſtory. You are in the right, ſir, ſaid the ſtudent, and pray go on, for I hearken to your relation with the greateſt ſatisfaction imaginable. That, ſir, ſaid the knight, increaſes my pleaſure in telling it. But to proceed: The venerable Monteſinos, having conducted me into the cryſtal palace, led me into a ſpacious ground-room, exceeding cool, and all of alabaſter. In the middle of it ſtood a ſtately marble tomb, that ſeem'd a maſter-piece of art; upon which lay a knight extended all at length, not of ſtone or braſs, as on other monuments, but pure fleſh and bones. He covered the region of his heart with his right-hand, which ſeemed to me ſomewhat hairy, and very full of ſinews, a ſign of the great ſtrength of the body to which it belonged. Monteſinos, obſerving that I viewed this ſpectacle with ſurprize, behold, ſaid he, the flower and mirror of all the amorous and valiant knights of his age, my friend Durandarte, who, together with me and many others of both ſexes, are kept here inchanted by Merlin that Britiſh magician, who, they ſay, was the ſon of the devil; though I cannot be-

lieve it, only his knowledge was ſo great, that he might be ſaid to know more than the devil. Here I ſay we are inchanted, but how and for what cauſe no man can tell, though time I hope will ſhortly reveal it. But the moſt wonderful part of my fortune is this, I am as certain, as that the ſun now ſhines, that Durandarte dy'd in my arms; and that with theſe hands I took out his heart, by the ſame token that it weigh'd above two pounds, a ſure mark of his courage; for, by the rules of natural philoſophy, the moſt valiant men have ſtill the biggeſt hearts. Nevertheleſs, though this knight really dy'd, he ſtill complains and ſighs ſometimes as if he were alive.

Scarce had Monteſinos ſpoke theſe words, but the miſerable Durandarte cry'd out aloud, Oh! couſin Monteſinos, the laſt and dying requeſt of your departing friend, was to take my heart out of my breaſt with a poniard or a dagger, and carry it to Belerma. The venerable Monteſinos hearing this, fell on his knees before the afflicted knight, and with tears in his eyes, Long, long ago, ſaid he, Durandarte, thou deareſt of my kinſmen, have I perform'd what you enjoin'd me on that bitter fatal day when you expired. I took out your heart with all imaginable care, not leaving the leaſt particle of it in your breaſt. I gently wiped it with a laced handkerchief, and poſted away with it to France as ſoon as I had committed your dear remains to the boſom of the earth, having ſhed tears enough to have waſh'd my hands clear of the blood they had gather'd by plunging in your intrails. To confirm this truth yet

farther, at the firſt place where I ſtopp'd from Roncesvalles, I laid a little ſalt upon your heart, to preſerve it from putrefaction, and keep it, if not freſh, at leaſt free from any ill ſmell, till I preſented it into the hands of Belerma, who with you and me, and Guadiana your ſquire ‡, as alſo Ruydera (the lady's woman) with her ſeven daughters, her two nieces, and many others, of your friends and acquaintance, is here confined by the necromantic charms of the magician Merlin; and tho' it be now above five hundred years ſince we were firſt convey'd to this inchanted caſtle, we are ſtill alive, except Ruydera, her daughters and nieces, who by the favour of Merlin, that pity'd their tears, were turned into ſo many lakes, ſtill extant in the world of the living, and in the province of La Mancha, diſtinguiſh'd by the names of the lakes of Ruydera; ſeven of them belong to the kings of Spain, and the two nieces to the knights of the moſt holy order of St. John. Your ſquire Guadiana, lamenting his hard fate, was in like manner metamorphoſed into a river that bears his name; yet ſtill ſo ſenſible of your diſaſter, that when he firſt aroſe out of the bowels of the earth to flow along its ſurface, and ſaw the ſun in a ſtrange hemiſphere, he plunged again under ground, ſtriving to hide his melting ſorrows from the world; but the natural current of his waters forcing a paſſage up again, he is compell'd to appear where the ſun and mortals may ſee him. Thoſe lakes mixing their waters in his boſom, he ſwells, and

‡ Guadiana, a river in Spain, that ſinks into the earth and riſes again a great diſtance off.

glides along in ſullen ſtate to Portugal, often expreſſing his deep melancholy by the muddy and turbid colour of his ſtreams; which, as they refuſe to pleaſe the ſight, ſo likewiſe deny to indulge mortal appetite, by breeding ſuch fair and ſavoury fiſh as may be found in the golden Tagus. All this I have often told you, my deareſt Durandarte; and ſince you return me no anſwer, I muſt conclude you believe me not, or that you do not hear me; for which (witneſs it heaven) I am extremely griev'd. But now I have other news to tell ye, which, though perhaps it may not aſſuage your ſorrows, yet I'm ſure it will not increaſe them. Open your eyes, and behold in your preſence that mighty knight, of whom Merlin the ſage has foretold ſo many wonders; that Don Quixote de la Mancha, I mean, who has not only reſtor'd to the world the function of knight-errantry, that has lain ſo long in oblivion, but advanced it to greater fame than it could boaſt in former ages, the nonage of the world. It is by his power we may expect to ſee the fatal charm diſſolv'd, that keeps us here confin'd; for great performances are properly reſerv'd for great perſonages. And ſhould it not be ſo? anſwer'd the grieving Durandarte, with a faint and languiſhing voice. Should it not be ſo, I ſay? Oh! couſin, patience and ſhuffle the cards *. Then turning on one ſide, without ſpeaking a word more, he relaps'd into his uſual ſilence.

* 'Patience and ſhuffle,' is a Spaniſh proverb, like our 'Patience per force;' uſed by them, becauſe thoſe that loſe at cards commonly uſe to ſhuffle them afterwards very much.

After this, I was alarm'd with piteous howling and crying, which, mix'd with lamentable ſighs and groans, obliged me to turn about, to ſee whence it proceeded. Then thro' the cryſtal-wall I ſaw a mournful proceſſion of moſt beautiful damſels, all in black, marching in two ranks, with turbans on their heads, after the Turkiſh faſhion; and laſt of all came a majeſtic lady, dreſs'd alſo in mourning, with a long white veil, that reach'd from her head down to the ground. Her turban was twice as big as the biggeſt of the reſt: ſhe was ſomewhat beetle-browed, her noſe was flattiſh, her mouth wide, but her lips red; her teeth, which ſhe ſometimes diſcover'd, ſeem'd to be thin and ſnaggy, but indeed as white as blanch'd almonds. She held a fine handkerchief, and within it I could perceive a heart of fleſh, ſo dry and wither'd, that it look'd like mummy. Monteſinos informed me, that the proceſſion conſiſted of Durandarte's and Belerma's ſervants, who were inchanted there with their maſter and miſtreſs: but that the laſt was Belerma herſelf, who with her attendants uſed four days in the week conſtantly thus to ſing, or rather howl their dirges over the heart and body of his couſin; and that though Belerma appear'd a little haggard at that juncture, occaſioned by the grief ſhe bore in her own heart, for that which ſhe carried in her hand, yet had I ſeen her before her misfortunes had ſunk her eyes and tarniſhed her complexion, worſe than the diſeaſes of her ſex, from which ſhe was free, I muſt have owned, that even the celebrated Dulcinea del Toboſo, ſo famous in La Mancha, and over the whole univerſe, could ſcarce

have vyed with her in gracefulneſs and beauty. Hold there, good ſignior Don Monteſinos, ſaid I. You know that compariſons are odious, therefore no more comparing, I beſeech you; but go on with your ſtory. The peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo is what ſhe is, and the lady Belerma is what ſhe is, and has been: ſo no more upon that ſubject. I beg your pardon, anſwer'd Monteſinos, ſignior Don Quixote, I might have gueſs'd indeed that you were the lady Dulcinea's knight, and therefore I ought to have bit my tongue off, ſooner than to have compared her to any thing lower than heaven itſelf. This ſatisfaction, which I thought ſufficient from the great Monteſinos, ſtifled the reſentment I elſe had ſhewn, for hearing my miſtreſs compared to Belerma.

Nay, marry, quoth Sancho, I wonder you did not catch the old doating hunks by the weaſond, and maul and threſh him thick and three-fold! How could you leave one hair on his chin? No, no, Sancho, anſwer'd Don Quixote, there is always a reſpect due to our ſeniors, though they be no knights; but moſt when they are ſuch, and under the oppreſſion of inchantment. However, I am ſatisfied, that in what diſcourſe paſs'd between us, I took care not to have any thing that look'd like an affront fixed upon me.

But, ſir, aſk'd the ſcholar, how could you ſee and hear ſo many ſtrange things in ſo little time? I can't conceive how you could do it. How long, ſaid Don Quixote, do you reckon that I've been in the cave? A little above an hour, anſwered Sancho. That's impoſſible, ſaid Don Quixote, for I ſaw morning and even-

ing, and evening and morning, three times ſince; ſo that I could not be abſent leſs than three days from this upper world. Ay, ay, quoth Sancho, my maſter's in the right; for theſe inchantments, that have the greateſt ſhare in all his concerns, may make that ſeem three days and three nights to him, which is but an hour to other people. It muſt be ſo, ſaid Don Quixote. I hope, ſir, ſaid the ſcholar, you have eaten ſomething in all that time. Not one morſel, reply'd Don Quixote, neither have had the leaſt deſire to eat, or ſo much as thought of it all the while. Do not they that are inchanted ſometimes eat? aſk'd the ſcholar. They never do, anſwer'd Don Quixote, and conſequently they are never troubled with exonerating the dregs of food; though it is not unlikely that their nails, their beards and hair ſtill grow.

Do they never ſleep neither? ſaid Sancho. Never, ſaid Don Quixote; at leaſt they never clos'd their eyes while I was among them, nor I neither. This makes good the ſaying, quoth Sancho, Tell me thy company, and I'll tell thee what thou art. Troth! you have all been inchanted together. No wonder if you neither eat nor ſlept, ſince you were in the land of thoſe that always watch and faſt. But, ſir, would you have me ſpeak as I think; and pray don't take it in ill part, for if I believe one word of all you have ſaid— What do you mean, friend? ſaid the ſtudent. Do you think the noble Don Quixote would be guilty of a lye? and if he had a mind to ſtretch a little, could he, think you, have had leiſure to frame ſuch a number of

ſtories in ſo ſhort a time? I don't think that my maſter would lye neither, ſaid Sancho. What d'ye think then, ſir? ſaid Don Quixote. Why truly, ſir, quoth Sancho, I do believe that this ſame cunning man, this Merlin, that bewitched, or inchanted, as you call it, all that rabble of people you talk of, may have crammed and inchanted, ſome way or other, all that you have told us, and have yet to tell us, into your noddle. It is not impoſſible but ſuch a thing may happen, ſaid Don Quixote, though I am convinced it was otherwiſe with me; for I am poſitive that I ſaw with theſe eyes, and felt with theſe hands, all I have mentioned. But what will you think when I tell you, among many wonderful things, that I ſaw three country-wenches leaping and ſkipping about thoſe pleaſant fields like ſo many wild goats; and at firſt ſight knew one of them to be the peerleſs Dulcinea, and the other two the very ſame we ſpoke to not far from Toboſo. I aſk'd Monteſinos if he knew them? He anſwer'd in the negative; but imagined them ſome inchanted ladies, who were newly come, and that the appearance of ſtrange faces was no rarity among them, for many of the paſt ages and the preſent were inchanted there, under ſeveral diſguiſes; and that, among the reſt, he knew queen Guinever and her woman Quintaniona, that officiated as ſir Lancelot's cup-bearer, as he came from Britain.

Sancho, hearing his maſter talk at that rate, had like to have forgot himſelf, and burſt out a laughing; for he well knew that Dulcinea's inchantment was a lie, and that he himſelf was the chief magician, and raiſer

of the ſtory; and thence concluding his maſter ſtark mad: In an ill hour, quoth he, dear maſter of mine, and in a woful day, went your worſhip down to the other world, and in a worſe hour met you with that plaguy Monteſinos, that has ſent you back in this rueful pickle. You went hence in your right ſenſes; could talk prettily enough now and then; had your handſome proverbs and wiſe ſayings every foot, and would give wholeſome counſel to all that would take it: but now, bleſs me! you talk as if you had left your brains in the devil's cellar. I know thee, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, and therefore I regard thy words as little as poſſible. And I yours, reply'd Sancho. Nay, you may cripple, lame, or kill me, if you pleaſe, either for what I've ſaid, or mean to ſay, I muſt ſpeak my mind though I die for't. But before your blood's up, pray, ſir, tell me, how did you know it was your miſtreſs? Did you ſpeak to her? What did ſhe ſay to you? And what did you ſay to her? I knew her again, ſaid Don Quixote, by the ſame cloaths ſhe wore when thou ſhewd'ſt her to me. I ſpoke to her, but ſhe made no anſwer, but ſuddenly turn'd away, and fled from me like a whirlwind. I intended to have followed her, had not Monteſinos told me it would be to no purpoſe; warning me beſides, that it was high time to return to the upper air: and changing the diſcourſe, he told me that I ſhould hereafter be made acquainted with the means of diſinchanting them all.

But while Monteſinos and I were thus talking together, a very odd accident, the thoughts of which

trouble me ſtill, broke off our converſation. For as we were in the height of our diſcourſe, who ſhould come to me but one of the unfortunate Dulcinea's companions, and before I was aware, with a faint and doleful voice, Sir, ſaid ſhe, my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo gives her ſervice to you, and deſires to know how you do; and being a little ſhort of money at preſent, ſhe deſires you, of all love and kindneſs, to lend her ſix reals upon this new fuſtian-petticoat, or more or leſs as you can ſpare it, ſir, and ſhe'll take care to redeem it very honeſtly in a little time. The meſſage ſurpriz'd me ſtrangely, and therefore turning to Monteſinos, Is it poſſible, ſir, ſaid I, that perſons of quality, when inchanted, are in want? Oh! very poſſible, ſir, ſaid he; poverty ranges every where, and ſpares neither quality inchanted nor uninchanted; and therefore ſince the lady Dulcinea deſires you to lend her theſe ſix reals, and the pawn is a good pawn, let her have the money; for ſure it is very low with her at this time. I ſcorn to take pawns, ſaid I, but my misfortune is, that I can't anſwer the full requeſt; for I have but four reals about me, and that was the money thou gaveſt me t'other day, Sancho, to diſtribute among the poor. However, I gave her all I had, and deſired her to tell her miſtreſs, I was very ſorry for her wants; and that if I had all the treaſures which Croeſus poſſeſs'd, they ſhould be at her ſervice; and withal, that I dy'd every hour for want of her reviving company; and made it my humble and earneſt requeſt, that ſhe would vouchſafe to ſee and converſe with her captive ſervant, and

weather-beaten knight. Tell her, continu'd I, when ſhe leaſt expects it, ſhe will come to hear how I made an oath, as the marqueſs of Mantua did, when he found his nephew Baldwin ready to expire on the mountain, never to eat upon a table-cloth, and ſeveral other particulars which he ſwore to obſerve, till he had revenged his death; ſo in the like ſolemn manner will I ſwear, never to deſiſt from traverſing the habitable globe, and ranging through all the ſeven parts of the world, more indefatigable than ever was done by prince Pedro of Portugal *, till I have freed her from her inchantment. All this and more you owe my miſtreſs, ſaid the damſel; and then, having got the four reals, inſtead of dropping me a courteſy, ſhe cut me a caper in the air two yards high.

Now heaven defend us! cry'd Sancho. Who could ever have believ'd that theſe deviliſh inchanters and inchantments ſhould have ſo much power, as to bewitch my maſter at this rate, and craze his ſound underſtanding in this manner? Alas! ſir, for the love of heaven take care of yourſelf. What will the world ſay of you? Rouſe up your dozing ſenſes, and don't dote upon thoſe whimſies, that have ſo wretchedly crack'd that rare head-piece of yours. Well, ſaid Don Quixote, I cannot be angry at thy ignorant tittle-tattle, becauſe it proceeds from thy love towards me. Thou think'ſt,

* Prince Pedro of Portugal was a great traveller for the time he liv'd in, which gave occaſion to the ſpreading of many fables concerning him, and which made the ignorant vulgar ſay, He travell'd over the *ſeven* parts of the world.

poor fellow, that whatever is beyond the ſphere of thy narrow comprehenſion muſt be impoſſible: but, as I have already ſaid, there will come a time, when I ſhall give thee an account of ſome things I have ſeen below, that will convince thee of the reality of thoſe I told thee now, the truth of which admits of no diſpute.

## CHAP. XXIV.

*Which gives an account of a thouſand flim-flams and ſtories, as impertinent as neceſſary to the right underſtanding of this grand hiſtory.*

THE tranſlator of this famous hiſtory declares, that at the beginning of the chapter, which treats of the adventure of Monteſinos's cave, he found a marginal annotation, written with the Arabian author's own hand in theſe words:

'I cannot be perſuaded, nor believe, that all the 'wonderful accidents ſaid to have happened to the va-'lorous Don Quixote in the cave, ſo punctually befel 'him as he relates them: for, the courſe of his adven-'tures hitherto has been very natural, and bore the 'face of probability; but in this there appears no co-'herence with reaſon, and nothing but monſtrous in-'congruities. But on the other hand, if we conſider 'the honour, worth, and integrity of the noble Don 'Quixote, we have not the leaſt reaſon to ſuſpect he 'would be guilty of a lye; but rather that he would 'ſooner have been transfix'd with arrows. Beſides, he 'has been ſo particular in his relation of that adven-

'ture, and given ſo many circumſtances, that I dare 'not declare it abſolutely apocryphal; eſpecially when 'I conſider, that he had not time enough to invent ſuch 'a cluſter of fables. I therefore inſert it among the 'reſt, without offering to determine whether it is true 'or falſe; leaving it to the diſcretion of the judicious 'reader. Though I muſt acquaint him by the way, that 'Don Quixote, upon his death bed, utterly diſowned 'this adventure, as a perfect fable, which he ſaid, he 'had invented purely to pleaſe his humour, being ſuit-'able to ſuch as he had formerly read in romances.' And ſo much by way of digreſſion.

The ſcholar thought Sancho the moſt ſaucy ſervant, and his maſter the calmeſt madman that ever he ſaw; tho' he attributed the patience of the latter to a certain good humour and eaſineſs of temper infus'd into him by the ſight of his miſtreſs Dulcinea, even under inchantment. Otherwiſe he would have thought his not checking Sancho a greater ſign of madneſs than his diſcourſe. Noble Don Quixote, ſaid he, for four principal reaſons I am extremely pleaſed with having taken this journey with you. Firſt, it has procur'd me the honour of your acquaintance, which I ſhall always eſteem a ſingular happineſs. In the ſecond place, ſir, the ſecrets of Monteſinos's cave, and the transformations of Guadiana, and Ruydera's lakes, have been reveal'd to me, which may look very great in my Spaniſh Ovid. My third advantage is, to have diſcover'd the antiquity of card-playing, which I find to have been a paſtime in uſe even in the empereror Charles the Great's time, as may be

collected from the words of Durandarte, who, after a long ſpeech of Monteſinos's, ſaid as he wak'd, Patience and ſhuffle the cards ‡, which vulgar expreſſion he could never have learn'd in his inchantment: It follows therefore, that he muſt have heard it when he liv'd in France, which was in the reign of that emperor; which obſervation is nick'd, I think, very opportunely for my ſupplement to Polydore Virgil, who, as I remember, has not touch'd upon card-playing; I will inſert it in my work, I'll aſſure you, ſir, as a matter of great importance, having the teſtimony of ſo authentic and ancient an author as ſir Durandarte. The fourth part of my good fortune, is to know the certain and true ſource of the river Guadiana, which has hitherto diſappointed all human enquiries.

There is a great deal of reaſon in what you ſay, anſwer'd Don Quixote: but, under favour, ſir, pray tell me, ſhould you happen to get a licence to publiſh your book, which I ſomewhat doubt, whom will you pitch upon for your patron? Oh, ſir, anſwer'd the author, there are grandees * enough in Spain, ſure, that I may dedicate to. Truly, not many, ſaid Don Quixote; there are, indeed, ſeveral whoſe merits deſerve the praiſe of a dedication, but very few, whoſe generoſity will reward the pains and civility of the author. I muſt confeſs, I know a prince whoſe generoſity may make

‡ See this proverb explain'd in the preceding chapter.

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amends for what is wanting in the reſt; and that to ſuch a degree, that ſhould I make bold to come to particulars, and ſpeak of his great merits, it would be enough to ſtir up a noble emulation in above four generous breaſts; but more of this ſome other time, it is late now, and therefore convenient to think of a lodging. Hard by us here, ſir, ſaid the author, is an hermitage, the retirement of a devout perſon, who, as they ſay, was once a ſoldier, and is look'd upon as a good Chriſtian, and ſo charitable, that he has built there a little houſe at his own expence, purely for the entertainment of ſtrangers. But does he keep hens there trow? aſk'd Sancho. Few hermits in this age are without them, ſaid Don Quixote; for their way of living now falls ſhort of the ſtrictneſs and auſterity of thoſe in the deſerts of Egypt, who went clad only with palm-leaves, and fed on the roots of the earth. Now becauſe I ſpeak well of thoſe of old, I would not have you think I reflect on the others. No, I only mean that their penances are not ſo ſevere as in former days; yet this does not hinder but that the hermits of the preſent age may be good men. I look upon them to be ſuch; at leaſt, their diſſimulation ſecures them from ſcandal; and the hypocrite that puts on the form of holineſs, does certainly leſs harm than the bare-faced ſinner.

As they went on in their diſcourſe, they ſaw a man following them a great pace on foot, and ſwitching up a mule laden with lances and halberts. He preſently overtook them, gave them the time of the day, and paſs'd by. Stay, honeſt fellow, cry'd Don Quixote,

ſeeing him go ſo faſt, make no more haſte than is conſiſtent with good ſpeed. I can't ſtay, ſir, ſaid the man, for theſe weapons that you ſee, muſt be uſed to-morrow morning; ſo, ſir, I am in haſte, good-by, I ſhall lodge to night at the inn beyond the hermitage; if you chance to go that way, there you may find me, and I'll tell you ſtrange news: ſo fare ye well. Then whipping his mule, away he mov'd forwards, ſo faſt that Don Quixote had not leiſure to aſk him any more queſtions. The knight who had always an itching ear after novelties, to ſatisfy his curioſity immediately propos'd their holding ſtraight on to the inn without ſtopping at the hermitage, where the ſcholar deſign'd to have ſtay'd all night. Well, they all conſented, and made the beſt of their way; however, when they came near the hermitage, the ſcholar deſir'd Don Quixote to call with him for a moment, and drink a glaſs of wine at the door.

Sancho no ſooner heard this propos'd, but he turn'd Dapple that way, and rode thither before; but to his great grief, the hoſpitable hermit was abroad, and no body at home but the hermit's companion, who being aſk'd whether he had any ſtrong liquor within? made anſwer, that he could not come at any, but as for ſmall water he might have his belly-full. Body of me! quoth Sancho, were mine a water-thirſt, or had I liking to your cold comfort, there are wells enough upon the road, where I might have ſwill'd my ſkin-full. Oh, the good cheer at Don Diego's houſe, and the ſavoury ſcum at Camacho's wedding, when ſhall I find your fellow!

They now ſpurr'd on towards the inn, and ſoon overtook on the road a young fellow beating it on the hoof pretty leiſurely. He carry'd his ſword over his ſhoulder, with a bundle of cloaths hanging upon it; which, to all outward appearance, conſiſted of a pair of breeches, a cloak, and a ſhirt or two. He had on a tatter'd velvet jerkin, with a ragged ſattin-lining; his ſhirt hung out, his ſtockings were of ſilk, and his ſhoes ſquare at the toes, after the court-faſhion. He ſeem'd about eighteen or nineteen years of age, a good pleaſant look'd lad, and of a lively and active diſpoſition. To paſs the fatigue of his journey the beſt he could, he ſung all the way, and as they came near him, was juſt ending the laſt words of a ballad which the ſcholar got by heart, and were theſe.

A plague on ill luck! Now my ready's all gone,
To the wars poor Pilgarlic muſt trudge:
Tho' had I but money to rake as I've done,
The devil a foot would I budge.

So, young gentleman, ſaid Don Quixote to him, methinks you go very light and airy. Whither are you bound, I pray you, if a man may be ſo bold? I'm going to the wars, ſir, anſwer'd the youth; and for my travelling thus, heat and poverty will excuſe it. I admit the heat, replied Don Quixote; but why poverty, I beſeech you? Becauſe I have no cloaths to put on, reply'd the lad, but what I carry in this bundle; and if I ſhould wear them out upon the road, I ſhould have

nothing to make a handſome figure within any town; for I have no money to buy new ones, till I overtake a regiment of foot that lies about ſome twelve leagues off, where I deſign to liſt myſelf, and then I ſhall not want a conveniency to ride with the baggage till we come to Carthagena, where, I hear, they are to embark; for I had rather ſerve the king abroad, than any beggarly courtier at home. But pray, ſaid the ſcholar, have not you laid up ſomething while you were there? Had I ſerved any of your grandees or great perſons, ſaid the young man, I might have done well enough, and have had a commiſſion by this time, for their foot-boys are preſently advanced to captains and lieutenants, or ſome other good poſt: but a plague on it, ſir, it was always my ill fortune to ſerve pitiful upſtarts and younger brothers, and my allowance was commonly ſo ill paid, and ſo ſmall, that the better half was ſcarce enough to waſh my linen; how then ſhould a poor devil of a page, who would make his fortune, come to any good in ſuch a miſerable ſervice? But, ſaid Don Quixote, how comes it about that in all this time you could not get yourſelf a whole livery? Alack-a-day, ſir, anſwer'd the lad, I had a couple: but my maſters dealt with me as they do with novices in monaſteries, if they go off before they profeſs, the freſh habit is taken from them, and they return them their own cloaths. For you muſt know, that ſuch as I ſerved, only buy liveries for a little oſtentation; ſo when they have made their appearance at court, they ſneak down into the country, and then the poor ſervants are ſtripp'd, and muſt e'en

betake themſelves to their rags again. A ſordid trick, ſaid Don Quixote, or, as the Italians call it, a notorious Eſpilorcheria *. Well, you need not repine at leaving the court, ſince you do it with ſo good a deſign; for there is nothing in the world more commendable than to ſerve God in the firſt place, and the king in the next, eſpecially in the profeſſion of arms, which if it does not procure a man ſo much riches as learning, may at leaſt intitle him to more honour. It is true, that more families have been advanced by the gown, but yet your gentlemen of the ſword, whatever the reaſon of it is, have always I know not what advantage above the men of learning; and ſomething of glory and ſplendor attends them, that makes them out-ſhine the reſt of mankind. But take my advice along with you, child; if you intend to raiſe yourſelf by military employment, I would not have you be uneaſy with the thoughts of what misfortunes may befal you; the worſt can be but to die, and if it be a good honourable death, your fortune's made; and you're certainly happy. Julius Caeſar, that valiant Roman emperor, being aſk'd what kind of death was beſt? That which is ſudden and unexpected, ſaid he; and though his anſwer had a reliſh of Paganiſm, yet with reſpect to human infirmities, 'twas very judicious: for, ſuppoſe you ſhould be cut off at the very firſt engagement by a cannon-ball, or the ſpring of a mine; what matters it? It is all but dying, and there's an end of the buſineſs. As Terence ſays, a ſoldier makes a better figure dead

* Eſpilorcheria, a beggarly mean action.

in the field of battle, than alive and ſafe in flight. The more likely he is to riſe in fame and preferment, the better diſcipline he keeps; the better he obeys, the better he will know how to command. And pray obſerve, my friend, that it is more honourable for a ſoldier to ſmell of gun-powder than of muſk and amber; or if old age overtakes you in this noble employment, tho' all over ſcars, tho' maim'd and lame, you will ſtill have honour to ſupport you, and ſecure you from the contempt of poverty; nay, from poverty itſelf; for there is care taken, that veteran and diſabled ſoldiers may not want. Neither are they to be uſed as ſome men do their negro ſlaves, who, when they are old, and paſt ſervice, are turn'd naked out of doors, under pretence of freedom, to be made greater ſlaves to cold and hunger; a ſlavery from which nothing but death can ſet the wretches free. But I'll ſay no more to you on this ſubject at this time. Get up behind me, and I'll carry you to the inn, where you ſhall ſup with me, and tomorrow morning make the beſt of your way; and may heaven proſper your good deſigns.

The page excus'd himſelf from riding behind the knight, but accepted of his invitation to ſupper very willingly. Sancho, who had all the while given ear to his maſter's diſcourſe, is ſaid to have been more than uſually ſurpriz'd, hearing him talk ſo wiſely. Now bleſſing on thee, maſter of mine, thought he to himſelf; how comes it about that a man who ſays ſo many good things, ſhould relate ſuch ridiculous ſtories and whimſies, as he would have us believe of Monteſinos's cave.

Well, heaven knows beſt, and the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

By this time it began to grow dark, and they arrived at the inn, where, Don Quixote alighting, aſk'd preſently for the man with the lances and halberts. The inn-keeper anſwer'd, that he was rubbing down his mule in the ſtable. Sancho was very well pleas'd to be at his journey's end, and the more, that his maſter took the houſe for a real inn, and not for a caſtle, as he us'd to do. He and the ſcholar then ſet up the aſſes, giving Rozinante the beſt manger and ſtanding in the ſtable.

## CHAP. XXV.

*Where you find the grounds of the braying adventures, that of the puppet player, and the memorable divining of the fortune-telling ape.*

DON Quixote was on thorns to know the ſtrange ſtory that the fellow upon the road engaged to tell him; ſo that going into the ſtable he minded him of his promiſe, and preſs'd him to relate the whole matter to him that moment. My ſtory will take up ſome time, quoth the man, and is not to be told ſtanding; have a little patience, maſter of mine, let me make an end of ſerving my mule, then I'll ſerve your worſhip, and tell you ſuch things as will make you ſtare. Don't let that hinder, reply'd Don Quixote, for I'll help you myſelf; and ſo ſaying, he lent him a helping hand, cleanſing the manger, and ſifting the barley; which

humble compliance obliged the fellow to tell his tale the more willingly. So that, ſeating himſelf upon a bench with Don Quixote, the ſcholar, the page, Sancho, and the inn-keeper about him, for his full auditory, he began in this manner.

It happen'd on a time, that in a borough about ſome four leagues and a half from this place, one of the aldermen * loſt his aſs: they ſay it was by the roguery of a waggiſh jade that was his maid; but that's neither here nor there, the aſs was loſt and gone, that's certain; and what's more, it could not be found neither high nor low. This ſame aſs had been miſſing about a fortnight, ſome ſay more, ſome leſs, when another alderman of the ſame town meeting this ſame loſing-alderman in the market place, Brother, quoth he, pay me well, and I'll tell you news of your aſs. Troth! quoth the other, that I will; but then let me know where the poor beaſt is? Why, anſwer'd the other, this morning what ſhould I meet upon the mountains yonder but he, without either pack-ſaddle or furniture, and ſo lean that it griev'd my heart to ſee him; but yet ſo wild and ſkittiſh, that when I would have driven him home before me, he ran away as the devil were in him, and got into the thickeſt of the wood. Now if you pleaſe, we'll both go together and look for him; I'll but ſtep home firſt and put up this aſs, then I'll come back to you, and we'll about it out of hand. Truly, brother, ſaid the other, I'm mightily beholden to you,

* Rigidor.

and will do as much for you another time. The ſtory happen'd neither more nor leſs, but ſuch as I tell you, for ſo all that know it relate it word for word. In ſhort, the two aldermen, hand in hand, a-foot trudg'd up the hills, and hunted up and down; but after many a weary ſtep, no aſs was to be found. Upon which, quoth the alderman that had ſeen him, to t'other, hark you me, brother, I have a device in my noddle to find out this ſame aſs of yours, though he were under-ground, as you ſhall hear. You muſt know I can bray to admiration, and if you can but bray never ſo little, the job's done. Never ſo little, cry'd t'other, body of me! I won't vail my bonnet at braying to e'er an aſs or alderman in the land. Well, we ſhall try that, quoth the other, for my contrivance is that you ſhall go on one ſide of the hill, and I on the other; ſometimes you ſhall bray, and ſometimes I; ſo that, if your aſs be but thereabouts, my life for yours, he'll be ſure to anſwer his kind, and bray again. Gramercy, brother, quoth the other! A rare device, i'fack! let you alone for plotting. At the ſame time they parted according to agreement, and when they were far enough off, they both fell a braying ſo perfectly well, that they cheated one another; and meeting, each in hopes to find the aſs: is it poſſible, brother, ſaid the owner of the aſs, that it was not my aſs that bray'd? No, marry, that it was'nt, it was I, anſwer'd the other alderman. Well, brother, cry'd the owner, then there's no manner of difference between you and an aſs, as to matter of braying; I never heard any thing ſo natural in my life.

Oh fye! ſir, quoth the other, I am nothing to you: you ſhall lay two to one againſt the beſt brayer in the kingdom, and I'll go your halves. Your voice is lofty, and of a great compaſs; you keep excellent time, and hold out a note rarely, and your cadence is full and raviſhing. In ſhort, ſir, I knock under the table, and yield you the bays. Well then, brother, anſwer'd the owner, I ſhall always have the better opinion of myſelf for this one good quality; for though I knew I bray'd pretty well, I never thought myſelf ſo great a maſter before. Well, quoth the other, thus you ſee what rare parts may be loſt for want of being known, and a man never knows his own ſtrength, till he puts it to a trial. Right, brother, quoth the owner, for I ſhould never have found out this wonderful gift of mine, had it not been for this buſineſs in hand, and may we ſpeed in't, I pray! After theſe compliments they parted again, and went braying, this on one ſide of the hill, and that on t'other. But all to no purpoſe, for they ſtill deceiv'd one another with their braying, and, running to the noiſe, met one another as before.

At laſt they agreed to bray twice one after another, that by that token they might be ſure it was not the aſs, but they that bray'd. But all in vain, they almoſt bray'd their hearts out, but no anſwer from the aſs. And indeed, how could it, poor creature! when they found him at laſt in the wood half eaten by the wolves. Alack-a-day poor Grizzle, cry'd the owner, I don't wonder now he took ſo little notice of his loving maſter! Had he been alive, as ſure as he was an aſs he would

have bray'd again. But let him go, this comfort I have at leaſt brother; though I have loſt him, I've found out that rare talent of yours, that has hugely ſolaced me under this affliction. The glaſs is in a good hand, maſter alderman, quoth the other, and if the abbot ſings well, the young monk is not much behind him.

With this, theſe ſame aldermen, very much down i'th'mouth, and very hoarſe, went home and told all their neighbours the whole ſtory word for word; one praiſing t'other's ſkill in braying, and t'other returning the compliment. In ſhort, one got it by the end, and t'other got it by the end; the boys got it, and all the idle fellows got it, and there was ſuch a brawling, and ſuch a braying in our town, that one would have thought hell broke looſe among us. But to let you ſee now how the devil never lies dead in a ditch, but catches at every fooliſh thing to ſet people by the ears; our neighbouring towns had it up, and when they ſaw any of our townsfolks they fell a braying, hitting us in the teeth with the braying of our aldermen. This made ill blood between us; for we took it in mighty dudgeon, as well we might, and came to words upon't, and from words to blows; for the people of our town, are well known by this, as the beggar knows his diſh, and are apt to be jeer'd whereſoever they go; and then to't they go, ding dong, hand over head, in ſpight of law or goſpel. And they've carry'd the jeſt ſo far, that I believe tomorrow or next day, the men of our town, to wit, the brayers, will be in the field againſt thoſe of another town about two leagues off, that are always plaguing

us. Now, that we ſhould be well provided, I have brought theſe lances and halberts that ye ſaw me carry. So this is my ſtory, gentlefolks, and if it ben't a ſtrange one, I'm woundily miſtaken.

Here the honeſt man ended; when preſently enters a fellow dreſs'd in trowſers and doublet all of ſhamoy leather, and calling out, as if he were ſomebody: Landlord, cry'd he, have you any lodgings? For here comes the fortune-telling ape, and the puppet-ſhew of Meliſandra's deliverance. Body of me! cry'd the inn-keeper, who's here? Maſter Peter? We ſhall have a merry night, faith? honeſt maſter Peter, you're welcome with all my heart! but where's the ape, and the ſhow, that I can't ſee them. They'll be here preſently, ſaid Peter. I only came before, to ſee if you had any lodgings. Lodging, man, ſaid the inn-keeper, zookers! I would turn out the duke of Alva himſelf, rather than Mr. Peter ſhould want room. Come, come, bring in your things, for here are gueſts in the houſe to night that will be good cuſtomers to you, I warrant you. That's a good hearing, ſaid Peter; and to encourage them I'll lower my prices, and if I can but get my charges to-night, I'll look for no more; ſo I will haſten forward the cart. This ſaid, he ran out of the door again.

I had forgot to tell you, that this ſame maſter Peter wore over his left eye and half his cheek a patch of green taffata, by which it was to be ſuppoſed that ſomething ailed that ſide of his face. Don Quixote enquired who this maſter Peter was, and what his ape

and his ſhow! Why, ſir, anſwer'd the inn-keeper, he has ſtrolled about the country here this great while with a curious puppet-ſhow, which repreſents the play of Meliſandra and Don Gayferos, one of the beſt ſhows that has been acted time out of mind in this kingdom. Then he has an ape! bleſs us, ſir, it is ſuch an ape! but I will ſay no more; you ſhall ſee, ſir: it will tell you every thing you ever did in your life. The like was never ſeen before. Aſk him a queſtion, 'twill liſten to you, and then, whip, up it leaps on its maſter's ſhoulder, and whiſpers firſt in his ear what it knows, and then maſter Peter tells you He tells you what is to come, as well as what is paſſed: it is true, he does not always hit ſo pat as to what is to come; but after all, he is ſeldom in the wrong; which makes us apt to think, the devil helps him at a dead lift. Two-reals is the price for every queſtion he anſwers, or his maſter for him, which is all one, you know; and that will mount to money at the year's end, ſo that 'tis thought the rogue is well to paſs; and indeed much good may't do him, for he is a notable fellow, and a boon companion, and leads the merrieſt life in the world, talks for ſix men, and drinks for a dozen, and all this he gets by his tongue, his ape, and his ſhow.

By this time, maſter Peter came back with his puppet-ſhow, and his ape in a cart. The ape was pretty luſty, without any tail, and his buttocks bare as a felt. Yet he was not very ugly neither. Don Quixote no ſooner ſaw him, but coming up to him, Mr. Fortune-teller, ſaid he, will you be pleaſed to tell us, what fiſh

we ſhall catch, and what will become of us, and here's your fee? Saying this, he ordered Sancho to deliver Mr. Peter two reals. Sir, anſwer'd Peter, this animal gives no account of things to come; he knows ſomething indeed of matters paſt, and a little of the preſent. Odds bobs! quoth Sancho, I would not give a braſs jack to know what's paſt; for who knows that better than myſelf; I'm not ſo fooliſh as to pay for what I know already: but ſince you ſay he has ſuch a knack at gueſſing the preſent, let goodman ape tell me what my wife Tereſa is doing, and what ſhe is about, and here's my two reals. I'll have nothing of you beforehand, ſaid Mr. Peter; ſo clapping himſelf on his left ſhoulder, up ſkipp'd the ape thither at one friſk, and laying his mouth to his ear grated his teeth: and having made apiſh grimaces, and a chattering noiſe for a minute or two, with another ſkip he leap'd down on the ground. Immediately upon this, maſter Peter ran to Don Quixote, and fell on his knees, and embracing his legs, Oh glorious reſtorer of knight-errantry, cry'd he, I embrace theſe legs, as I would the pillars of Hercules. Who can ſufficiently extol the great Don Quixote de la Mancha, the reviver of drooping hearts, the prop and ſtay of the falling, the raiſer of the fallen, and the ſtaff of comfort to the weak and afflicted! At theſe words Don Quixote ſtood amaz'd, Sancho quak'd, the page wonder'd, the brayer bleſs'd himſelf, the inn-keeper ſtar'd, and the ſcholar was in a brown ſtudy, all aſtoniſh'd at Mr. Peter's ſpeech: who then turning to Sancho, And thou, honeſt Sancho Pança, ſaid he, the

beſt ſquire to the beſt knight in the world, bleſs thy kind ſtars; for thy good ſpouſe Tereſa is a good houſe-wife, and is at this inſtant dreſſing a pound of flax; by the ſame token, ſhe has ſtanding by her, on her left hand, a large broken-mouth jug, which holds a pretty ſcantling of wine, to cheer up her ſpirits. By yea, and nay, quoth Sancho, that's likely enough, for ſhe's a true ſoul, and a jolly ſoul: were it not for a ſpice of jealouſy that ſhe has now and then, I would not change her for the gianteſs Andondona herſelf, who, as my maſter ſays, was as clever a piece of woman's fleſh as ever went upon two legs. Well, much good may't do thee, honeſt Tereſa; thou art reſolv'd to provide for one, I find, though thy heirs ſtarve for it.

Well! ſaid Don Quixote, great is the knowledge procur'd by reading, travel and experience! what on earth but the teſtimony of my own eyes could have perſuaded me that apes had the gift of divination! I am indeed the ſame Don Quixote de la Mancha, mention'd by this ingenious animal, though I muſt confeſs ſomewhat undeſerving of ſo great a character as it has pleas'd him to beſtow on me: but nevertheleſs I am not ſorry to have charity and compaſſion bear ſo great a part in my commendation, ſince my nature has always diſpos'd me to do good to all men, and hurt to none.

Now had I but money, ſaid the page, I would know of maſter ape what luck I ſhall have in the wars. I have told you already, (ſaid maſter Peter, who was got up from before Don Quixote) that this ape does not meddle with what is to come; but if he could, it

ſhould coſt you nothing, for Don Quixote's ſake, whom to oblige, I would ſacrifice all the intereſt I have in the world; and as a mark of it, gentlemen, I freely ſet up my ſhow, and give all the company in the houſe ſome diverſion *gratis*. The inn-keeper hearing this, was overjoy'd, and order'd maſter Peter a convenient room to ſet up his motion, and he immediately went about it.

In the mean time Don Quixote, who could not bring himſelf to believe that an ape could do all this, taking Sancho to a corner of the ſtable; Look ye, Sancho, ſaid he, I have been weighing and conſidering the wonderful gifts of this ape, and find in ſhort, maſter Peter muſt have made a ſecret compact with the devil. Nay, quoth Sancho, (miſunderſtanding the word *compact*) if the devil and he have pack'd any thing together in hugger-mugger, 'tis a pack of roguery to be ſure, and they are a pack of knaves for their pains, and let them e'en pack together, ſay I. Thou doſt not apprehend me, ſaid Don Quixote; I mean, the devil and he muſt have made an agreement together, that Satan ſhould infuſe this knowledge into the ape, to purchaſe the owner an eſtate; and in return, the laſt has certainly engag'd his ſoul to this deſtructive ſeducer of mankind. For the ape's knowledge is exactly of the ſame proportion with the devil's, which only extends to the diſcovery of things paſt and preſent, having no inſight into futurity, but by ſuch probable conjectures and concluſions as may be deduced from the former working of antecedent cauſes; true preſcience and prediction being the ſacred prerogative of God, to whoſe all-ſeeing eyes, all ages, paſt, pre-

ſent, and to come, without the diſtinction of ſucceſſion and termination, are always preſent. From this, I ſay, it is apparent this ape is but the organ through which the devil delivers his anſwers to thoſe that aſk it queſtions; and this ſame rogue ſhould be put into the inquiſition, and have the truth preſs'd out of his bones. For ſure neither the maſter nor his ape can lay any pretence to judicial aſtrology; nor is the ape ſo converſant in the mathematics, I ſuppoſe, as to erect a ſcheme. Tho' I muſt confeſs, that creatures of leſs parts, as fooliſh illiterate women, footmen and coblers, pretend now-a-days to draw certainties from the ſtars, as eaſily and readily as they ſhuffle a pack of cards, to the diſgrace of the ſublime ſcience, which they have the impudence to profeſs. I knew a lady that aſk'd one of theſe figure-caſters, if a little foiſting bitch ſhe had ſhould have puppies, and how many, and of what colour? My conjurer, after he had ſcrawl'd out his ſcheme, very judiciouſly pronounced, that the pretty creature ſhould have three puppies, one green, one red, and another mix'd colour'd, provided ſhe would take dog between eleven and twelve at night or noon, either on a Monday or a Saturday; and the ſucceſs happen'd as exactly as could be expected from his art; for the bitch ſome days after, dy'd very fairly of a ſurfeit, and maſter Figure-flinger was reputed a ſpecial conjurer all the town over, as moſt of theſe fellows are. For all that, ſaid Sancho, I would have you aſk Mr. Peter's ape, whether the paſſages you told us concerning Monteſinos's cave be true or no; for ſaving the reſpect I owe your worſhip, I

take them to be no better than ſibs, and idle ſtories, or dreams at leaſt. You may think what you will, anſwer'd Don Quixote, however I'll do as you would have me, though I confeſs my conſcience ſomewhat ſcruples to do ſuch a thing.

While they were thus engaged in diſcourſe, maſter Peter came and told Don Quixote, the ſhow was ready to begin, and deſired him to come and ſee it, for he was ſure his worſhip would like it. The knight told him, he had a queſtion to put to his ape firſt, and deſired he might tell him, whether certain things that happen'd to him in Monteſinos's cave were dreams or realities, for he doubted they had ſomething of both in them. Maſter Peter fetched his ape immediately, and placing him juſt before the knight and his ſquire; Look you, ſays he, Mr. ape, this worthy knight would have you tell him whether ſome things which happen'd to him in Monteſinos's cave were true or no? Then upon the uſual ſignal, the ape jumping upon maſter Peter's left ſhoulder, chattered his anſwer into his ear, which the interpreter delivered thus to the enquirer. The ape, ſir, ſays, that part of thoſe things are falſe, and part of them true, which is all he can reſolve ye, as to this queſtion; and now his virtue has left him, and won't return till Friday next. If you would know any more, you muſt ſtay till then, and he'll anſwer as many queſtions as you pleaſe. Law you there know, quoth Sancho, did not I tell you, that all you told us of Monteſinos's cave would not hold water? That the event will determine, reply'd the knight,

which we muſt leave to proceſs of time to produce; for it brings every thing to light, though buried in the bowels of the earth. No more of this at preſent: let us now ſee the puppet-ſhow; I fancy we ſhall find ſomething in it worth ſeeing. Something! ſaid maſter Peter, ſir, you ſhall ſee a thouſand things worth ſeeing. I tell you, ſir, I defy the world to ſhew ſuch another. I ſay no more: *Operibus credite et non verbis.* But now let us begin, for it grows late, and we have much to do, ſay, and ſhow.

Don Quixote and Sancho comply'd, and went into the room where the ſhow ſtood, with a good number of ſmall wax lights glimmering round about, that made it ſhine glorioufly. Maſter Peter got to his ſtation within, being the man that was to move the puppets; and his boy ſtood before to tell what the puppets ſaid, and with a white wand in his hand, to point at the ſeveral figures as they came in and out, and explain the myſtery of the ſhow. Then all the audience having taken their places, Don Quixote, Sancho, the ſcholar, and the page, being preferr'd to the reſt; the boy, who was the mouth of the motion, began a ſtory, that ſhall be heard or ſeen by thoſe, who will take the pains to read or hear the next chapter.

## CHAP. XXVI.

*A pleaſant account of the puppet-play, with other very good things truly.*

THE Tyrians and the Trojans were all ſilent; that is, the ears of all the ſpectators hung on the mouth of the interpreter of the ſhow, when in the firſt place they had a loud flouriſh of kettle-drums and trumpets within the machine, and then ſeveral diſcharges of artillery; which prelude being ſoon over, gentlemen, cry'd the boy, raiſing his voice, we preſent you here with a true hiſtory taken out of the chronicles of France, and the Spaniſh ballads, ſung even by the boys about the ſtreets, and in every body's mouth; it tells you how Don Gayferos deliver'd his wife Meliſandra, that was a priſoner among the Moors in Spain, in the city of Sanſuena, now call'd Saragoſſa. Now, gallants, the firſt figure we preſent you with, is Don Gayferos playing at tables according to the ballad,

Now Gayferos the live-long day,
Oh errant ſhame, at draughts does play;
And, as at court, moſt huſbands do,
Forgets his lady fair and true.

Gentlemen, in the next place, mark that perſonage that peeps out there with a crown on his head, and a ſceptre in his hand. 'Tis the emperor Charlemain, the fair Meliſandra's reputed father, who, vex'd at the idle-

neſs and negligence of his ſon-in-law, comes to chide him; and pray obſerve with what paſſion and earneſtneſs he rates him, as if he had a mind to lend him half a dozen ſound raps over the pate with his ſceptre. Nay, ſome authors don't ſtick to tell ye, he gave him as many, and well laid on too; and after he had told him how his honour lay a-bleeding, till he had deliver'd his wife out of durance, among many other pithy ſayings, look to it, (quoth he to him as he went) I'll ſay no more. Mind how the emperor turns his back upon him, and how he leaves Don Gayferos nettled and in the dumps. Now ſee how he ſtarts up, and in a rage dings the tables one way, and whirls the men another; and calling for his arms with all haſte, borrows his couſin-german Orlando's ſword Durindana, who withal offers to go along with him in this difficult adventure, but the valorous enraged knight will not let him, and ſays, he's able to deliver his wife himſelf, without his help, tho' they kept her down in the very center of the earth. And now he's going to put on his armour, in order to begin his journey.

Now, gentlemen, caſt your eyes upon yon tower; you are to ſuppoſe it one of the towers of the caſtle of Saragoſſa, now call'd Aljaferia. That lady, whom you ſee in the balcony there in a Mooriſh habit, is the peerleſs Meliſandra, that caſts many a heavy look towards France, thinking of Paris and her huſband, the only comfort in her impriſonment. But now! ſilence, gentlemen, pray ſilence! here is an accident wholly new, the like perhaps never heard of before: don't you

ſee that Moor who comes a tiptoe, creeping and ſtealing along with his finger in his mouth behind Meliſandra? Hear what a ſmack he gives on her ſweet lips, and ſee how ſhe ſpits and wipes her mouth with her white ſmock-ſleeve! See how ſhe takes on, and tears her lovely hair for very madneſs, as if 'twere to blame for this affront. Next pray obſerve that grave Moor that ſtands in the open gallery! That's Marſilius the king of Sanſuena, who having been an eye-witneſs of the ſaucineſs of the Moor, order'd him immediately to be apprehended, though his kinſman and great favourite, to have two hundred laſhes given him, then to be carried thro' the city, with criers before to proclaim his crime, the rods of juſtice behind. And look how all this is put in execution ſooner almoſt than the fact is committed. For your Moors, ye muſt know, don't uſe any form of indictment as we do, neither have they any legal trials.

Child, child, ſaid Don Quixote, go on directly with your ſtory, and don't keep us here with your excurſions and ramblings out of the road: I tell you there muſt be a formal proceſs and legal trial to prove matters of fact. Boy, ſaid the maſter from behind the ſhow, do as the gentleman bids you. Don't run ſo much upon flouriſhes, but follow your plain ſong, without venturing on counter-points, for fear of ſpoiling all. I will, ſir, quoth the boy, and ſo proceeding. Now, ſirs, he that you ſee there a-horſe-back wrapt up in the Gaſcoign-cloak, is Don Gayferos himſelf; whom his wife, now revenged on the Moor for his impudence, ſeeing

from the battlements of the tower, takes him for a ſtranger, and talks with him as ſuch, according to the ballad;

Quoth Meliſandra, if per chance,
Sir Traveller, you go for France,
For pity's ſake, aſk when you're there,
For Gayferos, my huſband dear.

I omit the reſt, not to tire you with a long ſtory. It is ſufficient that he makes himſelf known to her, as you may gueſs by the joy ſhe ſhews; and accordingly now ſee how ſhe lets herſelf down from the balcony to come at her loving huſband, and get behind him. But unhappily, alas! one of the ſkirts of her gown is caught upon one of the ſpikes of the balcony, and there ſhe hangs and hovers in the air miſerably, without being able to get down. But ſee how Heaven is merciful, and ſends relief in the greateſt diſtreſs! Now Don Gayferos rides up to her, and not fearing to tear her rich gown, lays hold on't, and at one pull brings her down; and then at one lift, ſets her aſtride upon his horſe's crupper, bidding her to ſit faſt, and clap her arms about him, that ſhe might not fall; for the lady Meliſandra was not us'd to that kind of riding.

Obſerve now, gallants, how the horſe neighs, and ſhews how proud he is of the burden of his brave maſter and fair miſtreſs. Look now, how they turn their backs, and leave the city, and gallop it merrily away towards Paris. Peace be with you for a peerleſs couple of true lovers! may ye get ſafe and ſound into your own

country, without any let or ill chance in your journey, and live as long as Neſtor in peace and quietneſs among your friends and relations. Plainneſs, boy, cry'd maſter Peter, none of your flights, I beſeech you, for affectation is the devil. The boy anſwer'd nothing, but going on; Now, ſirs, quoth he, ſome of thoſe idle people, that love to pry into every thing, happen'd to ſpy Meliſandra as ſhe was making her eſcape, and ran preſently and gave Marſilius notice of it: whereupon he ſtraight commanded to ſound an alarm; and now mind what a din and hurly-burly there is, and how the city ſhakes with the ring of the bells backwards in all the moſques! There you are out, boy, ſaid Don Quixote. The Moors have no bells, they only uſe kettle-drums, and a kind of ſhaulms like our waits or hautboys; ſo that your ringing of bells in Sanſuena is a mere abſurdity, good maſter Peter. Nay, ſir, ſaid maſter Peter, giving over ringing, if you ſtand upon theſe trifles with us, we ſhall never pleaſe you. Don't be ſo ſevere a critic. Are there not a thouſand plays that paſs with great ſucceſs and applauſe, though they have many greater abſurdities, and nonſenſe in abundance? On, boy, on, let there be as many impertinences as moats in the ſun; no matter, ſo I get the money. Well ſaid, anſwer'd Don Quixote.

And now, ſirs, quoth the boy, obſerve what a vaſt company of glittering horſe comes pouring out of the city, in purſuit of the Chriſtian lovers; what a dreadful ſound of trumpets, and clarions, and drums, and kettle-drums there's in the air. I fear they will over-

take them, and then will the poor wretches be dragg' along moſt barbarouſly at the tails of their horſes, which would be ſad indeed.

Don Quixote, ſeeing ſuch a number of Moors, and hearing ſuch an alarm, thought it high time to aſſiſt the flying lovers; and ſtarting up, It ſhall never be ſaid while I live, cry'd he aloud, that I ſuffer'd ſuch a wrong to be done to ſo famous a knight and ſo daring a lover as Don Gayferos. Forbear then your unjuſt purſuit, ye baſe-born raſcals. Stop, or prepare to meet my furious reſentment. Then drawing out his ſword, to make good his threats, at one ſpring he gets to the ſhow, and with a violent fury lays at the Mooriſh puppets, cutting and ſlaſhing in a moſt terrible manner; ſome he overthrows, and beheads others; maims this, and cleaves that in pieces. Among the reſt of his mercileſs ſtrokes, he thunder'd one down with ſuch a mighty force, that had not maſter Peter luckily duck'd and ſquatted down, it had certainly chopp'd off his head as eaſily as one might cut an apple. Hold, hold, ſir, cry'd the puppet-player, after the narrow eſcape, hold for pity's ſake. What do you mean, ſir? Theſe are no real Moors that you cut and hack ſo, but poor harmleſs puppets made of paſte-board. Think o' what you do, you ruin me for ever. Oh that ever I was born! you've broke me quite. But Don Quixote, without minding his words, doubl'd and redoubl'd his blows ſo thick, and laid about him ſo outrageouſly, that in leſs than two credo's he had cut all the ſtrings and wires, mangled the puppets, and ſpoil'd and demoliſh'd

the whole motion. King Marſilius was in a grievous condition. The emperor Charlemain's head and crown were cleft in two. The whole audience was in a ſad conſternation. The ape ſcamper'd off to the top of the houſe. The ſcholar was frighted out of his wits; the page was very uneaſy, and Sancho himſelf was in a terrible fright; for, as he ſwore after the hurricane was over, he had never ſeen his maſter in ſuch a rage before.

The general rout of the puppets being over, Don Quixote's fury began to abate; and with a more pacify'd countenance turning to the company, Now, ſaid he, could I wiſh all thoſe incredulous perſons here who ſlight knight-errantry might receive conviction of their error, and behold undeniable proofs of the benefit of that function: for how miſerable had been the condition of poor Don Gayferos and the fair Meliſandra by this time, had I not been here and ſtood up in their defence! I make no queſtion but thoſe infidels would have apprehended them, and us'd them barbarouſly. Well, when all's done, long live knight-errantry, long let it live, I ſay, above all things whatſoever in this world. Ay, ay, ſaid Mr. Peter in a doleful tone, let it live long for me, ſo I may die; for why ſhould I live ſo unhappy, as to ſay with king Rodrigo,* 'Yeſterday I was lord of 'Spain, to-day have not a foot of land I can call mine?' 'Tis not half an hour, nay ſcarce a moment, ſince I had kings and emperors at command. I had horſes in a-

* The laſt king of the Goths that reign'd in Spain, conquer'd by the Moors.

bundance, and cheſts and bags full of fine things; but now you ſee me a poor ſorry undone man, quite and clean broke and caſt down, and in ſhort a meer beggar. What's worſt of all, I've loſt my ape too, who I'm ſure will make me ſweat ere I catch him again; and all through the raſh fury of this ſir knight here, who, they ſay, protects the fatherleſs, redreſſes wrongs, and does other charitable deeds, but has fail'd in all theſe good offices to miſerable me, Heaven be prais'd for't. Well may I call him the knight of the woful figure, for he has put me, and all that belongs to me, in a woful caſe. The puppet-player's lamentations moving Sancho's pity, Come, quoth he, don't cry, maſter Peter, thou break'ſt my heart to hear thee take on ſo; don't be caſt down, man, for my maſter's a better Chriſtian, I'm ſure, than to let any poor man come to loſs by him: when he comes to know he's done you wrong, he'll pay you for every farthing of damage, I'll engage. Truly, ſaid Mr. Peter, if his worſhip would but pay me for the faſhion of my puppets he has ſpoil'd, I'll aſk no more, and he'll diſcharge a good conſcience; for he that wrongs his neighbour, and does not make reſtitution, can never hope to be ſav'd, that's certain. I grant it, ſaid Don Quixote; but I am not ſenſible how I have in the leaſt injur'd you, good maſter Peter! No, ſir! not injur'd me! cry'd maſter Peter. Why theſe poor relics that lie here on the cold ground, cry out for vengeance againſt you. Was it not the invincible force of that powerful arm of yours that has ſcatter'd and diſmember'd them ſo? And whoſe were thoſe bodies, ſir,

but mine? and by whom was I maintain'd, but by them? Well, ſaid Don Quixote, now I am thoroughly convinced of a truth, which I have had reaſon to believe before, that thoſe curſed magicians that daily perſecute me, do nothing but delude me, firſt drawing me into dangerous adventures by the appearances of them as really they are, and then preſently after changing the face of things as they pleaſe. Really and truly, gentlemen, I vow and proteſt before ye all that hear me, that all that was acted here, ſeem'd to be really tranſacted *ipſo facto* as it appear'd. To me Meliſandra appear'd to be Meliſandra, Don Gayferos was Don Gayferos, Marſilius Marſilius, and Charlemain was the real Charlemain. Which being ſo, I could not contain my fury, and acted according to the duties of my function, which obliges me to take the injured ſide. Now, tho' what I have done proves to be quite contrary to my good deſign, the fault ought not to be imputed to me, but to my perſecuting foes; yet I own myſelf ſorry for the miſchance, and will condemn myſelf to pay the coſts. Let maſter Peter ſee what he muſt have for the figures that are damag'd, and I will pay it him now in good and lawful money on the nail. Heaven bleſs your worſhip, cry'd maſter Peter, with a profound cringe; I could expect no leſs from the wonderful Chriſtianity of the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the ſure relief and bulwark of all miſerable wanderers. Now let my landlord and the great Sancho be mediators and appraiſers between your worſhip and myſelf, and I'll ſtand to their award. They agreed: and preſently maſter Pe-

ter taking up Marſilius king of Saragoſſa, that lay by on the ground with his head off: You ſee gentlemen, ſaid he, it is impoſſible to reſtore this king to his former dignity; and therefore, with ſubmiſſion to your better judgments, I think that for his deſtruction, and to get him a ſucceſſor, ſeven and twenty pence * is little enough o'conſcience. Proceed, ſaid Don Quixote. Then for this that is cleft in two, ſaid maſter Peter, taking up the emperor Charlemain, I think he's richly worth one and thirty pence half-penny ‡. Not ſo richly neither, quoth Sancho. Truly, ſaid the inn-keeper, I think 'tis pretty reaſonable; but we'll make it even money, let the poor fellow have half a crown. Come, ſaid Don Quixote, let him have his full price; we'll not ſtand haggling for ſo ſmall a matter in a caſe like this: ſo make haſte maſter Peter, for 'tis near ſupper-time, and I have ſome ſtrong preſumptions that I ſhall eat heartily. Now, ſaid maſter Peter, for this figure here that's without a noſe, and blind with one eye, being the fair Meliſandra, I'll be reaſonable with you; give me fourteen pence §, I would not take leſs from my brother. Nay, ſaid Don Quixote, the devil's in't if Meliſandra ben't by this time with her huſband, upon the frontiers of France at leaſt; for the horſe that carry'd them ſeem'd to me rather to fly than to gallop; and now you tell me of a Meliſandra here without a noſe forſooth, when it is ten to one but ſhe's now in her huſband's

* Four reals and a half.

‡ Five reals and a quarter.

§ Two reals and twelve maravedis.

arms in a good bed in France. Come, come, friend, God help every man to his own; let us have fair dealing, ſo proceed. Maſter Peter finding that the knight began to harp upon the old ſtring, was afraid he would fly off; and making as if he had better conſider'd of it, Cry ye mercy, ſir, ſaid he, I was miſtaken; this could not be Meliſandra indeed, but one of the damſels that waited on her; and ſo I think five pence will be fair enough for her. In this manner he went on, ſetting his price upon the dead and wounded, which the arbritrators moderated to the content of both parties; and the whole ſum amounted to forty reals and three quarters, which Sancho paid him down; and then Mr. Peter demanded two reals more, for the trouble of catching his ape. Give it him, ſaid Don Quixote, and ſet the monkey to catch the ape; and now would I give two hundred more to be aſſured that Don Gayferos and the lady Meliſandra were ſafely arrived in France among their friends. No body can better tell than my ape, ſaid maſter Peter, though the devil himſelf will hardly catch him, if hunger, or his kindneſs for me, don't bring us together again to night. However tomorrow will be a new day, and when 'tis light we'll ſee what's to be done.

The whole diſturbance being appeas'd, to ſupper they went lovingly together, and Don Quixote treated the whole company, for he was liberality itſelf. Before day the man with the lances and halberts left the inn, and ſome time after the ſcholar and the page came to take leave of the knight; the firſt to return home, and

the ſecond to continue his journey, towards whoſe charges, Don Quixote gave him twelve reals. As for maſter Peter, he knew too much of the knight's humour to deſire to have any thing to do with him, and therefore having pick'd up the ruins of the puppet-ſhow, and got his ape again, by break of day he pack'd off to ſeek his fortune. The inn-keeper, who did not know Don Quixote, was as much ſurpriz'd at his liberality as at his madneſs. In fine, Sancho paid him very honeſtly by his maſter's order, and mounting a little before eight o'clock, they left the inn, and proceeded on their journey: where we will leave them, that we may have an opportunity to relate ſome other matters very requiſite for the better underſtanding of this famous hiſtory.

## CHAP. XXVII.

*Wherein is diſcover'd who maſter Peter was, and his ape; as alſo Don Quixote's ill ſucceſs in the braying adventure, which did not end ſo happily as he deſir'd and expected.*

CID HAMET, the author of this celebrated hiſtory, begins this chapter with this aſſeveration, 'I ſwear as a true catholic;' which the tranſlator illuſtrates and explains in this manner: That hiſtorian's ſwearing like a true catholic, though he was a Mahometan Moor, ought to be receiv'd in no other ſenſe, than that, As a true catholic, when he affirms any thing with an oath, does, or ought to ſwear truth, ſo

would he relate the truth as impartially as a Chriſtian would do, if he had taken ſuch an oath, in what he deſign'd to write of Don Quixote; eſpecially as to the account that is to be given us of the perſon who was known by the name of maſter Peter, and the fortune-telling ape, whoſe anſwers occaſion'd ſuch a noiſe, and created ſuch an amazement all over the country. He ſays then, that any one who has read the foregoing part of this hiſtory, cannot but remember one Gines de Paſſamonte, whom Don Quixote had reſcu'd, with ſeveral other galley-ſlaves, in Sierra Morena; a piece of ſervice for which the knight was not over-burden'd with thanks, and which that ungrateful pack of rogues repaid with a treatment altogether unworthy ſuch a deliverance. This Gines de Paſſamonte, or, as Don Quixote call'd him, Gineſillo de Parapilla, was the very man that ſtole Sancho's aſs; the manner of which robbery, and the time when it was committed, being not inſerted in the firſt part, has been the reaſon that ſome people have laid that, which was caus'd by the Printer's neglect, to the inadvertency of the author. But it is beyond all queſtion, that Gines ſtole the aſs while Sancho ſlept on his back, making uſe of the ſame trick and artifice which Brunelo practis'd when he carry'd off Sacripante's horſe from under his legs, at the ſiege of Albraca. However, Sancho got poſſeſſion again, as has been told you before.

Gines it ſeems being obnoxious to the law, was apprehenſive of the ſtrict ſearch that was made after him, in order to bring him to juſtice for his repeated villa-

nies, which were ſo great and numerous, that he himſelf had wrote a large book of them; and therefore he thought it adviſeable to make the beſt of his way into the kingdom of Arragon, and having clapp'd a plaiſter over his left eye, reſolv'd in that diſguiſe to ſet up a puppet-ſhow, and ſtroll with it about the country; for you muſt know, he had not his fellow at any thing that could be done by ſlight of hand. Now it happen'd, that in his way he fell into the company of ſome Chriſtian ſlaves who came from Barbary, and ſtruck a bargain with them for this ape, whom he taught to leap on his ſhoulder at a certain ſign, and to make as if he whiſper'd ſomething in his ear. Having brought his ape to this, before he enter'd into any town he inform'd himſelf in the adjacent parts as well as he could, of what particular accidents had happen'd to this or that perſon; and having a very retentive memory, the firſt thing he did was to give them a ſight of his ſhow, that repreſented ſometimes one ſtory and ſometimes another, which were generally well known and taking among the vulgar. The next thing he had to do, was to commend the wonderful qualities of his ape, and tell the company, that the animal had the gift of revealing things paſt and preſent; but that in things to come, he was altogether uninſtructed. He aſk'd two reals * for every anſwer, though now and then he lower'd his price as he felt the pulſe of his cuſtomers. Sometimes when he came to the houſes of people, of whoſe concerns he

* About a ſhilling.

had ſome account, and who would aſk the ape no queſtions, becauſe they did not care to part with their money, he would notwithſtanding be making ſigns to his ape, and tell them, the animal had acquainted him with this or that ſtory, according to the information he had before; and by that means he had got a great credit among the common people, and drew a mighty crowd after him. At other times, though he knew nothing of the perſon, the ſubtility of his wit ſupply'd his want of knowledge, and brought him handſomely off: and no body being ſo inquiſitive or preſſing as to make him declare by what means his ape attain'd to this gift of divination, he impos'd on every one's underſtanding, and got almoſt what money he pleas'd.

He was no ſooner come to the inn, but he knew Don Quixote, Sancho, and the reſt of the company. But he had like to have paid dear for his knowledge, had the knight's ſword fallen but a little lower when he made king Marſilius's head fly, and routed all his Mooriſh horſe, as the reader may have obſerv'd in the foregoing chapter. And this may ſuffice in relation to Mr. Peter and his ape.

Now let us overtake our champion of la Mancha. After he had left the inn, he reſolv'd to take a ſight of the river Ebro, and the country about it, before he went to Saragoſſa, ſince he was not ſtraiten'd for time, but might do that, and yet arrive ſoon enough to make one at the juſts and tournaments at that city. Two days he travell'd without meeting with any thing worth his notice or the reader's, when on the third, as he was

riding up a hill, he heard a great noiſe of drums, trumpets, and guns. At firſt he thought ſome regiment of ſoldiers was on its march that way, which made him ſpur up Rozinante to the brow of the hill, that he might ſee them paſs by; and then he ſaw in a bottom above two hundred men, as near as he could gueſs, arm'd with various weapons, as lances, croſs-bows, partiſans, halberts, pikes, ſome few firelocks, and a great many targets. Thereupon he deſcended into the vale, and made his approaches towards the battalion, ſo near as to be able to diſtinguiſh their banners, judge of their colours, and obſerve their devices; more eſpecially one that was to be ſeen on a ſtandard of white ſattin, on which was repreſented to the life a little jack-aſs, much like a Sardinian aſs-colt, holding up his head, ſtretching out his neck, and thruſting out his tongue, in the very poſture of an aſs that is braying, with this diſtich written in fair characters about it:

'Twas ſomething more than nothing which one day
Made one and t'other worthy bailiff bray.

Don Quixote drew this inference from the motto, That thoſe were the inhabitants of the braying town, and he acquainted Sancho with what he had obſerv'd, giving him alſo to underſtand, that the man who told them the ſtory of the two braying aldermen was apparently in the wrong, ſince, according to the verſes on the ſtandard, they were two bailiffs and not two alder-

men *. It matters not one ruſh what you call them, quoth Sancho; for thoſe very aldermen that bray'd might in time come to be made bailiffs of the town, and ſo both thoſe titles might have been given them well enough. But what is it to you or me, or the ſtory, whether the two brayers were aldermen or bailiffs, ſo they but bray'd as we are told? As if a bailiff were not as likely to bray as an alderman?

In ſhort, both maſter and man plainly underſtood, that the men who were thus up in arms, were thoſe that were jeer'd for braying, got together to fight the people of another town, who had indeed abus'd them more than was the part of good neighbours; thereupon Don Quixote advanced towards them, to Sancho's great grief, who had no manner of liking to ſuch kind of adventures. The multitude ſoon got about the knight, taking him for ſome champion, who was come to their aſſiſtance. But Don Quixote, lifting up his vizor, with a graceful deportment rode up to the ſtandard, and there all the chief leaders of the army got together about him, in order to take a ſurvey of his perſon, no leſs amaz'd at this ſtrange appearance than the reſt. Don Quixote ſeeing them look ſo earneſtly on him, and no man offer ſo much as a word or queſtion, took occaſion from their ſilence to break his own; and raiſing his voice, Good gentlemen, cry'd he, I beſeech you with all the endearments imaginable, to give no interruption to the diſcourſe I am now delivering to you, unleſs you

* The Spaniſh word *alcalde* anſwers nearly to our bailiff of a corporation, as *regidor* does to that of alderman.

find it diſtaſteful or tedious; which if I am unhappy enough to occaſion, at the leaſt hint you ſhall give me, I will clap a ſeal on my lips, and a padlock on my tongue. They all cry'd that he might ſpeak what he pleas'd, and they would hear him with all their hearts. Having this licence, Don Quixote proceeded. Gentlemen, ſaid he, I am a knight-errant: arms are my exerciſe; and my profeſſion is to ſhew favour to thoſe that are in neceſſity of favour, and to give aſſiſtance to thoſe that are in diſtreſs. I have for ſome time been no ſtranto the cauſe of your uneaſineſs, which excites you to take arms to be reveng'd on your inſulting neighbours; and having often buſied my intellectuals, in making reflections on the motives which have brought you together, I have drawn this inference from it, That according to the laws of arms, you really injure yourſelves, in thinking yourſelves affronted; for no particular perſon can give an affront to a whole town and ſociety of men, except it be by accuſing them all of high treaſon in general, for want of knowing on which of them to fix ſome treaſonable action, of which he ſuppoſes ſome of them to be guilty. We have an inſtance of this nature in Don Diego Ordonnez de Lara, who ſent a challenge to all the inhabitants of Zamora, not knowing that Vellido de Olfos had aſſaſſinated the king his maſter in that town, without any accomplices; and ſo accuſing and defying them all, the defence and revenge belong'd to them all in general. Though it muſt be owned, that Don Diego was ſomewhat unreaſonable in his defiance, and ſtrain'd the point too far: for, it was very little to the purpoſe to defy the dead, the waters,

the bread, thoſe that were yet unborn, with many other trifling matters mentioned in the challenge. But let that paſs; for when once the choler boils over, the tongue grows unruly, and knows no moderation. Taking it for granted then, that no particular perſon can affront a whole kingdom, province, city, commonwealth, or body politic, it is but juſt to conclude, that it is needleſs to revenge ſuch a pretended affront; ſince ſuch an abuſe is no ſufficient provocation, and indeed, poſitively no affront. It would be a pretty piece of wiſdom, truly, ſhould thoſe out of the town of Reloxa ſally out every day on thoſe who ſpend their ill-natur'd breaths miſcalling them every where. 'Twould be a fine buſineſs indeed, if the inhabitants of thoſe ſeveral famous towns that are nick-nam'd by our rable, and call'd the one cheeſe-mongers, the other coſter-mongers, theſe fiſh-mongers, and thoſe ſoap-boilers, ſhould know no better than to think themſelves diſhonour'd, and in revenge, be always drawing out their ſwords at the leaſt word, for every idle inſignificant quarrel. No, no, heaven forbid! men of ſagacity and wiſdom, and well-govern'd common-wealths are never induced to take up arms, nor endanger their perſons, and eſtates, but on the four following occaſions. In the firſt place, to defend the holy catholic faith. Secondly, for the ſecurity of their lives, which they are commanded to preſerve by the laws of God and nature. Thirdly, the preſervation of their good name, the reputation of their family, and the conſervation of their eſtates. Fourthly, the ſervice due to their prince in a juſt war; and if we pleaſe, we

may add a fifth, which indeed may be referred to the ſecond, the defence of our country. To theſe five capital cauſes may be ſubjoin'd ſeveral others, which may induce men to vindicate themſelves, and have recourſe even to the way of arms: but to take up for mere trifles, and ſuch occaſions as rather challenge our mirth and contemptuous laughter, than revenge, ſhews the perſon who is guilty of ſuch proceedings, to labour under a ſcarcity of ſenſe. Beſides, to ſeek after an unjuſt revenge (and indeed no human revenge can be juſt) is directly againſt the holy law we profeſs, which commands us to forgive our enemies, and to do good to thoſe that hate us. An injunction, which though it ſeems difficult in the implicit obedience we ſhould pay to it, yet is only ſo to thoſe who have leſs of heaven than of the world, and more of the fleſh than of the ſpirit. For, the Redeemer of mankind, whoſe words never could deceive, ſaid, That his yoke was eaſy, and his burden light; and according to that, he could preſcribe nothing to our practice which was impoſſible to be done. Therefore, gentlemen, ſince reaſon and religion recommend love and peace to you, I hope you will not render yourſelves obnoxious to all laws, both human and divine, by a breach of the public tranquillity.

The devil fetch me, quoth Sancho to himſelf, if this maſter of mine muſt not have been bred a parſon, if not, he's as like one as one egg is like another. Don Quixote paus'd a while, to take breath; and perceiving his auditory ſtill willing to give him attention, had proceeded in his harangue, had not Sancho's good opi-

nion of his parts, made him lay hold on this opportunity to talk in his turn. Gentlemen, quoth he, my maſter Don Quixote de la Mancha, once call'd the Knight of the Woful Figure, and now the Knight of the Lions, is a very judicious gentleman, and talks Latin and his own mother-tongue as well as any of your varſity-doctors. Whatever diſcourſe he takes in hand, he ſpeaks ye to the purpoſe, and like a man of mettle; he has you all the laws and rules of that ſame thing you call duel and punctilio of honour, at his fingers end; ſo that you have no more to do but to do as he ſays, and if in taking his counſel you ever tread awry, let the blame be laid on my ſhoulders. And indeed, as you have already been told, 'tis a very ſilly fancy to be aſham'd to hear one bray; for I remember when I was a boy, I could bray as often as I liſted, and no body went about to hinder me; and I could do it ſo rarely, and to the life, without vanity be it ſpoken, that all the aſſes in our town would fall a braying when they heard me bray; yet for all this, I was an honeſt body's child, and came of good parentage, d'ye ſee; 'tis true, indeed, four of the beſt young men in our pariſh envy'd me for this great ability of mine; but I car'd not a ruſh for their ſpite. Now, that you mayn't think I tell you a flam, do but hear me, and then judge; for this rare art is like ſwimming, which, when once learned, is never to be forgotten.

This ſaid, he clapp'd both the palms of his hands to his noſe, and fell a braying ſo obſtreperouſly, that it made the neighbouring valleys ring again. But while

he was thus braying, one of thoſe that ſtood next to him, believing he did it to mock them, gave him ſuch a hearty blow with a quarter-ſtaff on his back, that down he brought him to the ground.

Don Quixote ſeeing what a rough entertainment had been given to his ſquire, mov'd with his lance in a threatening poſture towards the man that had us'd poor Sancho thus; but the crowd thruſt themſelves in ſuch a manner between them, that the knight found it impracticable to purſue the revenge he deſign'd. At the ſame time, finding that a ſhower of ſtones began to rain about his ears, and a great number of croſs-bows and muſkets were getting ready for his reception, he turn'd Rozinante's reins, and gallop'd from them as faſt as four legs would carry him, ſending up his hearty prayers to heaven to deliver him from this danger, and, being under grievous apprehenſions at every ſtep, that he ſhould be ſhot thro' the back, and have the bullet come out at his breaſt, he ſtill went fetching his breath, to try if it did any ways fail him. But the country-battalion were ſatisfy'd with ſeeing him fly, and did not offer to ſhoot at him.

As for Sancho, he was ſet upon his aſs before he had well recover'd his ſenſes, which the blow had taken from him, and then they ſuffer'd him to move off; not that the poor fellow had ſtrength enough to guide him, but Dapple naturally follow'd Rozinante of his own accord, not being able to be a moment from him. The Don being at a good diſtance from the arm'd multitude, faced about, and ſeeing Sancho pacing after him with-

out any troubleſome attendants, ſtay'd for his coming up. As for the rabble, they kept their poſts till it grew dark, and their enemies having not taken the field to give them battle, they march'd home, ſo overjoyed to have ſhewn their courage, without danger, that had they been ſo well bred, as to have known the antient cuſtom of the Greeks, they would have erected a trophy in that place.

## CHAP. XXVIII.

*Of ſome things which Benengeli tells us he that reads ſhall know, if he reads them with attention.*

WHEN the valiant man flies, he muſt have diſcover'd ſome foul play, and 'tis the part of prudent perſons to reſerve themſelves for more favourable opportunities. This truth is verified in Don Quixote, who, rather than expoſe himſelf to the fury of an incens'd and ill-deſigning multitude, betook himſelf to flight, without any thoughts of Sancho, till he found himſelf beyond the reach of thoſe dangers in which he had left his truſty ſquire involv'd. Sancho came after him, as we have told you before, laid a-croſs his aſs, and having recover'd his ſenſes, overtook him at laſt, and let himſelf drop from his pack-ſaddle at Rozinante's feet, all batter'd and bruis'd, and in a ſorrowful condition.

Don Quixote preſently diſmounted to ſearch his wounds, and finding no bones broken, but his ſkin whole from head to feet; You muſt bray, cry'd he

angrily, you muſt bray, with a pox, muſt you! it is a piece of excellent diſcretion to talk of halters in the houſe of a man whoſe father was hang'd. What counter-part could you expect to your muſic, blockhead, but a thorough-baſs of baſtinadoes? Thank Providence, ſirrah! that as they gave you a dry benediction with a quarter-ſtaff, they did not croſs you with a cutlaſs. I han't breath to anſwer you at preſent, quoth Sancho, but my back and ſhoulders ſpeak enough for me. Pray let's make the beſt of our way from this curſed place, and whene'er I bray again, may I get ſuch ano-another polt, on my kidneys. Yet I can't help ſaying, that your knights-errant can betake themſelves to their heels to ſave one upon occaſion, and leave their truſty ſquires to be beaten like ſtock-fiſh, in the midſt of their enemies. A retreat is not be accounted a flight, reply'd Don Quixote; for know, Sancho, that courage which has not wiſdom for its guide, falls under the name of temerity; and the raſh man's ſucceſsful actions are rather owing to his good fortune, than to his bravery. I own I did retire, but I deny that I fled; and in ſuch a retreat I did but imitate many valiant men who, not to hazard their perſons indiſcreetly, reſerv'd themſelves for a more fortunate hour. Hiſtories are full of examples of this nature, which I do not care to relate at preſent, becauſe they would be more tedious to me, than profitable to thee.

By this time Don Quixote had help'd Sancho to beſtride his aſs, and being himſelf mounted on Rozinante, they paced ſoftly along, and got into a grove of

poplar-trees, about a quarter of a league from the place where they mounted. Yet as ſoftly as they rid, Sancho could not help now and then heaving up deep ſighs and lamentable groans. Don Quixote aſk'd him, why he made ſuch a heavy moan? Sancho told him, that from his rump to his pole, he felt ſuch grievous pains, that he was ready to ſink. Without doubt, ſaid Don Quixote, the intenſeneſs of thy torments, is by reaſon the ſtaff with which thou wert ſtruck, was broad and long, and ſo having fallen on thoſe parts of thy back, cauſed a contuſion there, and affects them all with pain; and had it been of a greater magnitude, thy grievances had been ſo much the greater. Truly, quoth Sancho! you've clear'd that in very pithy words, of which no body made any doubt. Body of me! was the cauſe of my ailing ſo hard to be gueſs'd, that you muſt tell me that ſo much of me was ſore as was hit by the weapon? Should my ankle-bone ake, and you ſcratch your head till you had found out the cauſe of it, I would think that ſomething. But for you to tell me that place is ſore where I was bruis'd, every fool could do as much. Faith and troth, ſir maſter of mine, I grow wiſer and wiſer every day: I find you're like all the world, that lay to heart no body's harms but their own. I find whereabouts we are, and what I'm like to get by you; for e'en as you left me now in the lurch to be well belabour'd and rib-roaſted, and t'other day to dance the caper-galliard in the blanket you wot of; ſo I muſt expect a hundred and a hundred more of theſe good vails in your ſervice; and as the miſchief

has now lighted on my ſhoulders, next bout I look for it to fly at my eyes. A plague of my jolter-head, I have been a fool and ſot all along, and am never like to be wiſer while I live. Would it not be better for me to trudge home to my wife and children, and look after my houſe with that little wit that heaven has given me, without galloping after your tail high and low, through confounded croſs-roads and by-ways, and wicked and crooked paths, that the ungodly themſelves can't find out! and then moſt commonly to have nothing to moiſten one's weaſand that's fitting for a Chriſtian to drink, nothing but mere element and dog's porridge! and nothing to ſtuff one's puddings that's worthy of a catholic ſtomach? Then after a man has tir'd himſelf off his legs, when he'd be glad of a good bed, to have a maſter cry, Here, are you ſleepy? lie down Mr. ſquire, your bed's made: take ſix foot of good hard ground, and meaſure your corps there; and if that won't ſerve, take as much more and welcome. You're at rack and manger, ſpare not, I beſeech your dogſhip; there's room enough. Old Nick roaſt and burn to a cinder that unlucky ſon of miſchief that firſt ſet people a madding after this whim of knight-errantry, or at leaſt the firſt ninny-hammer that had ſo little forecaſt as to turn ſquire to ſuch a parcel of mad-men, as were your knights-errant—in the days of yore I mean; I am better bred than to ſpeak ill of thoſe in our time; no, I honour them, ſince your worſhip has taken up this bleſſed calling; for you've a long noſe, the devil himſelf could not out-reach you, you can ſee farther into

a millſtone than he. I durſt lay a wager, ſaid Don Quixote, that now thou art ſuffered to prate without interruption, thou feel'ſt no manner of pain in thy whole body. Prithee talk on, my child, ſay any thing that comes uppermoſt to thy mouth, or is burthenſome to thy brain; ſo it but alleviates thy pain, thy impertinencies will rather pleaſe than offend me; and if thou haſt ſuch a longing deſire to be at home with thy wife and children, heaven forbid I ſhould be againſt it. Thou haſt money of mine in thy hands: ſee how long it is ſince we ſallied out laſt from home, and caſt up the wages by the month, and pay thyſelf. An't like your worſhip, quoth Sancho, when I ſerv'd my maſter Carraſco, father to the batchelor, your worſhip's acquaintance, I had two ducats a month, beſides my victuals: I don't know what you'll give me; tho' I'm ſure there's more trouble in being ſquire to a knight-errant, than in being ſervant to a farmer; for truly we that go to plough and cart in a farmer's ſervice, tho' we moil and ſweat ſo-a-days as not to have a dry thread to our backs, let the worſt come to the worſt, are ſure of a belly-full at night out of the pot, and to ſnore in a bed. But I don't know when I have had a good meal's meat or a good night's reſt in all your whole ſervice, unleſs it were that ſhort time when we were at Don Diego's houſe, and when I made a feaſt on the ſavoury ſkimming of Camacho's cauldron, and eat, drank, and lay at maſter Baſil's. All the reſt of my time I have had my lodging on the cold ground, and in the open fields, ſubject to the inclemency of the ſky, as you call it;

living on the rinds of cheeſe, and cruſts of mouldy bread; drinking ſometimes ditch-water, ſometimes ſpring, as we chanced to light upon't in our way. Well, ſaid Don Quixote, I grant all this, Sancho; then how much more doſt thou expect from me, than thou hadſt from thy maſter Carraſco? Why, truly, quoth Sancho, if your worſhip will pay me twelve-pence a month more than Thomas Carraſco gave me, I ſhall think it very fair, and tolerable wages; but then inſtead of the iſland which you know you promis'd me, I think you can't in conſcience give me leſs than ſix and thirty pence a month more, which will make in all thirty reals, neither more nor leſs. Very well, ſaid Don Quixote, let's ſee then, it is now twenty-five days ſince we ſet out from home, reckon what this comes to, according to the wages thou haſt allowed thyſelf, and be thy own pay-maſter. Odsdiggers! quoth Sancho, we are quite out in our account; for as to the governor of an iſland's place, which you promiſed to help me to, we ought to reckon from the time you made the promiſe, to this very day. Well, and pray how long is it? aſk'd Don Quixote. If I remember rightly, quoth Sancho, 'tis about ſome twenty years ago, two or three days more or leſs.

With that Don Quixote, hitting himſelf a good clap on the forehead, fell a laughing heartily. Why, cry'd he, we have hardly been out two months from the very beginning of our firſt expedition, and in all the time we were in Sierra Morena, and our whole progreſs: and haſt thou the impudence to affirm 'tis twenty years

ſince I promis'd the grant of the iſland? I am now convinced thou haſt a mind to make all the money which thou haſt of mine in thy keeping, go for the payment of thy wages. If this be thy meaning, well and good, e'en take it, and much good may it do thee; for rather than be troubled any longer with ſuch a varlet, I would contentedly ſee myſelf without a penny. But tell me, thou perverter of the laws of chivalry that relate to ſquires, where didſt thou ever ſee or read, that any ſquire to a knight-errant ſtood capitulating with his maſter, as thou haſt done with me, for ſo much or ſo much a month? Launch, unconſcionable wretch, thou cut-throat ſcoundrel? Launch, launch, thou baſe ſpirit of mammon, into the vaſt ocean of their hiſtories; and if thou can'ſt ſhew me a precedent of any ſquire that ever dar'd to ſay, or but to think as much as thou haſt preſum'd to tell me, then will I give thee leave to affix it on my forehead, and hit me four fillips on the noſe. Away then, pack off with thy aſs this moment, and get thee home, for thou ſhalt never ſtay in my ſervice any longer. Oh how much bread, how many promiſes have I now ill beſtow'd on thee! Vile groveling wretch, that haſt more of the beaſt than of the man! When I was juſt going to prefer thee to ſuch a poſt, that in ſpite of thy wife thou had'ſt been call'd my lord, thou ſneak'ſt away from me. Thou'rt leaving me, when I had fully reſolv'd, without any more delay, to make thee lord of the beſt iſland in the world, forbid clod! Well mightſt thou ſay indeed, that honey is not for the chaps of an aſs. Thou art indeed a very

aſs, an aſs thou wilt live, and an aſs thou wilt die; for I dare ſay, thou'lt never have ſenſe enough while thou liv'ſt, to know thou art a brute. While Don Quixote thus upbraided and rail'd at Sancho, the poor fellow, all diſmay'd, and touch'd to the quick, beheld him with a wiſtful look; and the tears ſtanding in his eyes for grief, Good ſweet ſir, cry'd he, with a doleful and whining voice, I confeſs I want nothing but a tail to be a perfect aſs; if your worſhip will be pleas'd but to put one to my backſide, I ſhall deem it well ſet on, and be your moſt faithful aſs all the days of my life. But forgive me, I beſeech you, and take pity on my youth. Conſider I've but a dull head-piece of my own; and if my tongue runs at random ſometimes, 'tis becauſe I'm more fool than knave, ſir. Who errs and mends, to heaven himſelf commends. I ſhould wonder much, ſaid Don Quixote, if thou ſhould'ſt not interlard thy diſcourſe with ſome pretty proverb. Well, I will give thee my pardon for this once, provided thou correct thoſe imperfections that offend me, and ſhew'ſt thyſelf of a leſs craving temper. Take heart then, and let the hopes which thou may'ſt entertain of the performance of my promiſe, raiſe in thee a nobler ſpirit. The time will come, do not think it impoſſible becauſe delayed. Sancho promiſed to do his beſt, though he could not rely on his own ſtrength.

Matters being thus amicably adjuſted, they put into the grove, where the Don laid himſelf at the foot of an elm, and his ſquire at the foot of a beech; for every one of thoſe trees, and ſuch others, has always a foot,

though never a hand. Sancho had but an ill night's reſt of it, for his bruiſes made his bones more than ordinarily ſenſible of the cold. As for Don Quixote, he entertain'd himſelf with his uſual imaginations. However, they both ſlept, and by break of day continu'd their journey towards the river Ebro, where they met—what ſhall be told in the next chapter.

## CHAP. XXIX.

### *The famous adventure of the inchanted bark.*

FAIR and ſoftly, ſtep by ſtep, Don Quixote and his ſquire got in two days time to the banks of the river Ebro, which yielded a very entertaining proſpect to the knight. The verdure of its banks, and the abounding plenty of the water, which clear like liquid cryſtal, flow'd gently along within the ſpacious channel, awak'd a thouſand amorous chimeras in his roving imagination, and more eſpecially the thoughts of what he had ſeen in Monteſinos's cave; for tho' maſter Peter's ape had aſſured him, that it was partly falſe as well as partly true, he was rather inclin'd to believe it all true; quite contrary to Sancho, who thought it every tittle as falſe as hell.

While the knight went on thus agreeably amuſed, he ſpied a little boat without any oars or tackle, moor'd by the river ſide to the ſtump of a tree: thereupon looking round about him, and diſcovering no body, he

preſently alighted, and ordered Sancho to do the like, and tie their beaſts faſt to ſome of the elms or willows thereabouts. Sancho aſk'd him what was the meaning of all this? Thou art to know, anſwer'd Don Quixote, that moſt certain this boat lies here for no other reaſon but to invite me to embark in it, for the relief of ſome knight or other perſon of high degree that is in great diſtreſs: for thus, according to the method of inchanters, in the books of chivalry, when any knight whom they protect, happens to be involv'd in ſome very great danger, from which none but ſome other valorous knight can ſet him free; then tho' they be two or three thouſand leagues at leaſt diſtant from each other, up the magician ſnatches the auxiliary champion in a cloud, or elſe provides him a boat, and in the twinkling of an eye, in either vehicle, through the airy fluid or the liquid plain, he wafts him to the place where his aſſiſtance is wanted. Juſt to the ſame intent does this very bark lie here; 'tis as clear as the day, and therefore, before it be too late, Sancho, tie up Rozinante and Dapple, let us commit ourſelves to the guidance of Providence; for embark I will, though barefooted friars ſhould beg me to deſiſt. Well, well, quoth Sancho, if I muſt, I muſt. Since you will every foot run haring into theſe—I don't know how to call them, theſe confounded vagaries, I have no more to do but to make a leg, and ſubmit my neck to the collar; for, as the ſaying is, Do as thy maſter bids thee, though it be to ſit down at his table. But for all that, fall back, fall edge, I muſt and will diſcharge my conſcience, and

tell you plainly, that as blind as I am, I can ſee with half an eye, that it is no inchanted bark, but ſome fiſherman's boat; for there are many in this river, whoſe waters afford the beſt ſhads in the world.

This caution did Sancho give his maſter while he was tying the beaſts to a tree, and going to leave them to the protection of inchanters, full ſore againſt his will. Don Quixote bid him not be concern'd at leaving them there, for the ſage who was to carry them thro' in a journey of ſuch an extent and longitude, would be ſure to take care of the animals. Nay, nay, as for that matter, quoth Sancho, I don't underſtand your longitude, I never heard ſuch a cramp word in my born-days. Longitude, ſaid Don Quixote, is the ſame as length: I don't wonder that thou doſt not underſtand the word, for thou'rt not obliged to underſtand Latin. Yet you ſhall have ſome forward coxcombs pretend to be knowing when they are ignorant. Now the beaſts are faſt, ſir, quoth Sancho, what's next to be done? Why now, anſwer'd Don Quixote, let us recommend ourſelves to Providence, and weigh anchor, or to ſpeak plainly, embark and cut the cable. With that, leaping in, and Sancho following, he cut the rope, and ſo by degrees the ſtream carry'd the boat from the ſhore. Now when Sancho ſaw himſelf towards the middle of the river, he began to quake for fear; but nothing griev'd his heart ſo much as to hear Dapple bray, and to ſee Rozinante ſtruggle to get looſe. Sir, quoth he, hark how my poor Dapple brays, to bemoan our leaving of him; and ſee how poor Rozinante tugs hard to

break his bridle, and is e'en wild to throw himſelf after us. Alack and alack! my poor dear friends, peace be with you where you are, and when this mad freak, the cauſe of our doleful parting, is ended in repentance, may we be brought back to your ſweet company again.

This ſaid, he fell a blubbering, and ſet up ſuch a howl, that Don Quixote had no patience with him, but looking angrily on him, What doſt fear, cry'd he, thou great white liver'd calf? What doſt thou cry for? Who purſues thee? Who hurts thee, thou daſtardly craven, thou cowardly mouſe, thou ſoul of a milk-ſop, thou heart of butter? Doſt want for any thing, baſe unſatisfy'd wretch? What would'ſt thou ſay, wert thou to climb bare-foot the rugged Riphean mountains? Thou that ſitteſt here in ſtate like an arch-duke, plenty and delight on each ſide of thee, while thou glideſt gently down the calm current of this delightful river, which will ſoon convey us into the main ocean? We have already flow'd down ſome ſeven or eight hundred leagues. Had I but an aſtrolabe here to take the altitude of the pole, I could eaſily tell thee how far we have proceeded to an inch: though either I know but little, or we have juſt paſs'd, or ſhall preſently paſs, the equinoctial line, that divides and cuts the two oppoſite poles at equal diſtances.

And when we come to this ſame line you ſpeak of, quoth Sancho, how far have we gone then? A mighty way, anſwer'd Don Quixote. When we come under the line I ſpoke of, we ſhall have meaſur'd the other half

of the terraqueous globe, which, according to the ſyſtem and computation of Ptolemy, who was the greateſt coſmographer in the world, contains three hundred and ſixty degrees. Odsbodikins, quoth Sancho, you've brought me now a notable fellow to be your voucher, goodman Tollme, with his *amputation* and *ciſtern*, and the reſt of your gibberiſh!

Don Quixote ſmil'd at Sancho's blunders, and going on, The Spaniards, ſaid he, and all thoſe that embark at Cadiz for the Eaſt-Indies, to know whether they have paſs'd the equinoctial line, according to an obſervation that has been often experienced, need do no more than look whether there be any lice left alive among the ſhip's crew; for if they have paſs'd it, not a louſe is to be found in the ſhip, tho' they would give his weight in gold for him. Look therefore, Sancho, and if thou find'ſt any ſuch vermin ſtill creeping about thee, then we have not yet paſs'd the line; but if thou do'ſt not, then we have ſurely paſs'd it. The devil a word I believe of all this, quoth Sancho. However, I'll do as you bid me. But hark you me, ſir, now I think on't again, where's the need of trying theſe quirks; don't I ſee with my two eyes that we are not five rods length from the ſhore? Look you there ſtands Rozinante and Dapple, upon the very ſpot where we left them; and now I look cloſely into the matter, I will take my corporal oath that we move no faſter than a ſnail can gallop, or an ant can trot. No more words, ſaid Don Quixote, but make the experiment as I bid you, and let the reſt alone. Thou doſt not know what

belongs to colures, lines, parallels, zodiacs, ecliptics, poles, ſolſtices, equinoctials, planets, ſigns, points, and meaſures, of which the ſpheres, celeſtial and terreſtrial, are compos'd; for didſt thou know all theſe things, or ſome of them at leaſt, thou mighteſt plainly perceive what parallels we have cut, what ſigns we have paſs'd, and what conſtellations we have left, and are now leaving behind us. Therefore I would wiſh thee once again to ſearch thyſelf; for I cannot believe but thou art as clear from vermin as a ſheet of white paper.

Thereupon Sancho advancing his hand very gingerly towards the left ſide of his neck, after he had grop'd a while, lifted up his head; and ſtaring in his maſter's face, Look you, ſir, quoth he, pulling out ſomething, either your rule is not worth this, or we are many a fair league from the place you ſpoke of. How! anſwer'd Don Quixote, haſt thou found ſomething then, Sancho? Ay, marry have I, quoth Sancho; and more things than one too; and ſo ſaying, he ſhook and ſnapp'd his fingers, and then waſh'd his whole hand in the river; down whoſe ſtream the boat drove gently along, without being mov'd by any ſecret influence or hidden inchantment, but only by the help of the current, hitherto calm and ſmooth.

By this time they deſcry'd two great water-mills in the middle of the river, which Don Quixote no ſooner ſpy'd, but calling to his ſquire, Look, look, my Sancho! cry'd he, ſeeſt thou yon city or caſtle there! This is the place where ſome knight lies in diſtreſs,

or ſome queen or princeſs is detain'd, for whoſe ſuccour I am convey'd hither. What a devil do you mean with your city or caſtle? cry'd Sancho. Body of me! ſir, don't you ſee as plain as the noſe on your face, they are nothing but water-mills, in the midſt of the river, to grind corn. Peace, Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, they look like water-mills I grant you, but they are no ſuch things. How often, have I not told thee already, do theſe magicians change and overturn every thing as they pleaſe; not that they can change their very being, but they diſguiſe and alter the appearances of them; of which we have an inſtance in the unhappy transformation of Dulcinea, the only refuge of my hope.

The boat being now got into the very ſtrength of the ſtream, began to move leſs ſlowly than it did before. The people in the mills perceiving the boat to come a-drift full upon the mill-wheels, came running out with their long poles to ſtop it; and as their faces and cloaths were powder'd all over with meal-duſt, they made a very odd appearance. Soho! there, cry'd they as loud as they could bawl, is the devil in the fellows! are ye mad in the boat there. Hold! you'll be drown'd, or ground to pieces by the mill-wheels.

Don Quixote having caſt his eyes on the millers, Did I not tell thee, Sancho, ſaid he, that we ſhould arrive where I muſt exert the ſtrength of my arm? Look what hang-dogs, what horrid wretches come forth to make head againſt me! How many hobgoblins oppoſe my paſſage! Do but ſee what deform'd phyſiognomies they have. Meer bugbears! But I ſhall make

ye know, ſcoundrels, how inſignificant all your efforts muſt prove. Then ſtanding up in the boat, he began to threaten the millers in a haughty tone. Ye paltry ſlaves, cry'd he, baſe and ill-adviſ'd ſcum of the world, releaſe inſtantly the captive perſon who is injuriouſly detain'd and oppreſs'd within your caſtle or priſon, be they of high or low degree; for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwiſe call'd the knight of the lions, for whom the happy atchievement of this adventure is reſerv'd, by the decree of heaven.

This ſaid, he unſheath'd his ſword, and began to fence with the air, as if he had been already engaging the millers; who hearing, but not underſtanding, his mad words, ſtood ready with their poles to ſtop the boat, which was now near the mill-dam, and juſt entring the rapid ſtream and narrow channel of the wheels.

In the mean time, Sancho was devoutly fallen on his knees, praying heaven for a happy deliverance out of this mighty plunge, but this one time. And indeed his prayers met with pretty good ſucceſs; for the millers ſo beſtirr'd themſelves with their poles that they ſtopp'd the boat, yet not ſo cleverly but they overſet it, tipping Don Quixote and Sancho over into the river. It was well for the knight that he could ſwim like a duck; and yet the weight of his armour ſunk him twice to the bottom; and had it not been for the millers, who jumpt into the water, and made a ſhift to pull out both the maſter and the man, in a manner cranning them up, there had been an end of them both.

When they were both hawl'd aſhore, more over-drench'd than thirſty, Sancho betook himſelf to his knees again, and with up-lifted hands and eyes made a long and hearty prayer, that heaven might keep him from this time forwards clear of his maſter's raſh adventures.

And now came the fiſhermen who own'd the boat, and finding it broken to pieces, fell upon Sancho, and began to ſtrip him, demanding ſatisfaction both of him and his maſter for the loſs of their bark. The knight with a great deal of gravity and unconcern, as if he had done no manner of harm, told both the millers and the fiſhermen, that he was ready to pay for the boat, provided they would fairly ſurrender the perſons that were detain'd unjuſtly in their caſtle. What perſons, or what caſtle, you mad oaf? ſaid one of the millers. Marry guep, would you carry away the folk that come to grind their corn at our mills? Well, ſaid Don Quixote to himſelf, a man had as good preach to a ſtone-wall, as to expect to perſuade with intreaties ſuch dregs of human kind to do a good and generous action. Two ſage inchanters certainly claſh in this adventure, and the one thwarts the other. One provided me a bark, t'other overwhelm'd me in it. H..ven ſend us better times! There is nothing but plotting and counter-plotting, undermining and countermining in this world. Well, I can do no more. Then raiſing his voice, and caſting a fix'd eye on the water-mills, My dear friends, cry'd he, whoever you are that are immur'd in this priſon, pardon me, I beſeech ye; for ſo my ill fate and

yours ordains, that I cannot free you from your confinement: the adventure is reſerv'd for ſome other knight. This ſaid, he came to an agreement with the fiſhermen, and order'd Sancho to pay them fifty reals for the boat. Sancho pull'd out the money with a very ill will, and parted with it with a worſe, muttering between his teeth, that two voyages like that would ſink their whole ſtock.

The fiſhermen and the millers could not forbear admiring at two ſuch figures of human offſprings, that neither ſpoke nor acted like the reſt of mankind: for they could not ſo much as gueſs what Don Quixote meant by all his extravagant ſpeeches; ſo taking them for madmen, they left them, and went the millers to their mills, and the fiſhermen to their huts. Don Quixote and Sancho return'd to their beaſts, like a couple of as ſenſeleſs animals; and thus ended the adventure of the inchanted bark.

## CHAP. XXX.

*What happen'd to Don Quixote with the fair huntreſs.*

WITH wet bodies and melancholy minds, the knight and ſquire went back to Rozinante and Dapple; though Sancho was the more caſt down and out of ſorts of the two; for it griev'd him to the very ſoul to ſee the money dwindle; being as chary of that as of his heart's blood, or the apples of his eyes. To be ſhort, to horſe they went, without ſpeaking one word to each other, and left the famous river: Don Quixote bury'd in his amorous thoughts, and Sancho in thoſe

of his preferment, which he thought far enough off yet; for, as much a fool as he was, he plainly perceived that all, or moſt of his maſter's actions, tended only to folly. Therefore he but waited an opportunity to give him the ſlip and go home, without coming to any farther reckoning, or taking a formal leave. But fortune provided for him much better than he expected.

It happen'd that the next day about ſun-ſet, as they were coming out of a wood, Don Quixote caſt his eyes round a verdant meadow, and at the farther end of it deſcry'd a company, whom upon a nearer view he judged to be perſons of quality, that were taking the diverſion of hawking; approaching nearer yet, he obſerved among them a very fine lady upon a white pacing mare, in green trappings, and a ſaddle of cloth of ſilver. The lady herſelf was dreſt in green, ſo rich and ſo gay, that nothing could be finer. She rode with a goſs-hawk on her left fiſt, by which Don Quixote judg'd her to be of quality, and miſtreſs of the train that attended; as indeed ſhe was. Thereupon calling to his ſquire, Son Sancho, cry'd he, run and tell that lady on the palfry, with the goſs-hawk on her fiſt, that I the Knight of the Lions humbly ſalute her highneſs; and that if ſhe pleaſes to give me leave, I ſhould be proud to receive her commands, and have the honour of waiting on her, and kiſſing her fair hands. But take ſpecial care, Sancho, how thou deliver'eſt thy meſſage, and be ſure don't lard my compliments with any of thy proverbs. Why this to me? quoth Sancho. Marry,

you need not talk of larding, as if I had never went ambaſſador before to a high and mighty dame. I don't know that ever thou didſt, reply'd Don Quixote, at leaſt on my account, unleſs it were when I ſent thee to Dulcinea. It may be ſo, quoth Sancho; but a good pay-maſter needs no ſurety; and where there's plenty the gueſts can't be empty: that is to ſay, I need none of your telling nor tutoring about that matter: for, as ſilly as I look, I know ſomething of every thing. Well, well, I believe it, ſaid Don Quixote. Go then in a good hour, and heaven inſpire and guide thee.

Sancho put on, forcing Dapple from his old pace to a gallop; and approaching the fair huntreſs, he alighted, and falling on his knees: Fair lady, quoth he, that knight yonder, call'd the Knight of the Lions, is my maſter; I am his ſquire, Sancho Pança by name. This ſame Knight of the Lions, who but t'other day was called the Knight of the Woful Figure, has ſent me to tell you, That ſo pleaſe your worſhip's grace to give him leave with your good liking, to do as he has a mind; which, as he ſays, and as I believe, is only to ſerve your high-flown beauty, and be your ternal vaſſal; you may chance to do a thing that would be for your own good, and he would take it for a hugeous kindneſs at your hands. Indeed, honeſt ſquire, ſaid the lady, you have acquitted yourſelf of your charge with all the graceful circumſtances which ſuch an embaſſy requires. Riſe, pray riſe, for it is by no means fit the ſquire to ſo great a knight, as the Knight of the Woful Figure, to whoſe name and merit we are no ſtran-

gers, ſhould remain on his knees. Riſe then, and deſire your maſter, by all means to honour us with his company, that my lord duke and I may pay him our reſpects at a houſe we have hard by.

Sancho got up, no leſs amaz'd at the lady's beauty than at her affability, but much more becauſe ſhe told him they were no ſtrangers to his maſter, the Knight of the Woful Figure. Nor did he wonder why ſhe did not call him by his title of Knight of the Lions; conſidering, he had but lately aſſumed it.

Pray, ſaid the ducheſs, (whoſe particular title we don't yet know) is not this maſter of yours the perſon, whoſe hiſtory came out in print, by the name of The renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, the miſtreſs of whoſe affections is a certain lady called Dulcinea del Toboſo? The very ſame, an't pleaſe your worſhip, ſaid Sancho; and that ſquire of his that is, or ſhould be in the book. Sancho Pança by name, is my own ſelf, if I was not changed in my cradle; I mean, chang'd in the preſs. I am mighty glad to hear all this, ſaid the ducheſs. Go then, friend Pança, and tell your maſter, that I congratulate him upon his arrival in our territories, to which he is welcome; and aſſure him from me, that this is the moſt agreeable news I could poſſibly have heard.

Sancho, overjoy'd with this gracious anſwer, return'd to his maſter, to whom he repeated all that the great lady had ſaid to him; praiſing to the ſkies, in his clowniſh phraſe, her great beauty and courteous nature.

Don Quixote, pleas'd with this good beginning, ſeated himſelf handſomly in the ſaddle, fix'd his toes in his ſtirrups, ſet the bever of his helmet as he thought beſt became his face, rous'd up Rozinante's mettle, and with a graceful aſſurance mov'd forwards to kiſs the ducheſs's hand. As ſoon as Sancho went from her, ſhe ſent for the duke her huſband, and gave him an account of Don Quixote's embaſſy. Thereupon they both attended his coming with a pleaſant impatience; for, having read the firſt part of his hiſtory, they were no leſs deſirous to be acquainted with his perſon; and reſolv'd, as long as he ſtaid with them, to give him his own way, and humour him in all things, treating him ſtill with all the forms eſſential to the entertainment of a knight-errant; which they were the better able to do, having been much converſant with books of that kind.

And now Don Quixote drew nigh with his vizor up; and Sancho ſeeing him offer to alight, made all the haſte he could to be ready to hold his ſtirrup: but as ill luck would have it, as he was throwing his leg over his pack-ſaddle to get off, he entangl'd his foot ſo ſtrangely in the rope that ſerv'd him inſtead of a ſtirrup, that not being able to get it out, he hung by the heel with his noſe to the ground. On the other ſide, Don Quixote, who was us'd to have his ſtirrup held when he diſmounted, thinking Sancho had hold of it already, lifted up his right leg over the ſaddle to alight; but as it happened to be ill girt, down he brought it with himſelf to the ground, confounded with ſhame,

and muttering between his teeth many a hearty curſe againſt Sancho, who was all the while with his foot in the ſtocks.

The duke ſeeing them in that condition, order'd ſome of his people to help them; and they rais'd Don Quixote, who was in no very good caſe with his fall; however, limping, as well as he could, he went to pay his duty to the lady, and would have fallen on his knees at her horſe's feet; but the duke alighting, would by no means permit it; and embracing Don Quixote, I am ſorry, ſaid he, ſir Knight of the Woful Figure, that ſuch a miſchance ſhould happen to you at your firſt appearance on my territories, but the negligence of ſquires is often the cauſe of worſe accidents. Moſt generous prince, ſaid Don Quixote, I can think nothing bad that could befal me here, ſince I have had the happineſs of ſeeing your grace. For though I had fallen low as the very center, the glory of this interview would raiſe me up again. My ſquire indeed, a vengeance ſeize him for't, is much more apt to give his ſaucy idle tongue a looſe, than to gird a ſaddle well; but proſtrate or erect, on horſe-back or on foot, in any poſture, I ſhall always be at your grace's command, and no leſs at her grace's, your worthy conſort's ſervice. Worthy did I ſay, yes, ſhe is worthy to be call'd the queen of beauty, and ſovereign lady of all courteſy. Pardon me there, ſaid the duke, noble Don Quixote de la Mancha; where the peerleſs Dulcinea is remember'd, the praiſe of all other beauties ought to be forgot.

Sancho was now got clear of the nooſe, and ſtanding near the ducheſs, An't pleaſe your worſhip's highneſs, quoth he, before his maſter could anſwer, it can't be deny'd, nay, I dare vouch it in any ground in Spain, that my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo is woundy handſome and fair: but where we leaſt think, there ſtarts the hare. I've heard your great ſcholards ſay, That ſhe you call dame Nature, is like a potter, and he that makes one handſome pipkin may make two or three hundred. And ſo, d'ye ſee, you may underſtand by this, that my lady ducheſs here does not a jot come ſhort of my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo. Don Quixote, upon this, addreſſing himſelf to the ducheſs, Your grace muſt know, ſaid he, that no knight-errant ever had ſuch an eternal babler, ſuch a bundle of conceit for a ſquire, as I have; and if I have the honour to continue for ſome time in your ſervice, your grace will find it true. I am glad, anſwer'd the ducheſs, that honeſt Sancho has his conceits, it is a ſhrewd ſign he is wiſe; for merry conceits, you know, ſir, are not the offſpring of a dull brain, and therefore if Sancho be jovial and jocoſe, I'll warrant him alſo a man of ſenſe. And a prater, madam, added Don Quixote. So much the better, ſaid the duke; for a man that talks well, can never talk too much. But not to loſe our time here, come on, ſir Knight of the Woful Figure—Knight of the Lions, your highneſs ſhould ſay, quoth Sancho. The Woful Figure is out of date; and ſo pray let the Lions come in play. Well then, ſaid the duke, I intreat the Knight of the Lions to vouchſafe us his pre-

ſence at a caſtle I have hard by, where he ſhall find ſuch entertainment as is juſtly due to ſo eminent a perſonage, ſuch honours as the ducheſs and myſelf are wont to pay to all knights-errant that travel this way.

Sancho having by this got Rozinante ready, and girded the ſaddle tight, Don Quixote mounted his ſteed, and the duke a ſtately horſe of his own; and the ducheſs riding between them both, they mov'd towards the caſtle. She deſir'd that Sancho might always attend near her, for ſhe was extremely taken with his notable ſayings. Sancho was not hard to be intreated, but crowded in between them, and made a fourth in their converſation, to the great ſatisfaction both of the duke and ducheſs, who eſteem'd themſelves very fortunate in having an opportunity to entertain at their caſtle ſuch a knight-errant, and ſuch an erring ſquire.

## CHAP. XXXI.

*Which treats of many and great matters.*

SANCHO was overjoy'd to find himſelf ſo much in the ducheſs's favour, flattering himſelf that he ſhould fare no worſe at her caſtle than he had done at Don Diego's and Baſil's houſes; for he was ever a cordial friend to a plentiful way of living, and therefore never fail'd to take ſuch opportunities by the foretop, wherever he met them. Now the hiſtory tells us, that before they got to the caſtle, the duke rode away from them, to inſtruct his ſervants how to behave them-

ſelves toward Don Quixote; ſo that no ſooner did the knight come near the gates, but he was met by two of the duke's lacquies or grooms, in long veſts, like night-gowns, of fine crimſon ſatin. Theſe ſuddenly took him in their arms, and liſting him from his horſe without any further ceremony, Go great and mighty ſir, ſaid they, and help my lady ducheſs down. Thereupon Don Quixote went and offer'd to do it; and many compliments, and much ceremony paſs'd on both ſides: but in concluſion, the ducheſs's earneſtneſs prevail'd; for ſhe would not alight from her palfry but in the arms of her huſband, excuſing herſelf from incommoding ſo great a knight with ſo inſignificant a burden. With that the duke took her down. And now, being enter'd into a large court-yard, there came two beautiful damſels, who threw a long mantle of fine ſcarlet over Don Quixote's ſhoulders. In an inſtant, all the galleries about the court-yard were crowded with men and women, the domeſtics of the duke, who cry'd out, Welcome, welcome, the flower and cream of knight-errantry! Then moſt, if not all of them, ſprinkled whole bottles of ſweet water upon Don Quixote, the duke and the ducheſs. All which agreeably ſurpriz'd the Don, and this was indeed the firſt day he knew and firmly believ'd himſelf to be a real knight-errant, and that his knight-hood was more than fancy; finding himſelf treated juſt as he had read the brothers of the order were entertain'd in former ages.

Sancho was ſo tranſported, that he even forſook his beloved Dapple, to keep cloſe to the ducheſs, and en-

ter'd the caſtle with the company: but his conſcience flying in his face for leaving that dear companion of his alone, he went to a reverend old waiting-woman, who was one of the ducheſs's retinue, and whiſpering her in the ear, Mrs. Gonſales, or Mrs. ——— pray forſooth may I crave your name? Donna Rodriguez de Grijalva is my name, ſaid the old duenna; what is your buſineſs with me, friend? Pray now, miſtreſs, quoth Sancho, do ſo much as go out at the caſtle gate, where you'll find a dapple aſs of mine; ſee him put into the ſtable, or elſe put him in yourſelf; for poor thing, 'tis main fearful and timerſome, and can't abide to be alone in a ſtrange place. If the maſter, ſaid ſhe pettiſhly, has no more manners than the man, we ſhall have a fine time on't. Get you gone, you ſaucy jack, the devil take thee and him that brought you hither to affront me. Go ſeek ſomewhere elſe for ladies to look to your aſs, you lolpoop? I'd have you to know, that gentlewomen like me are not us'd to ſuch drudgeries. Don't take pepper in your noſe at it, reply'd Sancho, you need not be ſo frumpiſh, miſtreſs. As good as you have done it. I have heard my maſter ſay (and he knows all the hiſtories in the world) that when ſir Lancelot came out of Britain, damſels look'd after him, and waiting-women after his horſe. Now by my troth! whether you believe it or no, I would not ſwop my aſs for ſir Lancelot's horſe, I'll tell you that. I think the fool rides the fellow, quoth the waiting-woman: hark you, friend, if you be a buffoon, keep your ſtuff for thoſe chapmen that will bid you fairer. I would not give a fig for all

the jeſts in your budget. Well enough yet, quoth Sancho, and a fig for you too, an you go to that. Adad! ſhould I take thee for a fig I might be ſure of a ripe one, your fig is rotten ripe, forſooth; ſay no more: if ſixty is the game, you're a peep out. You raſcally ſon of a whore, cried the waiting-woman, in a pelting chaſe, whether I am old or no, heaven beſt knows, I ſhall not ſtand to give an account to ſuch a ragamuffin as thou, thou garlick eaten ſtinkard.

She ſpoke this ſo loud, that the ducheſs overheard her; and ſeeing the woman ſo altered, and as red as fire, aſked what was the matter? Why, madam, ſaid the waiting-woman, here's a fellow would have me put his aſs in the ſtable; telling me an idle ſtory of ladies that looked after one Lancelot, and waiting-women after his horſe; and becauſe I won't be his oſtler, the rake-ſhame very civilly calls me old. Old ſaid the ducheſs, that's an affront no woman can well bear. You are miſtaken, honeſt Sancho, Rodriguez is very young, and the long veil ſhe wears, is more for authority and faſhion-ſake, than upon account of her years. May there be ne'er a good one in all thoſe I have to live, quoth Sancho, if I meant her any harm, only I've ſuch a natural love for my aſs, an't like your worſhip, that I thought I could not recommend the poor titt to a more charitable body than this ſame madam Rodriguez. Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, with a ſour look, does this talk befit this place? D'you know where you are? Sir, quoth Sancho, every man muſt tell his wants, be he where he will. Here I bethought myſelf of Dapple,

and here I ſpoke of him: had I call'd him to mind in the ſtable, I would have ſpoken of him there.

Sancho has reaſon on his ſide, ſaid the duke; and no body ought to chide him for it. But let him take no further care, Dapple ſhall have as much provender as he will eat, and be us'd as well as Sancho himſelf.

Theſe ſmall jars being over, which yielded diverſion to all the company, except Don Quixote, he was led up a ſtately ſtair-caſe, and then into a noble hall ſumptuouſly hung with rich gold brocade. There his armour was taken of by ſix young damſels, that ſerved him inſtead of pages, all of them fully inſtructed by the duke and ducheſs how to behave themſelves ſo towards Don Quixote, that he might look on his entertainment as conformable to thoſe which the famous knights-errant receiv'd of old.

When he was unarm'd, he appear'd in his cloſe breeches and ſhamoy-doublet, raw-boned and meagre, tall and lank, with a pair of lantern jaws that met i'the middle of his mouth; in ſhort, he made ſo very odd a figure, that notwithſtanding the ſtrict injunction the duke had laid on the young females who waited on him, to ſtifle their laughter, they were hardly able to contain. They deſir'd he would give them leave to take off his cloaths, and put him on a clean ſhirt. But he would by no means permit it, giving them to underſtand, that modeſty was as commendable a virtue in a knight as valour; and therefore he deſir'd them to leave the ſhirt with Sancho; and then retiring to an adjacent chamber, where there was a rich bed, he lockt

himſelf up with his ſquire, pull'd off his cloaths, ſhifted himſelf, and then when they were alone, he began to take him to taſk.

Now, ſaid he, modern buffoon and jolter-head of old, what canſt thou ſay for thyſelf? Where learned you to abuſe ſuch a venerable antient gentlewoman, one ſo worthy of reſpect as Donna Rodriguez? Was that a proper time to think of your Dapple? Or can you think perſons of quality, who nobly entertain the maſters, forget to provide for their beaſts? For heaven's ſake, Sancho, mend thy behaviour, and don't betray thy home-ſpun breeding, leſt thou be thought a ſcandal to thy maſter. Doſt not thou know, ſaucy ruſtic, that the world often makes an eſtimate of the maſter's diſcretion by that of his ſervant, and that one of the moſt conſiderable advantages the great have over their inferiors, is to have ſervants as good as themſelves? Art thou not ſenſible, pitiful fellow as thou art, the more unhappy I, that if they find thee a groſs clown, or a mad buffoon, they will take me for ſome hedge-knight or a paltry ſhifting rook? Prithee, therefore, dear Sancho, ſhun theſe inconveniencies; for he that aims too much at jeſts and drolling, is apt to trip and tumble, and is at laſt deſpis'd as an inſipid ridiculous buffoon. Then curb thy tongue, think well, and ponder thy words before they get looſe; and take notice, we are come to a place, whence by the aſſiſtance of heaven, and the force of this puiſſant arm, we may depart better five to one in fortune and reputation Sancho promis'd him to behave himſelf better for the fu-

ture, and to ſew up his mouth or bite out his tongue, rather than ſpeak one word which was not duly conſider'd, and to the purpoſe; ſo that his maſter need not fear any one ſhould find out what they were.

Don Quixote then dreſſed himſelf, put on his belt and ſword, threw his ſcarlet cloak over his ſhoulders, and clapt on a monteer cap of green velvet, which had been left him by the damſels. Thus accoutred he enter'd the ſtate-room, where he found the damſels ranged in two rows, attending with water, and all neceſſaries to waſh him in ſtate; and having done him that office, with many humble curtſies, and ſolemn ceremonies, immediately twelve pages, with the gentleman-ſewer at the head of them, came to conduct him to ſupper, letting him know that the duke and ducheſs expect him. Accordingly, they led them in great pomp, ſome walking before and ſome behind, into another room, where a table was magnificently ſet out for four people.

As ſoon as he approach'd, the duke and the ducheſs came as far as the door to receive him, and with them a grave clergyman, one of thoſe that aſſume to govern great men's houſes, and who, not being nobly born themſelves, don't know how to inſtruct thoſe that are, but would have the liberality of the great meaſur'd by the narrowneſs of their own ſouls, making thoſe whom they govern ſtingy, when they pretend to teach them frugality. One of theſe in all likelihood was this grave eccleſiaſtic, who came with the duke to receive Don Quixote.

After a thouſand courtly compliments on all ſides, Don Quixote at laſt approach'd the table, between the duke and the ducheſs, and here aroſe a freſh conteſt; for the knight, being offer'd the upper end of the table, thought himſelf obliged to decline it. However, he could not withſtand the duke's preſſing importunities, but was forced at laſt to comply. The parſon ſat right againſt him, and the duke and the ducheſs on each ſide.

Sancho ſtood by all the while, gaping with wonder to ſee the honour done his maſter; and obſerving how many ceremonies paſs'd, and what intreaties the duke us'd to prevail with him to ſit at the upper end of the table: With your worſhip's good leave, quoth he, I'll tell you what happen'd once in our town, in reference to this ſtir and ado that you've had now about places.

The words were ſcarce out of his mouth, when Don Quixote began to tremble, as having reaſon to believe he was going to throw up ſome impertinent thing or other. Sancho had his eyes upon him, and preſently underſtanding his motions, Sir, quoth he, don't fear; I won't be unmannerly, I warrant you. I'll ſpeak nothing, but what ſhall be pat to the purpoſe. I han't ſo ſoon forgot the leſſon you gave me about talking ſenſe or nonſenſe, little or much. I don't know what thou mean'ſt, ſaid Don Quixote; ſay what thou wilt, ſo thou do it quickly. Well, quoth Sancho, turning to the duke, what I am going to tell you is every tittle true. Shou'd I trip never ſo little in my ſtory, my maſter is here to take me up, and give me the lie. Prithee, ſaid

Don Quixote, lie as much as thou wilt, for all me; I won't be thy hindrance. But take heed however what thou ſay'ſt. Nay, nay, quoth Sancho, let me alone for that: I have heeded it and reheeded it over and over, and that you ſhall ſee—I warrant you. Truly, my lord ſaid Don Quixote, it were convenient, that your grace ſhould order this fellow to be turned out of the room; for he will plague you with a thouſand impertinencies. Oh! as for that you muſt excuſe us, ſaid the ducheſs, for by the duke's life * I ſwear, Sancho muſt not ſtir a ſtep from me; I'll engage for him, he ſhall ſay nothing, but what's very proper. Many and many proper years, quoth Sancho, may your holineſs live, madam ducheſs, for your good opinion of me; though it is more your goodneſs than my deſert. Now then for my tale.

Once upon a time a gentleman in our town, of a good eſtate, and family, for he was of the blood of the Alamos of Medina del Campo, and married one Donna Mencia de Quinones, who was the daughter of Don Alonzo de Maranon, a knight of the order of St. Jago, the very ſame that was drown'd in the Herradura, about whom that quarrel happen'd formerly in our town, in which I heard ſay, that my maſter Don Quixote was embroil'd, and little Tom, the mad-cap, who was the ſon of old Balvaſtro the farrier, happen'd to be ſorely hurt.—Is not all this true now, maſter? Speak the truth and ſhame the devil, that their wor-

* A cuſtom in Spain to ſwear by the life of thoſe they love and honour.

ſhips graces may know that I am neither a prater nor a liar. Thus far, ſaid the clergyman, I think thou art the firſt rather than the latter; I can't tell what I ſhall make of thee by and by. Thou produceſt ſo many witneſſes, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, and mention'ſt ſo many circumſtances, that I muſt needs own, I believe what thou ſay'ſt to be true. But go on, and ſhorten the ſtory; for as thou beginneſt, I'm afraid thou'lt not have done theſe two days. Pray don't let him ſhorten it, ſaid the ducheſs: let him go on his own way, though he were not to make an end theſe ſix days; I ſhall hear him with pleaſure, and think the time as pleaſantly employ'd as any I ever paſs'd in my life——I ſay then, my maſters, quoth Sancho, that this ſame gentleman I told you of at firſt, and I know him as well as I know my right hand from my left, for it is not a bow-ſhot from my houſe to his; this gentleman invited a huſbandman to dine with him, who was a poor man, but main honeſt——On, friend, ſaid the chaplain, at the rate you proceed you won't have made an end before you come to t'other world. I ſhall ſtop ſhort of half way, quoth Sancho, and it be heaven's bleſſed will. A little more of your Chriſtian patience, good doctor! Now this ſame huſbandman, as I ſaid before, coming to this ſame gentleman's houſe, who had given him the invitation, heaven reſt his ſoul, poor heart! for he's now dead and gone; and more than that, they ſay, he dy'd the death of an angel. For my part, I was not by him when he dy'd; for I was gone to harveſt-work, at that very time, to a place call'd Temblique: Prithee, ho-

neſt friend, ſaid the clergyman, leave your harveſt-work, and come back quickly from Temblique, without ſtaying to bury the gentleman, unleſs you've a mind to occaſion more funerals; therefore pray make an end of your ſtory.—You muſt know then, quoth Sancho, that as they two were ready to ſit down at table—I mean, the huſbandman and the gentleman—Methinks I ſee them now before my eyes plainer than ever I did in my born days. The duke and the ducheſs were infinitely pleas'd to find how Sancho ſpun out his ſtory, and how the clergyman fretted at his prolixity, and Don Quixote ſpent himſelf with anger and vexation. Well, quoth Sancho, to go on with my ſtory, when they were going to ſit down, the huſbandman would not ſit till the gentleman had taken this place; but the gentleman made him a ſign to put himſelf at the upper end, By no means, ſir, quoth the huſbandman. Sit down, ſaid t'other. Good your worſhip, quoth the huſbandman—Sit where I bid thee, ſaid the gentleman. Still the other excus'd himſelf, and would not; and the gentleman told him, he ſhould, as meaning to be maſter in his own houſe. But the over-mannerly looby, fancying he ſhould be huge well-bred and civil in it, ſcrap'd and cringed, and refus'd; till at laſt the gentleman, in a great paſſion, e'en took him by the ſhoulders and forced him into the chair. Sit there, clod-pate, cry'd he, for let me ſit wherever I will, that ſtill will be the upper-end, and the place of worſhip to thee. And now you have my tale, and I think I ha' ſpoke nothing but what's to the purpoſe.

Don Quixote's face was in a thouſand colours that ſpeckled its natural brown; ſo that the duke and ducheſs were obliged to check their mirth, when they perceiv'd Sancho's roguery, that Don Quixote might not be put too much out of countenance. And therefore to turn the diſcourſe, that Sancho might not run into other fooleries, the ducheſs aſk'd Don Quixote, what news he had of the lady Dulcinea, and how long it was ſince he had ſent her any giants or robbers for a preſent, not doubting but that he had lately ſubdu'd many ſuch? Alas! madam, anſwer'd he, my misfortunes have had a beginning, but, I fear, will never have an end. I have vanquiſhed giants, elves, and cut-throats, and ſent them to the miſtreſs of my ſoul, but where ſhall they find her? She is inchanted, madam, and transform'd to the uglieſt piece of ruſticity that can be imagined. I don't know, ſir, quoth Sancho, when I ſaw her laſt ſhe ſeem'd to be the fineſt creature in the varſal world; thus far, at leaſt, I can ſafely vouch for her upon my own knowledge, that for activity of body, and leaping, the beſt tumbler of them all does not go beyond her. Upon my honeſt word, madam ducheſs, ſhe'll vault from the ground upon her aſs like a cat. Have you ſeen her inchanted? ſaid the duke. Seen her, quoth Sancho? And who the devil was the firſt that hit upon this trick of her inchantment, think you, but I? She is as much inchanted as my father.

The churchman hearing them talk of giants, elves, and inchantments, began to ſuſpect this was Don Quixote de la Mancha, whoſe hiſtory the duke ſo often us'd to

read, tho' he had ſeveral times reprehended him for it; telling him, it was a folly to read ſuch follies. Being confirm'd in this ſuſpicion, he addreſs'd himſelf very angrily to the duke. My lord, ſaid he, your grace will have a large account to give one day, for ſoothing this poor man's follies. I ſuppoſe this fame Don Quixote, or Don Quite Sot, or whatever you are pleas'd to call him, cannot be quite ſo beſotted as you endeavour to make him, by giving him ſuch opportunities to run on in his fantaſtical humours. Then directing his diſcourſe to Don Quixote, Hark ye, ſaid he, goodman addlepate, who has put it into your crown that you are a knight-errant, that you vanquiſh giants and robbers? Go, go, get you home again, look after your children, if you have any, and what honeſt buſineſs you have to do, and leave wandering about the world, building caſtles in the air, and making yourſelf a laughing-ſtock to all that know you, or know you not. Where have you found, in the name of miſchief, that there ever has been or are now any ſuch things as knights-errant? Where will you meet with giants in Spain, or monſters in La Mancha? Where ſhall one find your inchanted Dulcinea's, and all thoſe legions of whimſies and chimera's that are talk'd of on your account, but in your own empty ſkull?

Don Quixote gave this reverend perſon the hearing with great patience. But at laſt, ſeeing him ſilent, without minding his reſpect to the duke and ducheſs, up he ſtarted with indignation and fury in his looks, and ſaid —But his anſwer deſerves a chapter by itſelf.

## CHAP. XXXII.

*Don Quixote's anſwer to his reprover, with other grave and merry accidents.*

DON Quixote being thus ſuddenly got up, ſhaking from head to foot for madneſs, as if he had quick-ſilver in his bones, caſt an angry look on his indiſcreet cenſor, and with an eager delivery, ſputtering and ſtammering with choler: This place, cry'd he, the preſence of theſe noble perſons, and the reſpect I have always had for your function, check my juſt reſentment, and tye up my hands from taking the ſatisfaction of a gentleman. For theſe reaſons, and ſince every one knows that you gown-men, as well as women, uſe no other weapon but your tongues, I'll fairly engage you upon equal terms, and combat you at your own weapon. I ſhould rather have expected ſober admonitions from a man of your cloth, than infamous reproaches. Charitable and wholeſome correction ought to be managed at another rate, and with more moderation. The leaſt that can be ſaid of this reproof which you've given me here ſo bitterly, and in public, is, that it has exceeded the bounds of Chriſtian correction, and a gentle one had been much more becoming. Is it fit, that without any inſight into the offence which you reprove, you ſhould without any more ado, call the offender, Fool, ſot, and addlepate? Pray, ſir, what fooliſh action have you ſeen me do, that ſhould provoke you to give me ſuch ill language, and bid me, ſo magiſterially, go home

to look after my wife and children, before you know whether I have any? Don't you think thoſe deſerve as ſevere a cenſure, who ſcrew themſelves into other mens houſes, and pretend to rule the maſter? A fine world 'tis truly, when a poor pedant, who has ſeen no more of it than lies within twenty or thirty leagues about him, ſhall take upon him to preſcribe laws to knight-errantry, and judge of thoſe who profeſs it! You, forſooth, eſteem it an idle undertaking, and time loſt to wander thro' the world, tho' ſcorning its pleaſures, and ſharing the hardſhips and toils of it, by which the virtuous aſpire to the high ſeat of immortality. If perſons of honour, knights, lords, gentlemen, or men of any birth, ſhould take me for a fool or a coxcomb, I ſhould think it an irreparable affront. But for mere ſcholars, that never trod the paths of chivalry, to think me mad, I deſpiſe and laugh at it. I am a knight, and a knight will I die, if ſo it pleaſe omnipotence. Some chuſe the high road of haughty ambition; others the low ways of baſe ſervile flattery; a third ſort take the crooked path of deceitful hypocriſy; and a few, very few, that of true religion. I for my own part, guided by my ſtars, follow the narrow track of knight-errantry; and for the exerciſe of it, I deſpiſe riches, but not honour. I have redreſs'd grievances, and righted the injur'd, chaſtis'd the inſolent, vanquiſh'd giants, and trod elves and hobgoblins under my feet! I am in love, but no more than the profeſſion of knight-errantry obliges me to be; yet I am none of this age's vicious lovers, but a chaſte Platonic. My intentions are

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all directed to virtuous ends, and to do no man wrong, but good to all the world. And now let your graces judge, moſt excellent duke and ducheſs, whether a perſon who makes it his only ſtudy to practiſe all this, deſerves to be upbraided for a fool.

Well ſaid, i'faith! quoth Sancho; ſay no more for yourſelf, my good lord and maſter, ſtop when you're well; for there's not the leaſt matter to be added more on your ſide, either in word, thought, or deed. Beſides, ſince Mr. Parſon has had the face to ſay, point-blank, as one may ſay, that there neither are, nor ever were any knights-errant in the world, no mar'l he does not know what he ſays. What! ſaid the clergyman, I warrant, you are that Sancho Pança, to whom they ſay your maſter has promis'd an iſland? Ay, marry am I, anſwer'd Sancho; and I am he that deſerves it as well as another body; and I am one of thoſe of whom they ſay, Keep with good men and thou ſhalt be one of them; and of thoſe of whom 'tis ſaid again, Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou haſt fed; as alſo, Lean againſt a good tree, and it will ſhelter thee I have lean'd and ſtuck cloſe to my good maſter, and kept him company this many a month; and now he and I are all one; and I muſt be as he is, an't be heaven's bleſſed will; and ſo he live and I live, he will not want kingdoms to rule, nor ſhall I want iſlands to govern.

Thou ſhalt not, honeſt Sancho, ſaid the duke; for I, on the great Don Quixote's account, will now give thee the government of an odd one of my own of no

ſmall conſequence. Down, down on thy knees, Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote, and kiſs his grace's feet for this favour. Sancho did accordingly: but when the clergyman ſaw it, he got up in a great heat. By the habit which I wear, cry'd he, I can ſcarce forbear telling your grace, that you are as mad as theſe ſinful wretches. Well may they be mad, when ſuch wiſe men as you humour and authorize their frenzy; you may keep them here and ſtay with them yourſelf, if your grace pleaſes; but for my part I'll leave you and go home, to ſave myſelf the labour of reprehending what I can't mend.

With that, leaving the reſt of his dinner behind him, away he flung; the duke and the ducheſs not being able to pacify him: though indeed the duke could not ſay much to him, for laughing at his impertinent paſſion. When he had done laughing, Sir knight of the lions, ſaid he, you have anſwer'd ſo well for yourſelf and your profeſſion, that you need no farther ſatisfaction of the angry clergyman; eſpecially if you conſider, that whatever he might ſay, it was not in his power to fix an affront on a perſon of your character, ſince women and churchmen cannot give an affront. Very true, my lord, ſaid Don Quixote; and the reaſon is, becauſe he that cannot receive an affront, conſequently can give none. Women, children, and churchmen, as they cannot vindicate themſelves when they are injur'd, ſo neither are they capable of receiving an affront. For there is this difference betwixt an *affront* and *injury*, as your grace very well knows; an *affront* muſt come from

a perſon that is both able to give it, and maintain it when he has given it. An *injury* may be done by any ſort of people whatſoever. For example, a man walking in the ſtreet about his buſineſs, is ſet upon by ten arm'd men, who cudgel him; he draws his ſword to revenge the injury, but the aſſailants overpowering him, he cannot have the ſatisfaction he deſir'd. This man is injur'd, but not affronted. But to confirm it by another inſtance; ſuppoſe a man comes behind another's back, hits him a box o'the ear, and then runs away, the other follows him, but can't overtake him. He that has received the blow, has received an injury, 'tis true, but not an affront; becauſe to make it an affront, it ſhould have been juſtify'd. But if he that gave it, though he did it baſely, ſtands his ground, and faces his adverſary, then he that receiv'd is both injur'd and affronted: injur'd, becauſe he was ſtruck in a cowardly manner; affronted, becauſe he that ſtruck him ſtood his ground to maintain what he had done. Therefore, according to the ſettled laws of duelling, I may be injured but am not affronted. Children can have no reſentment, and women can't fly, nor are they obliged to ſtand it out, and it is the ſame thing with the clergy, for they carry no arms either offenſive or defenſive. Therefore though they are naturally bound by the laws of ſelf-preſervation to defend themſelves, yet they are not obliged to offend others. Upon ſecond thoughts then, though I ſaid juſt now, I was injur'd; I think now, I am not; for he that can receive no affront, can give none. Therefore I ought not to have any reſent-

ment for what that good man ſaid, neither indeed have I any. I only wiſh he would have ſtaid a little longer, that I might have convinced him of his error; in believing there were never any knights-errant in the world. Had Amadis or any one of his innumerable race, but heard him ſay any thing like this, I can aſſure his reverence, it would have gone hard with him. I'll be ſworn it would, quoth Sancho; they would have undone him, as you would undo an oiſter; and have cleft him from head to foot, as one would ſlice a pomegranate, or a ripe muſkmelion; take my word for't. They were a parcel of tough blades, and would not have ſwallow'd ſuch a pill. By the mackins I verily believe, had Rinaldo of Montalban but heard the poor toad talk at this rate, he would have laid him on ſuch a poult over the chaps with his ſhoulder o'mutton fiſt, as would have ſecur'd him from prating theſe three years. Ay, ay, if he had fallen into their clutches, ſee how he would have got out again!

The ducheſs was ready to die with laughing at Sancho, whom ſhe thought a more pleaſant fool, and a greater madman than his maſter; and ſhe was not the only perſon at that time of this opinion. In ſhort, Don Quixote being pacify'd, they made an end of dinner, and then while ſome of the ſervants were taking away, there came in four damſels, one carrying a ſilver baſon, another an ewer of the ſame metal; a third two very fine towels over her arm, and the fourth, with her ſleeves tuck'd above her elbows, held in her lilly-white hand (for exceeding white it was) a large waſh-ball of

Naples ſoap. Preſently ſhe that held the baſon, went very civilly, and clapp'd it under Don Quixote's chin, while he, wondring at this extraordinary ceremony, yet fancying it was the cuſtom of the country to waſh the face inſtead of the hands, thruſt out his long chin, without ſpeaking a word, and then the ewer began to rain on his face, and the damſel that brought the waſh-ball fell to work, and belather'd his beard ſo effectually, that the ſuds, like huge flakes of ſnow, flew all over the paſſive knight's face; inſomuch, that he was forced to ſhut his eyes.

The duke and ducheſs, who knew nothing of the matter, ſtood expecting, where this extraordinary ſcouring would end. The female barber, having thus laid the knight's face a ſoaking a handful high in ſuds, pretended ſhe wanted water, and ſent another with the ewer for more, telling her the gentleman would ſtay for it. She went and left him in one of the moſt odd ridiculous figures that can be imagined. There he ſat expos'd to all the company, with half a yard of neck ſtretch'd out, his briſtly beard and chaps all in a white foam, which did not at all mend his walnut complexion, inſomuch that it is not a little ſtrange how thoſe, that had ſo comical a ſpectacle before them, could forbear laughing out right. The malicious damſels, who had a hand in the plot, did not dare to look up, nor let their eyes meet thoſe of their maſter or miſtreſs, who ſtood ſtrangely divided between anger and mirth, not knowing what to do in the caſe, whether they

ſhould puniſh the girls for their boldneſs, or reward them for the diverſion they took in ſeeing the knight in that poſture.

At laſt the maid came back with the water, and the other having rins'd off the ſoap, ſhe that held the linen, gently wip'd and dry'd the knight's beard and face; after which all four dropping a low curtſy, were going out of the room. But the duke, that Don Quixote might not ſmell the jeſt, call'd to the damſel that carry'd the baſon, and order'd her to come and waſh him too, but be ſure ſhe had water enough. The wench being ſharp and cunning, came and put the baſon under the duke's chin, as ſhe had done to Don Quixote, but with a quicker diſpatch; and then having dry'd him clean, they all made their honours, and went off. It was well they underſtood their maſter's meaning, in ſerving him as they did the knight; for as it was afterwards known, had they not done it, the duke was reſolv'd to have made them pay dear for their frolic.

Sancho took great notice of all the ceremonies at this waſhing. S'life! quoth he, I'd fain know whether 'tis not the cuſtom of this country to ſcrub the ſquire's beard, as well as the knight's. For, o' my conſcience, mine wants it not a little. Nay, if they would run it over with a razor too, ſo much the better. What art thou talking to thyſelf, Sancho? ſaid the ducheſs. Why, an't like your grace's worſhip, quoth Sancho, I'm only ſaying, that I've been told how in other great houſes, when the cloth is taken away, they uſe to give folks water to waſh their hands, and not ſuds to ſcour

their beards. I ſee now 'tis good to live and learn. There's a ſaying indeed, He that lives long ſuffers much. But I have a huge fancy, that to ſuffer one of theſe ſame ſcourings is rather a pleaſure than a pain. Well, Sancho, ſaid the ducheſs, trouble thyſelf no farther, I'll ſee that one of my maids ſhall waſh thee, and if there be occaſion, lay thee a bucking too. My beard is all I want to have ſcrubb'd at preſent, quoth Sancho: as for the reſt, we'll think on it another time. Here, ſteward, ſaid the ducheſs, ſee that Sancho has what he has a mind to, and be ſure do juſt as he would have you. The ſteward told her grace, that ſignior Sancho ſhould want for nothing; and ſo he took Sancho along with him to dinner.

Meanwhile Don Quixote ſtay'd with the duke and ducheſs, talking of ſeveral matters, but all relating to arms and knight-errantry. The ducheſs then took an opportunity to deſire the knight to give a particular deſcription of the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo's beauty and accompliſhments, not doubting but his good memory would enable him to do it well; adding withal, that according to the voice of fame, ſhe muſt needs be the fineſt creature in the whole world, and conſequently in all La Mancha.

With that, Don Quixote, fetching a deep ſigh, Madam, ſaid he, could I rip out my heart, and expoſe it to your grace's view in a diſh on this table, I might ſave my tongue the labour of attempting that which it cannot expreſs, and you can ſcarce believe; for there your grace would ſee her beauty depainted to the life. But

why ſhould I undertake to delineate, and copy one by one each ſeveral perfection of the peerleſs Dulcinea! That burden muſt be ſuſtain'd by ſtronger ſhoulders than mine. That task were worthy of the pencils of Parrhaſius, Timantes, and Apelles, or the graving-tools of Lyſippus. The hands of the beſt painters and ſtatuaries ſhould indeed be employ'd to give in ſpeaking paint, in marble and Corinthian braſs, an exact copy of her beauties; while Ciceronian and Demoſthenian eloquence labour'd to reach the praiſe of her endowments. Pray, ſir, aſk'd the ducheſs, what do you mean by that word Demoſthenian? Demoſthenian eloquence, madam, ſaid Don Quixote, is as much as to ſay, the eloquence of Demoſthenes, and the Ciceronian that of Cicero, the two greateſt orators that ever were in the world. 'Tis true, ſaid the duke; and you but ſhew'd your ignorance, my dear, in aſking ſuch a queſtion. Yet the noble Don Quixote would highly oblige us, if he would but be pleas'd to attempt her picture now; for even in a rude draught of her lineaments, I queſtion not but ſhe will appear ſo charming, as to deſerve the envy of the brighteſt of her ſex. Ah! my lord, ſaid Don Quixote, it would be ſo indeed, if the misfortune which not long ſince befel her, had not in a manner raz'd the idea out of the ſeat of my memory; and as it is, I ought rather to bewail her change, than deſcribe her perſon: for your grace muſt know that as I lately went to kiſs her hands, and obtain her benediction, and leave for my intended abſence in queſt of new adventures, I found her quite another creature

than I expected. I found her inchanted, transform'd from a princeſs to a country-wench, from beauty to uglineſs, from courtlineſs to ruſticity, from a reſerved lady to a jumping Joan, from ſweetneſs itſelf to the ſtench of a pole-cat, from light to darkneſs, from an angel to a devil; in ſhort, from Dulcinea del Toboſo, to a peaſanteſs of Sayago*. Bleſs us! cry'd the duke with a loud voice, what villain has done the world ſuch an injury? Who has robb'd it not only of the beauty that was its ornament, but of thoſe charming graces that were its delight, and that virtue which was its living honour? Who ſhould it be, reply'd Don Quixote, but one of thoſe damn'd inchanters, one of thoſe numerous envious fiends, that without ceſſation perſecute me? That wicked brood of hell, ſpawn'd into the world to eclipſe the glory of good and valiant men, and blemiſh their exploits, while they labour to exalt and magnify the actions of the wicked. Theſe curſed magicians have perſecuted me, and perſecute me now, and will continue till they have ſunk me and my lofty deeds of chivalry into the profound abyſs of oblivion. Yes, yes, they chuſe to wound me in that part

* Villanos de Sayago are properly peaſants of Galicia, which are accounted the moſt uncouth in all Spain, whence all rude people come to be compar'd with them. Here Stevens miſtakes; for Sayago is a territory about Zamora, in the kingdom of Leon, (not Galicia) as he himſelf ſays in his dictionary; the ſame ſays Sobrino in his dictionary too. The poor country-people about Zamora are call'd Sayagos from Sayal, a coarſe ſackcloth, their uſual cloathing; hence any poor people, eſpecially mountaineers, are call'd Sayagos.

which they well know is moſt ſenſible: well knowing, that to deprive a knight-errant of his lady, is to rob him of thoſe eyes with which he ſees, of the ſun that enlightens him, and the food that ſuſtains him. For as I have often ſaid, a knight errant without a lady, is like a tree without leaves, a building without mortar, or a ſhadow without a body that cauſes it.

I grant all this, ſaid the ducheſs; yet if we may believe the hiſtory of your life, which was lately publiſh'd with univerſal applauſe, it ſeems to imply, to the beſt of my remembrance, that you never ſaw the lady Dulcinea, and that there is no ſuch lady in the world; but rather that ſhe is a meer notional creature, engender'd and brought forth by the ſtrength and heat of your fancy, and there endow'd with all the charms and good qualifications, which you are pleas'd to aſcribe to her.

Much may be ſaid upon this point, ſaid Don Quixote; heaven knows whether there be a Dulcinea in the world or not, and whether ſhe be a notional creature or not. Theſe are myſteries not to be ſo narrowly enquir'd into. Neither have I engender'd, or begot that lady. I do indeed make her the object of my contemplations, and, as I ought, look on her as a lady endow'd with all thoſe qualifications that may raiſe the character of a perſon to univerſal fame. She is to me beautiful without blemiſh, reſerv'd without pride, amorous with modeſty, agreeable for her courteous temper, and courteous, as an effect of her generous education, and, in ſhort, of an illuſtrious parentage. For beauty

diſplays its luſtre to a higher degree of perfection when join'd with noble blood, than it can in thoſe that are meanly deſcended.

The obſervation is juſt, ſaid the duke; but give me leave, ſir, to propoſe to you a doubt, which the reading of that hiſtory hath ſtarted in my mind. It is, that allowing there be a Dulcinea at Toboſo, or elſewhere, and as beautiful as you deſcribe her, yet I do not find ſhe can any way equal in greatneſs of birth the Oriana's, the Alaſtrajarea's, the Madaſima's *, and a thouſand others of whom we read in thoſe hiſtories, with which you have been ſo converſant. To this, ſaid Don Quixote, I anſwer, that Dulcinea is the daughter of her own actions. and that virtue ennobles the blood. A virtuous man of mean condition, it more to be eſteem'd than a vicious perſon of quality. Beſides, Dulcinea is poſſeſs'd of thoſe other endowments that may entitle her to crowns and ſceptres, ſince beauty alone hat rais'd many of her ſex to a throne. Where merit has no limits, hope may well have no bounds; and to be fair and virtuous is ſo extenſive an advantage, that it gives, though not a *formal*, at leaſt a *virtual* claim to larger fortunes. I muſt own, ſir, ſaid the ducheſs, that in all your diſcourſe, you, as we ſay, proceed with the plummet of reaſon, and fathom all the depths of controverſy. Therefore I ſubmit, and from this time I am reſolv'd to believe, and will make all my domeſtics, nay, my huſband too, if there be occaſion, believe and main-

* The names of great ladies in romances.

tain, that there is a Dulcinea del Toboſo extant, and living at this day; that ſhe is beautiful and of good extraction; and to ſum up all in a word, altogether deſerving the ſervices of ſo great a knight as the noble Don Quixote; which I think is the higheſt commendation I can beſtow on her. But yet I muſt confeſs, there is ſtill one ſcruple that makes me uneaſy, and cauſes me to have an ill opinion of Sancho. 'Tis that the hiſtory tells, that when Sancho Pança carried your letter to the lady Dulcinea, he found her winnowing a ſack of corn, by the ſame token that it was the worſt ſort of wheat, which makes me much doubt her quality.

Your grace muſt know, anſwer'd Don Quixote, that almoſt every thing that relates to me, is managed quite contrary to what the affairs of other knights-errant us'd to be. Whether it be the unfathomable will of deſtiny, or the implacable malice of ſome envious enchanter orders it ſo, or no, I can't well tell. For it is beyond all doubt, that moſt of us knights-errant ſtill have had ſomething peculiar in our fates. One has had the privilege to be above the power of inchantments, another invulnerable, as the famous Orlando, one of the twelve peers of France, whoſe fleſh, they tell us, was impenetrable every where but in the ſole of his left foot, and even there too he could be wounded with no other weapon than the point of a great pin; ſo that when Bernardo del Carpio deprived him of life at Roncevalles, finding he could not wound him with his ſword, he lifted him from the ground, and ſqueez'd him to death in

his arms; remembring how Hercules kill'd Antaeus, that cruel giant, who was ſaid to be the ſon of the earth. Hence I infer, that probably I may be ſecur'd in the ſame manner, under the protection of ſome particular advantage, tho' it is not that of being invulnerable; for I have often found by experience, that my fleſh is tender, and not impenetrable. Nor does any private prerogative free me from the power of inchantment; for I have found myſelf clapp'd into a cage, where all the world could not have lock'd me up, but the force of necromantic incantations. But ſince I got free again, I believe that even the force of magic will never be able to confine me thus another time. So that theſe magicians, finding they cannot work their wicked ends directly on me, revenge themſelves on what I moſt eſteem, and endeavour to take away my life by perſecuting that of Dulcinea, in whom, and for whom I live. And therefore I believe, when my ſquire deliver'd my embaſſy to her, they transform'd her into a country-dowdy, poorly buſied in the low and baſe employment of winnowing wheat. But I do aver, that it was neither rye, nor wheat, but oriental pearl: and to prove this, I muſt acquaint your graces, that paſſing t'other day by Toboſo, I could not ſo much as find Dulcinea's palace; whereas my ſquire went the next day, and ſaw her in all her native charms, the moſt beautiful creature in the world! yet when I met her preſently after, ſhe appear'd to me in the ſhape of an ugly, coarſe, country-mawkin, booriſh, and ill-bred, tho' ſhe really is diſcretion itſelf. And therefore, becauſe I myſelf cannot be

inchanted, the unfortunate lady muſt be thus inchanted, miſus'd, diſfigur'd, chopp'd, and changed. Thus my enemies wrecking their malice on her, have revenged themſelves on me, which makes me abandon myſelf to ſorrow, till ſhe be reſtor'd to her former perfections.

I have been the more large in this particular, that no body might inſiſt on what Sancho ſaid, of her ſifting of corn: for if ſhe appear'd chang'd to me, what wonder is it if ſhe ſeem'd ſo to him. In ſhort, Dulcinea is both illuſtrious and well-born, being deſcended of the moſt ancient and beſt families in Toboſo, of whoſe blood I am poſitive ſhe has no ſmall ſhare in her veins; and now that town will be no leſs famous in after-ages for being the place of her nativity, than Troy for Helen, or Spain for Cava *, though on a more honourable account.

As for Sancho Pança's part, I aſſure your grace he is one of the moſt pleaſant ſquires that ever waited on a knight errant. Sometimes he comes out with ſuch ſharp ſimplicities, that one is pleaſantly puzzled to judge, whether he be more knave or fool. The varlet, indeed, is full of roguery enough to be thought a knave; but then he has yet more ignorance, and may better be

* The nick-name of count Julian's daughter, who having been raviſh'd by king Rodrigo, occaſion'd the bringing in of the Moors into Spain. Her true name was Florinda, but as ſhe was the occaſion of Spain's being betray'd to the Moors, the name is left off among the women, and commonly given to bitches.

thought a fool. He doubts of every thing, yet believes every thing; and when one would think he had entangled himſelf in a piece of downright folly, beyond recovery, he brings himſelf off of a ſudden ſo cleverly, that he is applauded to the ſkies. In ſhort, I would not change him for the beſt ſquire that wears a head, tho' I might have a city to boot, and therefore I don't know whether I had beſt let him go to the government which your grace has been pleas'd to promiſe him. Though, I muſt confeſs, his talent ſeems to lie pretty much that way: for, give never ſo little a whet to his underſtanding, he will manage his government as well as the king does his cuſtoms. Then experience convinces us, that neither learning nor any other abilities, are very material to a governor. Have we not a hundred of them that can ſcarce read a letter, and yet they govern as ſharp as ſo many hawks. Their main buſineſs is only to mean well, and to be reſolv'd to do their beſt; for they can't want able counſellors to inſtruct them. Thus thoſe governors who are men of the ſword, and no ſcholars, have their aſſeſſors on the bench to direct them. My counſel to Sancho ſhall be, that he neither take bribes, nor loſe his privileges, with ſome other little inſtructions, which I have in my head for him, and which at a proper time I will communicate, both for his private advantage, and the public good of the iſland he is to govern.

So far had the duke, the ducheſs, and Don Quixote been diſcourſing together, when they heard a great noiſe in the houſe, and by and by Sancho came running in

unexpectedly into the room where they ſat, in a terrible fright, with a diſh-clout before him inſtead of a bib. The ſcullions, and other greaſy rabble of the kitchen were after him, one of them purſuing him with a little kneading-trough full of diſh-water, which he endeavour'd by any means to put under his chin, while another ſtood ready to have waſh'd the poor ſquire with it. How now, fellow! ſaid the ducheſs. What's the matter here? What would you do with this good man? Don't you conſider he's a governor elect? Madam, quoth the barber-ſcullion, the gentleman won't let us waſh him according to cuſtom, as my lord duke and his maſter were. Yes marry but I will, quoth Sancho, in a mighty huff, but then it ſhall be with cleaner ſuds, cleaner towels, and not quite ſo ſlovenly paws; for there's no ſuch difference between my maſter and me neither, that he muſt be waſh'd with angel-water, and I with devil's lye. So far the cuſtoms of great mens houſes are good as they give no offence. But this ſame beaſtly waſhing in a puddle, is worſe penance than a friar's flogging. My beard is clean enough, and wants no ſuch refreſhing. Stand clear, you had beſt; for the firſt that comes to waſh me, or touch a hair of my head (my beard I would ſay) ſir reverence of the company, I'll take him ſuch a dowſe on the ear, he ſhall feel it a twelve-month after. For theſe kind of ceremonies and ſopings, d'ye ſee, look more like flouts and jeers, than like a civil welcome to ſtrangers! The ducheſs was like to have burſt her ſides with laughing, to ſee Sancho's fury, and hear how he argued for himſelf. But

Don Quixote did not very well like to ſee him with ſuch a naſty diſh-clout about his neck, and made the ſport of the kitchen-penſioners. Therefore, after he made a deep bow to the duke, as it were deſiring leave to ſpeak, looking on the ſcullions: Hark ye, gentlemen, cry'd he, very gravely, pray let the young man alone, and get you gone as you came, if you think fit. My ſquire is as cleanly as another man; that trough won't do; you had better have brought him a dram-cup. Away; be adviſ'd by me, and leave him: for neither he nor I can abide ſuch ſlovenly jeſtings. No, no, quoth Sancho, taking the words out of his maſter's mouth, let them ſtay, and go on with their ſhow. I'll pay my barbers, I'll warrant ye. They had as good take a lion by the beard, as meddle with mine. Let them bring a comb hither, or what they will, and curry-comb it, and if they find any thing there that ſhould not be there, I'll give them leave to cut and mince me as ſmall as a horſe.

Sancho is in the right, ſaid the ducheſs, ſtill laughing. and will be in the right, in all he ſays; he is as clean and neat as can be, and needs none of your ſcouring, and if he does not like our way of waſhing, let him do as he pleaſes. Beſides, you who pretend to make others clean, have ſhewn yourſelves now very careleſs and idle, I don't know whether I may ſay impudent too, to offer to bring your kneading-trough and your diſh-clouts to ſuch a perſon, and ſuch a beard, inſtead of a golden baſon and ewer, and fine diaper-towels. But you are a pack of unmannerly varlets, and like ſaucy

raſcals as you are, can't help ſhewing your ſpight to the ſquires of knights-errant.

The greaſy regiment, and even the ſteward, who was with them, thought verily the ducheſs had been in earneſt. So they took the cloth from Sancho's neck, and ſneaked off quite out of countenance. Sancho ſeeing himſelf delivered from his apprehenſion of this danger, ran and threw himſelf on his knees before the ducheſs. Heaven bleſs your worſhip's grace, quoth he, madam ducheſs. Great perſons are able to do great kindneſſes. For my part, I don't know how to make your worſhip amends for this you've done me now. I can only wiſh I might ſee myſelf an arm'd knight-errant for your ſake, that I might ſpend all the days of my life in the ſervice of ſo high a lady. I am a poor countryman, my name is Sancho Pança, children I have, and ſerve as a ſquire. If in any of theſe matters, I can do you any good, you need but ſpeak; I'll be nimbler in doing than your worſhip ſhall be in ordering. It is evident, Sancho, ſaid the ducheſs, that you have learn'd civility in the ſchool of courteſy itſelf, and have been bred up under the wings of Don Quixote, who is the very cream of compliment, and the flower of ceremonies. All happineſs attend ſuch a knight and ſuch a ſquire; the one the north-ſtar of chivalry-errant, the other the bright luminary of ſquire-like fidelity. Riſe, my friend Sancho, and aſſure yourſelf, that for the recompence of your civilities, I will perſuade my lord duke to put you in poſſeſſion of the government he promis'd you, as ſoon as he can.

After this, Don Quixote went to take his afternoon's ſleep. But the ducheſs deſir'd Sancho, if he were not very ſleepy, he would paſs the afternoon with her and her woman in a cool room. Sancho told her grace, that indeed he did uſe to take a good ſound nap, ſome four or five hours long, in a ſummer's afternoon; but to do her good honour a kindneſs, he would break an old cuſtom for once, and do his beſt to hold up that day, and wait on her worſhip. The duke on his ſide gave freſh orders, that Don Quixote ſhould be entertain'd exactly like a knight-errant, without deviating the leaſt ſtep from the road of chivalry, ſuch as is obſervable in books of that kind.

## CHAP. XXXIII.

*The ſavoury conference which the ducheſs and her women held with Sancho Pança, worth your reading and obſervation.*

THE ſtory afterwards informs us, that Sancho ſlept not a wink all that afternoon, but waited on the ducheſs as he had promiſed. Being mightily taken with his comical diſcourſe, ſhe order'd him to take a low chair and ſit by her; but Sancho, who knew better things, abſolutely declin'd it, till ſhe preſſed him again to ſit as he was a governor, and ſpeak as he was a ſquire; in both which capacities he deſerv'd the very ſeat of Cid Ruy Diaz, the famous champion. Sancho ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, and obey'd, and all the ducheſs's women ſtanding round

about her to give her ſilent attention, ſhe began the conference.

Now that we are private, ſaid ſhe, and no body to over-hear us, I would deſire you, my lord governor, to reſolve me of ſome doubts in the printed hiſtory of the great Don Quixote, which puzzle me very much. Firſt, I find that the good Sancho had never ſeen Dulcinea, the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, I ſhould have ſaid, nor carried her his maſter's letter, as having left the table-book behind him in Sierra Morena; how then durſt he feign an anſwer, and pretend he found her winnowing wheat? A fiction and banter ſo injurious to the reputation of the peerleſs Dulcinea, and ſo great a blemiſh on the character of a faithful ſquire!

Here Sancho got up without ſpeaking a word, laid his finger on his lips, and with his body bent, crept cautiouſly round the room, lifting up the hangings, and peeping in every hole and corner. At laſt, finding the coaſt clear, he return'd to his ſeat. Now, quoth he, madam ducheſs, ſince I find there's no body here but ourſelves, you ſhall e'en hear, without fear or favour, the truth of the ſtory, and what elſe you'll aſk of me; but not a word of the pudding. Firſt and foremoſt I muſt tell you, I look on my maſter Don Quixote to be no better than a down-right madman, tho' ſometimes he'll ſtumble on a parcel of ſayings ſo quaint and ſo tightly put together, that the devil himſelf could not mend them; but in the main, I can't beat it out of my noddle but that he's as mad as a March hare. Now, becauſe I'm pretty confident of knowing his blind ſide,

whatever crotches comes into my crown, though without either head or tail, yet can I make them paſs upon him for goſpel. Such was the anſwer to his letter, and another ſham that I put upon him but t'other day, and is not in print yet, touching my lady Dulcinea's inchantment; for you muſt know, between you and I, ſhe's no more inchanted than the man in the moon. With that, at the ducheſs's requeſt, he related the whole paſſage of the late pretended inchantment very faithfully, to the great diverſion of the hearers.

But, ſir, ſaid the ducheſs, I have another ſcruple in this affair no leſs unaccountable than the former; for I think I hear ſomething whiſper me in the ear, and ſay, if Don Quixote de la Mancha be ſuch a ſhallow-brains, why does Sancho Pança, who knows him to be ſo, wait upon this madman, and rely thus upon his vain extravagant promiſes? I can only infer from this, that the man is more a fool than the maſter; and if ſo, will not madam ducheſs be thought as mad as either of them, to beſtow the government of an iſland, or the command of others, on one who can't govern himſelf?

By'r lady, quoth Sancho, your ſcruple comes in pudding-time. But it need not whiſper in your ear, it may e'en ſpeak plain, and as loud as it will. I am a fool, that's certain, for if I'd been wiſe, I had left my maſter many a fair day ſince; but it was my luck and my vile errantry, and that's all can be ſaid on't. I muſt follow him thro' thick and thin. We are both towns-born children; I have eaten his bread, I love him well,

and there's no love loſt between us. He pays me very well, he has given me three colts, and I am ſo very true and truſty to him, that nothing but death can part us. And if your high and mightineſs does not think fit to let me have this ſame government, why ſo be it; with leſs was I born, and with leſs ſhall I die; it may be for the good of my conſcience to go without it. I am a fool 'tis true, but yet I underſtand the meaning of the ſaying, the piſmire had wings to do her hurt; and Sancho the ſquire may ſooner get to heaven than Sancho the governor. There's as good bread bak'd here as in France, and Joan's as good as my lady in the dark. In the night all cats are gray. Unhappy's he that wants his breakfaſt at two in the afternoon. 'Tis always good faſting after a good breakfaſt. There's no man has his ſtomach a yard bigger than another, but let it be never ſo big, there will be hay and ſtraw enough to fill it. A bellyful's a bellyful. The ſparrow ſpeeds as well as the ſparrow-hawk. Good ſerge is fine, but coarſe cloth is warm; and four yards of the one are as long as four yards of the other. When the hour is come we muſt all be pack'd off. The prince and prick-louſe go the ſame way at laſt: the road is no fairer for the one than the other. The pope's body takes up no more room than the ſexton's, tho' one be taller; for when they come to the pit, all are alike, or made ſo in ſpite of our teeth *, and ſo good-night, or good morrow, which you pleaſe. And let me tell you again, if you

* The common ſort in Spain are bury'd without coffins,

don't think fit to give me an iſland, 'cauſe I'm a fool, I'll be ſo wiſe not to care whether you do or no. 'Tis an old ſaying, the devil lurks behind the croſs. All is not gold that gliſters. From the tail of the plough, Bamba was made king of Spain; and from his ſilks and riches was Rodrigo caſt to be devoured by the ſnakes if the old ballads ſay true; and ſure they are too old to tell a lye.

That they are indeed, ſaid Donna Rodriguez, the old waiting-woman, who liſten'd among the reſt; for I remember one of the ballads tells us, how Don Rodrigo was ſhut up alive in a tomb full of toads, ſnakes, and lizards; and how after two days he was heard to cry out of the tomb in a low and doleful voice, Now they eat me, now they gnaw me in the part where I ſinn'd moſt: and according to this, the gentleman is in the right, in ſaying, He had rather be a poor labourer than a king, to be gnaw'd to death by vermin.

Sancho's proverbial aphoriſms, and the ſimple waiting-woman's comment upon the text, were no ſmall diverſion to the ducheſs. You know, ſaid ſhe, honeſt Sancho, that the promiſe of a gentleman or knight, muſt be as precious and ſacred to him as his life; I make no queſtion then, but that my lord duke, who is alſo a knight, though not of your maſter's order, will infallibly keep his word with you in reſpect of your government. Take courage then, Sancho, for when you

which is the reaſon Sancho is made to ſuppoſe, if the grave be not long enough, they bow the body, and cram it in. A clowniſh ignorant notion, but never practiſed.

leaſt dream on't, in ſpite of all the envy and malice of the world, you will ſuddenly ſee yourſelf in full poſſeſſion of your government, and ſeated in your chair of ſtate in your rich robes, with all your marks and ornaments of power about you. But be ſure to adminiſter true juſtice to your vaſſals, who by their loyalty and diſcretion will merit no leſs at your hands.

As for the governing part, quoth Sancho, let me alone, I was ever charitable and good to the poor, and ſcorn to take the bread out of another man's mouth. On the other ſide, by'r lady, they ſhall play me no foul play. I'm an old cur at a cruſt, and can ſleep dog-ſleep when I liſt. I can look ſharp as well as another, and let me alone to keep the cobwebs out of my eyes. I know where the ſhoe wrings me. I'll know who and who's together. Honeſty's the beſt policy. I'll ſtick to that. The good ſhall have my hand and heart, but the bad neither foot nor fellowſhip. And in my mind, the main point in this point of governing, is to make a good beginning. I'll lay my life, that as ſimple as Sancho ſits here, in a fortnight's time he'll manage ye this ſame iſland as rightly as a ſheaf of barley. You ſay well Sancho, ſaid the ducheſs, for time ripens all things. No man's born wiſe; biſhops are made of men, and not of ſtones. But to return once more to the lady Dulcinea; I am more than half perſuaded that Sancho's deſign of putting the trick upon his maſter, was turn'd into a greater cheat upon himſelf. For I am well aſſured, that the creature whom you fancy'd to be a country-wench, and took ſo much pains to perſuade your ma-

ſter, that ſhe was Dulcinea del Toboſo, was really the ſame Dulcinea del Toboſo, and really inchanted, as Don Quixote thought; and the magicians that perſecute your maſter firſt invented that ſtory, and put it into your head. For you muſt know, that we have our inchanters here that have a kindneſs for us, and give us an account of what happens in the world faithfully and impartially, without any tricks or equivocations; and take my word for't, the jumping country-wench was, and is ſtill, Dulcinea del Toboſo, who is as certainly inchanted as the mother that bore her; and when we leaſt expect it, we ſhall ſee her again in her true ſhape, and in all her native luſtre, and then Sancho will find it was he himſelf was bubbled.

Troth, madam, quoth Sancho, all this might well be. And now I'm apt to believe what my maſter tells me of Monteſinos's cave; where, as he ſays, he ſaw my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo in the ſelf-ſame garb, and as handſome as I told him I had ſeen her when it came into my noddle to tell him ſhe was inchanted. Ay, my lady, it muſt be quite contrary to what I ween'd, as your worſhip's grace well obſerves; for, Lord bleſs us! who the devil can imagine that ſuch a numſkul as I ſhould have it in him to deviſe ſo cunning a trick of a ſudden? Beſides, who can think that my maſter's ſuch a gooſe, as to believe ſo unlikely a matter upon the ſingle vouching of ſuch a dunder-head fellow as I? But for all that, my good lady, I hope you know better things than to think me a knave; alack-a-day, it can't be expected that ſuch an ignoramus as I am,

ſhould be able to divine into the tricks and wiles of wicked magicians. I invented that flam only, becauſe my maſter would never leave teizing me; but I had no mind to abuſe him, not I; and if it fell out otherwiſe than I meant, who can help it? Heaven knows my heart. That's honeſtly ſaid, anſwer'd the ducheſs, but pray tell me, Sancho, what was it you were ſpeaking of Monteſinos's cave? I have a great mind to know that ſtory. Thereupon Sancho having related the whole matter to the ducheſs; Look you, ſaid ſhe, this exactly makes out what I ſaid to you juſt now; for ſince the great Don Quixote affirms he ſaw there the ſame country-wench that Sancho met coming from Toboſo, it is paſt all doubt it was Dulcinea; and this ſhews the inchanters are a ſubtil ſort of people that will know every thing, and give a quick and ſure information. Well, quoth Sancho, if my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo be inchanted, 'tis the worſe for her. What have I to do to quarrel with all my maſter's enemies? They can't be few for ought I ſee, and they are plaguy fellows to deal withal. Thus much I dare ſay, ſhe I ſaw was a country-wench; a country-wench I took her to be, and a country-wench I left her. Now if that ſame dowdy was Dulcinea in good earneſt, how can I help it? I ought not to be call'd to an account for't. No, let the ſaddle be ſet upon the right horſe, or we ſhall ne'er ha' done. Sancho told me this, cries one, Sancho told me that, cries t'other; Sancho o' this ſide, Sancho o' that ſide; Sancho did this, and Sancho did that; as if Sancho were I don't know who, and not the

ſame Sancho that goes already far and near through the world in books, as Samſon Carraſco tells me, and he's no leſs than a batchelor of arts at Salamanca varſity, and ſuch folks as he can't tell a lye, unleſs they be ſo diſpoſed, or it ſtands them in good ſtead. So let no body meddle or make, nor offer to pick a quarrel with me about the matter, ſince I'm a man of reputation; and, as my maſter ſays, a good name is better than riches. Clap me but into this ſame goverment * once, and you ſhall ſee wonders. He that has been a good ſervant, will make a good maſter; a truſty ſquire will make a rare governor, I'll warrant you.

Sancho ſpeaks like an oracle, ſaid the ducheſs; every thing he ſays is a ſentence like thoſe of Cato, or at leaſt the very marrow of Michael Verino †: *Florentibus occidit annis;* that is, he died in his *ſpring*. In ſhort, to ſpeak after his way, Under a bad cloke look for a good drinker.

* In the original, 'Encaxenme eſſe govierno, *i. e.* Caſe me but in this ſame government.'

† A young Florentine of exceeding great hopes, who dy'd young, and whoſe loſs was lamented by all the poets of his time. His fables and diſtichs, in imitation of Cato's, are preſerved and eſteemed. He dy'd at ſeventeen, rather than take his phyſician's advice, which was a wife. Politian made the following epitaph on this very learned youth, and excellent moral poet of Florence.

'Sola Venus poterat lento ſuccurrere morbo:
'Ne ſe pollueret, maluit ille mori.'

Venus alone his ſlow diſeaſe could cure:
But he choſe death, rather than life not pure.

Faith and troth, madam ducheſs, quoth Sancho, I never drank out of malice in my born days; for thirſt perhaps I may; for I han't a bit of hypocriſy in me, I drink when I have occaſion, and ſometimes when I have no occaſion: I'm no proud man, d'ye ſee, and when the liquor's offer'd me I whip it off, that they mayn't take me for a churl or a ſneaksby, or think I don't underſtand myſelf nor good manners; for when a friend or a good fellow drinks and puts the glaſs to one, who can be ſo hard-hearted as to refuſe to pledge him, when it coſts nothing but to open one's mouth? However, I commonly look before I leap, and take no more than needs muſt. And truly there's no fear that we poor ſquires to knights-errant ſhould be great treſpaſſers that way. Alack-a-day! mere element muſt be our daily beveridge, ditch-water, for want of better, in woods and deſerts, on rocks and mountains, without lighting on the bleſſing of one merciful drop of wine, though you would give one of your eyes for a ſingle gulp.

I believe it, Sancho, ſaid the ducheſs; but now it grows late, and therefore go and take ſome reſt; after that we'll have a longer converſation, and will take meaſures about *clapping* you ſuddenly into this ſame government, as you're pleas'd to word it. Sancho kiſs'd the ducheſs's hand once more, and begg'd her worſhip's grace that ſpecial care might be taken of his Dapple, for that he was the light of his eyes. What is that Dapple? aſk'd the ducheſs. My beaſt, an't like your honour, anſwer'd Sancho; my aſs I would ſay,

ſaving your preſence; but becauſe I won't call him aſs, which is ſo common a name among men, I call him Dapple. 'Tis the very ſame beaſt I would have given charge of to that ſame gentlewoman when I came firſt to this caſtle; but her back was up preſently, and ſhe flew out as if I had call'd her ugly face, old witch, and what not. However, I'll be judged by any one, whether ſuch like ſober grave bodies as ſhe and other *duenas* are, be not fitter to look after aſſes, than to ſit with a prim countenance to grace a fine ſtate-room? Paſſion o' my heart! what a deadly grudge a certain gentleman of our town, that ſhall be nameleſs, had to theſe creatures! I mean theſe old waiting gentlewomen *. Some filthy clown, I dare engage, ſaid Donna Rodriguez the *duena;* had he been a gentleman, or a perſon of good breeding, he would have prais'd them up to the ſkies. Well, ſaid the ducheſs, let's have no more of that; let Donna Rodriguez hold her tongue, and ſignior Sancho Pança go to his repoſe, and leave me to take care of his Dapple's good entertainment; for ſince I find him to be one of Sancho's moveables, I'll place him in my eſteem above the apple of my eye. Place him in the ſtable, my good lady, reply'd Sancho, that's as much as he deſerves; neither he nor I are worthy of

* The Spaniſh word is *duenas*, which are old women, kept by ladies for ſtate only, and to make up the number of their attendants, as likewiſe to have an eye over the young maids, for women of quality keep many. By the maids they are hated as ſpies on their actions, and by others are accounted no better than bawds, ſo that by this means they become odious to all.

being placed a minute of an hour where you ſaid. Odsbods! I'd ſooner be ſtuck in the guts with a butcher's knife, than you ſhould be ſerved ſo; I am better bred than that comes to; for tho' my lord and maſter has taught me, that in point of haviour one ought rather to over-do than under-do, yet when the caſe lies about an aſs and the ball of one's eye, 'tis beſt to think twice, and go warily about the matter. Well, ſaid the dutcheſs, your aſs may go with you to the government, and there you may feed him, and pamper him, and make as much of him as you pleaſe. Adad! my lady, quoth Sancho, don't let your worſhip think this will be ſuch a ſtrange matter neither. I have ſeen more aſſes than one go to a government before now; and if mine goes too, it will be no new thing e'trow.

Sancho's words again ſet the ducheſs a laughing; and ſo ſending him to take his reſt, ſhe went to the duke, and gave him an account of the pleaſant diſcourſe between her and the ſquire. After this they reſolved to have ſome notable contrivance to make ſport with Don Quixote, and of ſuch a romantic caſt as ſhould humour his knight-errantry. And ſo ſucceſsful they were in their management of that interlude, that it may well be thought one of the beſt adventures in this famous hiſtory.

THE END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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9 JA 1915
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